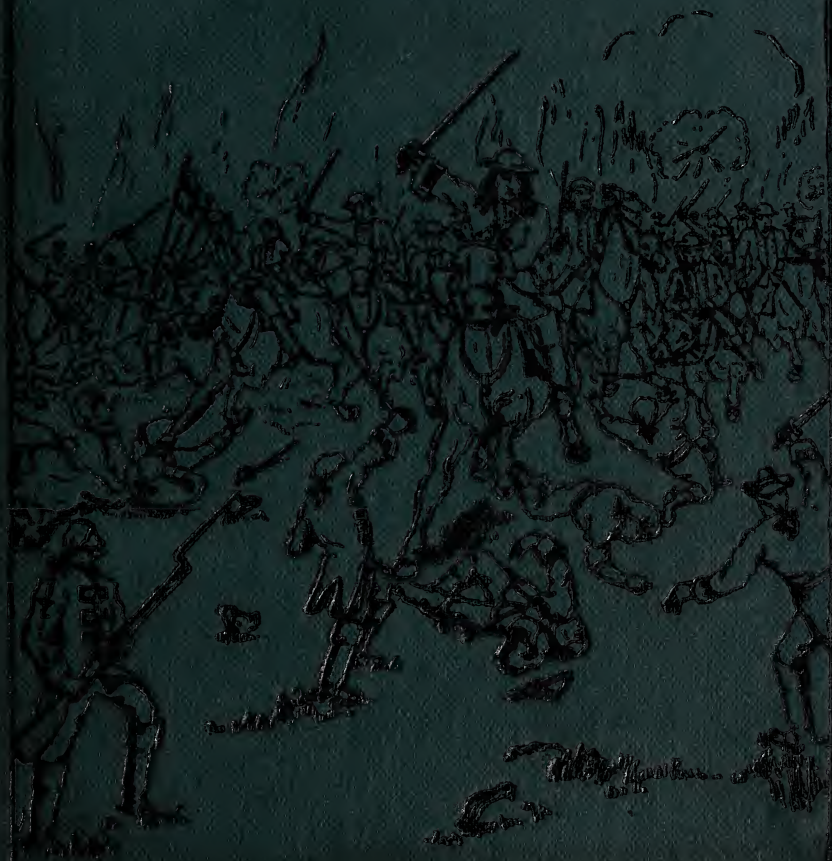
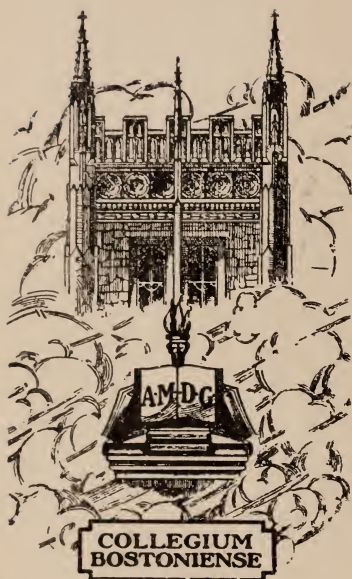


GILL'S IRISH RECITER





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GILL'S IRISH RECITER

A SELECTION OF GEMS FROM IRELAND'S
MODERN LITERATURE

cnuasáct seóð as scríbhinnib éireann

EDITED BY

J. J. O'KELLY

Author of SAOČAR ÁR SEAN I GCÉIN; BRIAN BÓIRNE
BEATA AN AČAR TIOBÓIO

THIRD EDITION

(Sixth Thousand)

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

TO THIRD REVISED EDITION.

WE are pleased to be able to tell our readers that the kindly reception given to the first and second editions of our "Reciter" by Irish people at home and in exile, has already created the need for a third edition of the work. We again avail of the opportunity to add further new pieces by distinguished past and present-day writers. Though the addition of the new matter has disturbed somewhat the chronological order attempted with so much success in the first edition, the excellence and appropriateness of the pieces chosen will, we trust, justify their inclusion.

Christmas, 1911.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

SINCE the inception over a decade ago of the active campaign of the Gaelic League the need for a collection of popular pieces suitable for recitation before Irish audiences has week by week been making itself more seriously felt not only in the schools and colleges of Ireland but also in its class-rooms, concert halls, libraries, and elsewhere. Miscellaneous collections of the gems of Ireland's modern literature we have had in comparative abundance, with the happy result that, at present, the difficulty of the editor of a popular "Reciter" is less in collecting ample matter for a comprehensive volume than in selecting from an almost inexhaustible mass a limited number of the more dramatic and acceptable pieces.

The nineteenth century was singularly prolific in Anglo-Irish poetry of an intensely national character. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have left us in our native tongue volumes of prose and verse which for patriotic and religious fervour are likely to remain unsurpassed in the literature of our land. One of the aims in this work is to present a fairly consecutive summary of the events that have illumined our chequered story. With such persistency and fidelity have these events been chosen as the subject matter of stirring ballads by those of our race who wrote in an alien tongue that it would, perhaps, be as easy now to produce from their work a metrical history of Ireland as it was for Keating in his day to verify and embellish his Irish history by a judicious use of the poetry of the bards who preceded him. Nor has there been any lack, on the

contrary, there has been a very profusion of contemporary Irish poetry from Keating's time until our own. Thus, despite penal laws, bitter persecution, enforced illiteracy, incessant emigration, outlawry, exile, and all, we are to-day in the peculiar position of possessing the materials from which to compile complete and reliable metrical histories of our country in either of two languages.

"Our modern minstrelsy loses much by its recent origin," wrote Edward Hayes exactly half-a-century ago in a scholarly preface to his 'Ballads of Ireland.' . . . "The sonorous melody of the Celtic tongue would be preferable," he went on, "though the wish to return to it now might be considered impracticable. It has been well said that we can be thoroughly Irish in thought and feeling although we are English in expression." The future of our national speech must then have seemed very unenviable, and the general national outlook all but hopeless indeed. But half-a-century brings many a change; and though prominent writers of to-day are wont to refer to Moore as "our National poet," there are growing hosts who rightly prefer to associate the distinction with the name of one or other of the native singers who contributed to our literature the deathless vernacular poetry of the last three centuries.

This poetry may be said to have begun with Keating, the father, by universal consent, of modern Irish. So, too, the Irish selections presented in this volume practically commence with Keating. Only one poem* written anterior to his period is included. This is a spirited appeal to the people of the historic O'Byrne country to unite in face of the English enemy. It was written in 1580 by *Dongur mac Doighe uí Óálaigh*. A very fine translation of the

* Some Ossianic pieces have been added since.

piece will be found in Ferguson's "Lays of the Western Gael," where, not inappropriately, it follows the "Downfall of the Gael," the original of which was written also in 1580 by O'Gnive, Bard of O'Neill. O'Gnive's poem, like O'Daly's, is in its essence a rallying-cry, and reaches a high dramatic level, as will be inferred from the concluding stanzas even in their cold and foreign English dress :

Through the woods let us roam,
Through the wastes wild and barren ;
We are strangers at home !
We are exiles in Erin !

And Erin's a bark
O'er the wide waters driven !
And the tempest howls dark,
And her side planks are riven !

And in billows of might
Swell the Saxon before her—
Unite, oh, unite !
Or the billows burst o'er her !

Such the national prospect in the period of Keating's boyhood. He had scarcely reached man's estate before Trinity College was founded as a first step, Lord Bacon said, "towards the recovery of the hearts of the people." Recovery, *ῥοιμιορ* ! The next step was the preparation of "versions of Bibles and Catechisms and other works of Instruction in the Irish language." Trinity's subsequent propagandism need not be discussed here ; directly or indirectly it constitutes the burthen of a big proportion of our modern literature.

Keating appropriately initiated the fight against the Anglicising methods of Elizabeth's stronghold of Ascendancy, as MacHale initiated the campaign against a later and equally

insidious scheme. Fr. Daniel O'Sullivan, in his *Cómharó roir* *τὰὸς ἀγυρ ἃ ἡάται*, blew a leg from the proselytisers' flesh-pot the moment that oily instrument of civilisation was brought to the aid of Trinity :

"The master was a rogue, his name was Darby Coggage,
He ate the mate himself, we only got the cabbage ;
The mistress, too, was sly, which no one ever doubted,
She was mighty fond of wine, and left the sick without it."

More recently, the Rev. author of "*Cheróeam ἀγυρ ζορτα*" in the *Caóine* which he ascribes to poor *Cáit ní Súilleadháin* has given us a luminous example of the contempt in which "the Spirit of Souperism" was held even by children gasping of thirst and hunger on their bed of death :

"*nuair ἃ bí an t-ocmar roirib buir ternaóad,*
an uair do rtaas an taru zo léir rib,
ní hé rmaoin buir zcraíde 'nóbu zcléib óir
Ché na n-arrtal ar anóruie ἃ éréizean."

So has the struggle been maintained for upwards of three centuries. No need to say how fares to-day the fight virtually initiated by Ireland's greatest historian.

Though Keating will probably be best remembered for his monumental *Foras Feara*, he has also left among many other works a goodly volume of poetry, founded principally on the events of his time. The more remarkable of the poets who succeeded him, while fond of legendary and mythological allusions, limited their range of subjects, except in so far as they were of a religious character, to the great incidents of their respective periods. O'Bruadair, O'Neachtain, Ferriter, Ward, O'Donoghue, O'Rahilly, M'Donnell, Eoghan Ruadh, *τὰὸς ζαεθεαλας*, O'Longain, and their brethren

have left us a faithful picture of the troubled era intervening between the advent of modern Irish and the inception of the more modern Anglo-Irish literature. But beyond these limits they rarely take us. Notwithstanding the illustrious record of the early Irish on the Continent, it really was not until the brilliant intellect of "Young Ireland" applied itself with a purpose to a systematic study of the available materials of Irish history that our ancient glories began to be reflected, as on a revolving mirror, before the gaze of the modern world.

It has, of course, to be borne in mind that an efficient printing-press, greater facilities for travel and for the circulation of their work, and the vastly wider auditory ensured by the language which they adopted, gave the Anglo-Irish writers of the nineteenth century immense advantages over the vernacular poets who preceded them, and the incentive thus provided resulted in the production of volume upon volume of popular ballads. Accordingly, while it is comparatively easy to cull from the best Anglo-Irish literature of the last century a most dramatic ballad history of our country, the available modern Irish poetry, with such notable exceptions as "*Uaol Oirín*," takes us back only to the period of the Four Masters. Not that the very cream of Irish literature was not produced anterior to their time. The translations by Ferguson and Sigerson and Hyde and O'Flannghaile, by Walsh and Mangan and Callanan and Guinee, though no other evidence were forthcoming, bear abundant testimony to the excellence of Irish poetry in all its stages of development. But Irish literature produced before the age of Keating would manifestly be now unsuitable in a popular volume, and it has therefore been

considered desirable to include a few modern prose pieces having reference to subjects which do not seem to have received specific attention from the writers of the past.

Subjects that should, and doubtless soon will, afford fitting themes to writers of Irish are Brigid addressing the Young Women of Ireland, Colm Cille entering a plea for the Irish Bards, Colonel John O'Mahony urging the possible potency of the Irish language to restore the ancient martial spirit of the Gael, Fr. O'Growney fighting the martyr's fight for the preservation and cultivation of the language, and so on. It has not been found possible to provide such original pieces for this volume, however. Accordingly it is not claimed that a thorough historical narrative is presented. Nor is rigid chronological sequence claimed for the arrangement of the work. Least of all is it pretended, as is done in other "Irish" collections, that all the pieces in our whole literature most suitable for recitation are included. Readers will almost instantly miss such stirring poems as Davis's "Lament for Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill;" Seumas MacManus's "Shane O'Neill," and "Coming of Eoghan Ruadh;" William Rooney's "Ceann Dubh Dóir;" Mangan's "Cathal Mór of the Wine-red Hand;" D'Arcy M'Gee's "Connacht Chief's Farewell;" Patrick Archer's "Dying in Exile;" Lady Dufferin's "Lament of the Irish Emigrant;" John Keegan's "Holly and Ivy Girl," and numbers of others. Their exclusion has been determined partly by a desire not to include more than a couple of pieces from any writer, and partly through many of them being so accessible elsewhere; but principally because many of the most dramatic pieces in Anglo-Irish literature are, like the *airtín* of the Irish bards, written with a great sameness of metre, and rightly

breathe a spirit of almost uniformly vehement patriotism. The elocutionist, however, will have variety in tone and subject as in metre ; and every effort has been made to ensure the desired range. It goes without saying, indeed, that the necessary variety is obtained with the minimum of difficulty because of the hosts of writers who have written on most of our popular themes. The Rev. Dr. Murray, *Τὰς ἑορταῶν Ὁ Σίντλεαβάν*, and Fanny Forrester are among the great writers who have written of "The Sister of Mercy;" "The Sister of Charity" has been sung of with becoming reverence by Gerald Griffin, D'Alton Williams, Fisher Murray, and others; "The Christian Brothers" by John Fitzgerald and *Ἁγίου Ὁ Λοιγρῆς*. While Gavan Duffy puts stern words of counsel into the mouth of the dauntless St. Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam, taking the eve of the Battle of the Curleus for his text, puts an irresistible appeal to arms into the mouth of Red Hugh O'Donnell. John Boyle O'Reilly, on the threshold of our own time, appeals to the patriotism of "The Priests of 'Seventy-three," as Fr. Furlong tells us with pardonable pride of the valour and fidelity of "The Priests of 'Ninety-eight." Of the other memorable incidents of 'Ninety-eight hosts of writers both Irish and Anglo-Irish have written almost lavishly. By their timely ballads Kevin T. Buggy and C. J. Kickham, to name no others, preached an anti-recruiting crusade from a million throats in a past generation, and Fr. Tormey, Keneally, Starkey, and ever so many besides, raised prophetic voices against the evils inseparable from emigration. The day-dreams of the Irish exile are vividly presented to us by Geoffrey Keating, *Ἁγίου Ὁ Ρουῶ, Εὐῶν Ρουῶ*, Andrew Orr,

James Orr, M'Gee, M'Carthy, M'Dermott; and for a foretaste and an appreciation of the joy of returning to Ireland it is difficult to say whether to turn to the "Old Man's Prayer," by Helena Callanan; "Here goes for my native Land," by John Locke; the "Homeward Bound," by D'Arcy M'Gee; "The Return," by George A. Greene, or "The Returned Exile," by B. Simmons. "The Holy Wells" have been fairly immortalised by Frazer, "Eva," and the modest "Sulmalla," while Moore, Callanan, Griffin, M'Carthy, *Uíallan MacShiolla Meiríne*, and Fr. Dinneen are, relatively, but a few of those who have depicted Ireland's scenery in all its glistening tints and glowing splendour.

It will therefore be seen that we have quite a profusion of poems on almost every conceivable popular subject. Exigencies of space have, however, necessitated the omission from this collection of very many magnificent pieces. Still it is confidently hoped the book is as representative of Ireland's national literature as its limits and the special purpose for which it is intended will permit. Irish and Anglo-Irish poetry naturally constitutes the greater part of it. Prose in both languages is introduced somewhat sparingly, and a few pieces in which English and Irish are pretty deftly interwoven are also given. The facility with which some of the Irish poets interwove and wielded the two languages—often more than two, indeed—must have given them immeasurable advantages over would-be rivals who had to rely entirely on a stunted English vocabulary, and it would seem that they rarely neglected turning these advantages to account. The extempore song sung a century and a-half ago by *Donnchadh Rua* *MacConmara* for a mixed party of English and Irish sailors in St. John's,

Newfoundland, furnishes a case in point. Here is the concluding stanza, and a veritable sugar-coated pill it is :

Come, drink a health, boys, to Royal George,
 Our chief commander, *náir óirouiz Chriort*;
ir bíod' búr n-áéúinge cum muirne má'tair
é féin 'r a gáirdaíde do leasad' ríor.
 We'll fear no cannon, no "War's Alarms"
 While noble George will be our guide,—
a Chriort, go bfeicead an bhrúir dá cáird
as an mac ro ar fán uainn éall 'ran bfráinnce.

Ceap na Sapanais bocta gur as molaó "Royal George" do bí Donnad. Níor tuisgeadar gur eus ré a náir leigir Dia gurab amlaíó a beir! i noiaíó gac abarta de'n tsíánte. Tuig na héireannais briú an rcéil i n-íomlán asur bíodar ar na trígéib, nro náir b'íongnaó. B'é Prince Charles Edward Stuart "An Mac ro ar fán uainn éall 'ran bfráinnce."

It must always be remembered that the great bulk of our modern Irish poetry was wedded to popular and sometimes very intricate Irish airs, and has continued to this hour to be rather sung than recited. Such pieces obviously would not be the most suitable for this collection. The same applies to the *Caoine*, or Lament, and though "*Caoine Airt Uí Laochairne*" gets a ready place in the volume it can hardly be hoped that it will ever again be rendered with the earnestness that its character demands, or that the *Caoine* as a form of recitation will ever be studied or developed in the schools. This is especially applicable to pieces intended for the female voice. In the case of male voices it may be somewhat different. A male voice might, without producing a very depressing effect, recite Pierce Ferriter's "*Lament*

for Maurice FitzGerald," which Mangan's abridged translation has made familiar to many. So also with Dr. Sigerson's beautiful translation of the Elegy on Francis Sigerson. This elegy, and all pieces in the same peculiar metre, seem indeed specially adapted to recitation, the chain verse or *conaclonn* ensuring a sequence throughout which could not otherwise be maintained or even obtained. *féad!*

"DÉARIC : n-a tíg ba mhinic do bíos le fágáil,
 mias de'n mhin i' cuio de'n im 'na lár;
 éadac cuir do'n té do bíos 'na gábad,
 Spolla na faille i' cuio de'n tíg do b'féarri.

Do b'féarri tú ná a lán aca dá bfeacaatar fóir,
 A fedaíais áluinn do táinig ó Sígearron mhóir;
 ní maib cáim oir óo' mátaim o'fhuil Conallais éoir
 A fadaime an átair do bhonnad an t-óir.

Óir glan go leor ar na boctais do mias
 Ceann treoir i' cómaileoir an pobuil leat' tiam;
 ní maib cioró'-féar ó'n gcóir fóir go Daingean na gcliar,
 Cé ghuir móir do bí beo 'ca, ná leanfao do mias."

In *conaclonn*, it will be noted, each stanza commences with the last word or words in the preceding stanza. Thus, *mann* after *mann*, the reciter gets a cue to his lines just as an actor does from the prompter behind the scenes. Poems of this kind once committed to memory are scarcely ever forgotten.

It does seem at the same time that the only traditional forms of recitation now surviving to any appreciable extent are those popularly associated with the rendering of such semi-religious pieces as Patrick Denn's "*Aighear an fdeais leir an mbár*" and humorous pieces like "*Dáit de bairra ar lorg Déirce*." Light pieces, such as "*Duan an Óladáin*," and

“Eactra Séamuir Śrae,” are also popular, and the béarta bpirce, or the béarta blaōmannac, as the case may be, seldom fails to amuse an Irish audience. It is, in fact, to be observed that the fluent Irish speaker is rarely in happier mood than when an opportunity is afforded him of jauntily using an English word or clause without premeditation. He seems to say: Sead, τά αν μέρο ριν θέαντα αςατ οom. Ūir so náireamail αςam, αςur ślan ar mo ραδarc anoir.

The *feir*, which fortunately is fast becoming one of the great rallying institutions of the country, will do much within the next few years to restore and popularise and develop Irish elocution, and for the present the best course obviously is to give what survives of the traditional principle of recitation free play. As to the recitation of pieces written in English it will here suffice to repeat Cathal MacGarvey's simple guiding precept: “Always be distinct, but, above all, be natural. Use Art cautiously to assist Nature, so to speak.”

All that is attempted in this volume, therefore, is to present suitable material. The *Sean-laoi*, *Sean-óán*, prose pieces grave and gay, pieces suitable for *Cómhád* competitions and for Irish entertainments, will be found in the volume in some variety, and generally such readings, Irish and Anglo-Irish, as are best calculated to give the youth of Ireland an acquaintance with the great events of their history, and imbue them with a lasting love of those who hazarded all for their sireland, and a longing, rooted in conviction, to follow in the footsteps of the faithful and the brave. Why should we not ever love the fearless and devoted singers of our race; who, rather, could deny them the most intense and steadfast love? Keating, one of the most notable of

them, compiled his history of Ireland in a cavern in Tipperary whither he was obliged to fly for his life by the "civilising" Saxon; Colonel John O'Mahony translated it in America where he toiled and died in exile. Pierce Ferriter was murdered by the English in the streets of Killarney; Ward fled with the Earls to Rome. Meagher of the Sword, Boyle O'Reilly, D'Alton Williams ended their days in enforced exile; the same might, in fact, be said of the whole band. For they all idolised fair "Banba of the Streams," as Mitchel happily styled our sainted sireland, and would have lived for her and died within her shores had Right prevailed. Examples of devotion, indeed, have never been wanting in Ireland. And however we may regret the premature calling away of the specially gifted we have a right to be proud of the devotion to motherland which in our own day has fairly won the martyr's goal for Fr. O'Growney and Anna MacManus, for William Rooney, Denis Fleming, Patrick O'Leary, *míceál b'neastnác*, and many others. *Ar d'eir tOÉ go ríab a n-anamna go léir!*

Some liberty has been taken in this volume with unduly long pieces both in Irish and in English. Stanzas not essential to the effective rendering or the sequence of the pieces have been omitted, but the omissions are in all such cases shown and references given to complete copies of all poems thus interfered with. English pieces which, through a false sense of humour, have obtained some vogue in Ireland are rigidly excluded. *Céad mólao le Dia* that the time has come when Irish readers, and juvenile readers particularly, need no longer depend on collections misnamed "Irish" in which "The Homeward Bound," the "Death of King Conor MacNessa," and "Dear Erin" are

found almost bracketed with abominations like the "Kerry Recruit," the "Battle of Limerick," the "Irish Fire Brigade," and the "Shillelagh Shindy." This collection harbours none of the insult, veiled and unveiled, which scoffers and cynics pretend to accept as humour. The volume is in the main a record of the hopes that have stirred the souls of generations of Erin's most gifted sons and daughters:

"It is thus in their triumphs for deep desolations,
While ocean waves roll, or the mountains shall stand,
Still hearts that are bravest and best of the nations,
Shall glory and live in the songs of our land."

SEÁN NA CEALLAIG.

For permission heartily given to use the pieces here appearing over their names special thanks are due by the Editor and gratefully tendered to His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, to the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, M.A.; Miss Alice Milligan, Dr. Sigerson, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Messrs. T. D. Sullivan, Seumas MacManus, Patrick Archer, Brian O'Higgins, Cathal O'Byrne, Cathal MacGarvey, An buachaillín buíoch, and Taos Ó Donnáda. Mr. Seumas MacManus also readily consented to the inclusion of "Brian Boy Magee," from the pen of "Ethna Carbery," ar veir Dé go raib a hanam! The kind indulgence of other proprietors of copyright matter is sought if any pieces subject to such rights have been introduced without express permission. Níor cuireadh oiread ir amháin irtead 'ran leabhar san cead o'fáigáil, mar ir gnáth, uatha ro sup leo iad. Má tá níos ann san a gcead-ro ir amháin do teip glan oíainn iad o'aimpiúgáth.

The following references are given to complete versions of the abridged pieces appearing in this Volume :—

IRISH READINGS for “St. Lorcán’s Address” and “The Priests of ‘Ninety-Eight’”; IRISH LANGUAGE MISCELLANY for “*Διγνέαρ αν ρεακαῖξ λειρ αν μβάρ*” and “*Σιορμα αν ανμα λειρ αν ζκολαμν*”; IRISH MINSTRELSY for “The Winding Banks of Erne”; LAYS OF THE WESTERN GAEL for “Willie Gilliland”; TREASURY OF IRISH POETRY for “The Good Ship Castle Down”; SPEECHES FROM THE DOCK for Emmet’s Speech; LIFE OF THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER for “A National Flag”; FR. DINNEEN’S LECTURES for “The Living Irish Speech”; FERRITER’S POEMS (Fr. Dinneen) for “*μο ἔρμαοῦαὐ ἱρ μο ῥαοῦ μεμ’ ἰό ἑύ!*”; TADHG GAEDHEALACH’S POEMS (Fr. Dinneen) for “*αν παιρρίν πάριτεαδ*”; KEATING’S POEMS (Fr. MacErlean) for “*ῤάιρ-ḡρέαζαδ αν ῥαοζαλ ῖο*”; Patrick O’Brien’s Edition of the Poem for “*Ḳύριτ αν ἡεαῖοιν Οἰῖοῦε*”; and for “*Ḳαοιμεαὐ ἀιριτ υῖ ἰαοζαίρε*” see note at page 128.

Of course it is not pretended that these are the only sources from which the pieces referred to may be obtained.

The following are among the books that have been consulted in the preparation of the Volume :—

- Poems and Ballads, William Rooney.
- The Poems of R. D. Williams.
- Poems from the Works of Aubrey De Vere.
- Songs and Poems, T. D. Sullivan.
- Select Poems of J. C. Mangan.
- Select Poems of Gerald Griffin.
- The Four Winds of Erin, Anna MacManus.
- Ballads of a Country Boy, Seumas MacManus.
- Lays of the Western Gael, Sir Samuel Ferguson.
- A Treasury of Irish Poetry, Brooke-Rolleston.
- Irish Readings, Sullivan.
- Speeches from the Dock, Sullivan.
- Life of T. F. Meagher, Capt. Lyons.

Ballads of Ireland, Hayes, 2 vols.

Songs and Ballads of Young Ireland, M'Dermott.

Poems of Rev. A. J. Ryan.

Poems of John Boyle O'Reilly.

The Harp of Erin Song Book, Ralph Varian.

Bards of the Gael and Gall, Sigerson.

Poets and Poetry of Munster, Mangan.

Irish Language Miscellany, O'Daly.

Searc-leanaí na n-Éirí, An tAcairí Domhnall na Súilleabáin.

Corrmac na Conaill.

Cheirdeán agus Sorra

Dánta Buidéir Feinistéir

Dánta Séadúirí na n-Éirí

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Dánta Séadúirí na n-Éirí

Dánta Eanáil na n-Éirí

Dánta Éirí na n-Éirí

Dánta Séadúirí na n-Éirí, An tAcairí Eoin MacGiolla Eoin.

Chí Buidéir na n-Éirí, Séadúirí na n-Éirí.

Rambles in Eirinn, William Bulfin.

Canon Casey's Poems.

"Leo" Casey's Poems.

Sir Samuel Ferguson's Poems.

Reliques of Irish Poetry.

Life of Father Mathew.

Speeches of Father Tom Burke, Grattan, Curran, Plunkett and Shiel respectively.

Poems by "Eva" of "The Nation."

Leabhar na n-Éirí.

The Gaelic Journal, Fámne an Lae, An Claidéirí Soluis, Danba, and the "Ballad History of Ireland" which was such an interesting feature of the "United Irishman" have also been referred to with advantage. Some of the above are now out of print. Particulars regarding the others can be obtained in the Catalogues issued from time to time by M. H. GILL & SON, LIMITED, Dublin and Waterford.

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GILL'S IRISH RECITER.



A FÍR ÉALMA 'SAN TEANGAIN.

A fíir éalma 'ran teangain rin na nGaeðeal tá fann
Tabair dearcu fuilc ar meamham ir péir do pheann,
Aitfir dom san meapatal, ná claon ió' fann,
An fada beam i n-anaépué pé péim na nGall?

An fada beir na Gallapúic dár nDoiaó i bfeall,
An fada beir i mbailtib puirt na nGaeðeal go teann,
An fada beam as glaparnais le Déarla Gall,
An fada beam as aGallam 'r san éifeaé ann?

An fada beir ár nEaglaí go léir i ttreall,
An fada beir an ainéire 'r an léan 'ár gceann,
An fada beir ár ngealaópuis as cléir ir cam,
An fada beam pé anaóroio na héisirt' éall?

An fada beam i n-ainérior mar don ir dall,
An fada beam san reandúr ná rpéir i ngreann,
An fada beir an Carrta-fuil 'r Ó Néill go fann,
An fada beir na reanarpuic i néirinn gann?

An fada beir na fanaiticir as réabaó ceall,
An fada beir as rearam énuic le raobair lann,
An fada beir ár mainirtreaca maol san ceann,
An fada beir ár nAifreann pé géagaib cpann?

Ní'l peaéta pnuidte i meamham dár léigear i fann,
Ní'l airté fuilc nac labarann ar tpaócaó Gall;
I n-aice rin tá tairngreacé na naom go teann,
Dá tagaraó nac fada 'noir go bpléarcpa an cpann.

MY CREED.

One Queen, I own, and one alone
 Commands my meek obedience ;
 No Sovereign named by human law
 From her draws my allegiance.
 For her I live, for her I strive,
 And shall, till life is ended ;
 And with my latest parting breath
 Her name it will be blended—
 Kathleen,
 Your dear name will be blended.

I love God's peace upon our hills,
 And fain would not destroy it ;
 I love sweet life in this fair world,
 And long would I enjoy it.
 But when my Sovereign needs my life,
 That day I'll cease to crave it ;
 And bare a breast for foeman's steel,
 And show a soul to brave it—
 Kathleen,
 For your sweet sake to brave it.

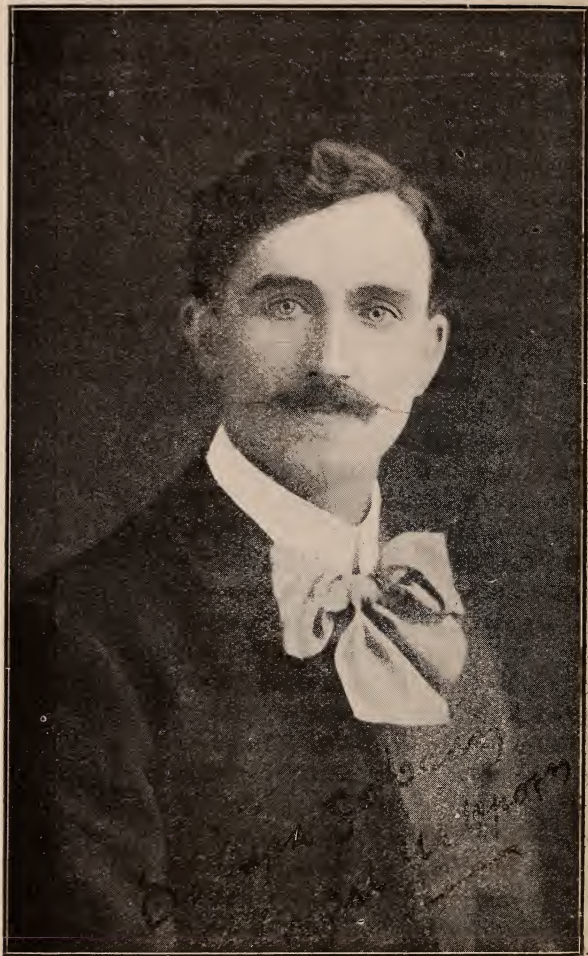
O, glorious Death on battle-plain
 Our foemen oft has baffled ;
 And proudest lovers of Kathleen
 Have holy made the scaffold.
 Not mine to choose, nor mine to care—
 The cause the manner hallows—
 I'll court the steel, or kiss the cord,
 On green hill-side or gallows—
 Kathleen,
 For you I'll woo the gallows.

My life is then my Queen's, to leave,
To order, or to ask it ;
This good right arm to fend or strike,
This brain is hers to task it.
This hand that waits, this heart that beats,
Are hers when she shall need 'em,
And my secret soul is burning for
Her trumpet-call to Freedom—
Kathleen,
O, sound the call to Freedom !

SEUMAS MACMANUS.

TARA OF THE KINGS.

In the great Hall of Tara of the Kings,
Whose fourteen doors stood ever open wide
With fourteen welcomes to the night and day,
The feast was set. Great torches flared around
From niches in the pillars of red pine
On gallant chiefs and queenly women there,
The warm light glanced and shone on the red gold
Of the rich battle gear of Erinn's men ;
And on the gleaming mail, and wolf-skin cloaks
Of the sea-roving giants of the Lochlanachs.
Strong-limbed and fierce were they, with eyes that held
The cold, blue sheen of starlit northern deeps,
And teeth that gleamed through flowing, tawny beards.
The tables groaned beneath the mighty weight
Of ponderous vats of rare and precious wines,
And carcases of oxen roasted whole.
Methers of foaming mead went gaily round
From lip to lip, and friend and foe alike
Ate, drank, and quaffed their brimming, golden cups,
Forgetting for the moment every wrong
That ever held them sundered—such the law—



caŕal ua brom.

No man might draw his sword in Tara's Hall
In anger on another man, and live.
Then when the feast was ended, and the bards
And Ollavs skilled in Erinn's ancient lore
Stood in a white-robed throng around the Throne,
Then was it that a silence deep as death
Fell on that mighty crowd. Outside, the wind
Stirred in the quicken trees, and to and fro
As if by fairy hands, the banners waved,
And from the farther end of the great Hall
A silver rivulet of music flowed
Into the gloom and silence of the place ;
Faintly at first and sweetly, like the song
Of sunbright waters, rang the harp's clear sound.
Louder and louder yet the music swelled
As bard and bard and bard took up the strain,
And all the burthen of their thrilling song
Was Tara, and the glory of its King !
Of Fian and his matchless men they sang,
Of the red rout of battle, and great deeds
Of skill and daring on the tented field.
And then the music took a softer sound,—
'Twas Deidre's sad tale the minstrels told,
And the dread fate of Uisneach's hapless sons,
A dirge of sorrow, desolate and lone—
The saddest tale the world had ever heard.
The women listened with bright, dew-wet eyes,
And stern-brow'd warriors stood grim and mute ;
Instinctively each hand went to its spear,
And a low, sorrowful murmur like a caoine
Thrilled through that mighty crowd.
Still the harps sobbed, and still the bards sang on,
Until with one grand maddening crash they tore
A mighty chord from out the quivering strings,
And the sad tale was told. Adown the Hall
The murmur grew to a tumultuous sound ;

The music's fire had quickened hearts and brains—
 Shield clanged in meeting shield, and through the gloom
 The torches, in a myriad points of light
 Flashed on bright skians and forests of grey spears,
 Until the swelling chorus thundered forth
 In one great, sonorous, deep-throated roar
 Of wild applause its mighty mead of praise
 That echoed through the dome of the great Hall,
 And floated through its fourteen open doors,
 Out and away into the silent night,
 Startling the red deer from its ferny lair
 In the green woods round Tara of the Kings.

CATHAL O'BYRNE.

LAOI CHUIC AN AÍR.

Cnoc an áir an cnoc ro fíar,
 'S go lá an bhráta biair d'á gairm;
 A b'áirde na mbacall mbán,
 Ní san fáct tuasá an ainm.

Lá d'á mabairt ir fíonn flait,
 Fianna Éireann na n-eac rean,
 Ar an gcnoc ro, líon a rlo,
 Níor b'iongnad dóib teact go teann.

Doim-bean do b'áilne ná an srian,
 Do cí an fíann as teact fé'n leir,
 O'fíonn mac Cumail, innrim tuic,
 Do beannuis bean an b'airt deir.

"Cia tú, a muğan? ar fíonn féin,
 Ir fearr méin 'r ir áilne deail;
 Fuaim do gotha ir binne linn
 Ná a bfuil re reinn sion supab fearb.

“ Niam nua-époṭac ír é m’ainm,
 Ingean Ṣairḃ mic Ṫolair ḃéin
 Ḍirḃrí Ṣréas—mo mallacṫ air—
 Ír é do nairc mé le Tailc mac Tréin.”

“ Créad do ḃeir dá feacṫadṫ tú ?
 Ná ceil do rún orm anoir,
 Ar don fear eile go bráṫ
 Ṣadaim do láim tú tar a éirí.”

“ Ní gan fáṫ tugar do fuacṫ,”
 Do ráid an rṫuas ba maic gṫé,
 “ Dá cluair, earball, ír ceann caic
 Acá air, ní maic an rcéim.”

“ Do ríublar an domhan ró trí,
 ’S níor fágar ann ní ná flaic
 Ná rírear, acṫ ríḃre, an ríann
 ’S níor gṫeall ríacṫ m’anacal air.”

“ Coingeobad féin tú, a ingean óg,”
 Do ráid Mac Cumail ná clóbad ríam,
 “ No tuitir uile ar do rcáṫ
 Na reacṫ gṫata tá de’n ríann.”

“ Dar do láim-re féin, a ríinn,
 Ír easal linn go nḃéirṫair bréas ;
 An té as a ḃtéicim ríme a brad,
 Tuitir leir reacṫ gṫata ’r céad.”

“ Na déin iomairḃaig ar,
 A fuil cáir ar dáṫ an óir ;
 Ní táinig don laoc fá’n ngréin
 Ná fuil ran ḃféinn fear a clóid.”

ba gearr go bracamair as teacṫ
 Rí fear gṫaitcéann ba éruaid láma ;
 Níor ḃeannuis ír níor umlaig ḃ’ríonn,
 Acṫ ḃ’iarr comrac tar cionn a mṫá.

Cuirimíó dá céad 'na dáil,
 Do b'fearr lán do láchair gleoib' ;
 'S níor fill doinnead díob tar 'air,
 San tuitim le Tailc mac Treoin.

Deic gcéad taoipead, deic gcéad laoc
 Taob' re taoib' d'ár muinntir féin,
 A páorais an éireoin éruaid,
 Is ead teartuig uainn de'n féinn.

Iarrar Orcair céad ar fionn,
 Cé doilb' liom beic dá luad,
 Dul do comrac an laoié,
 Mar do connaic dít an trluais.

"Do beirim cead duit," do ráid fionn
 "Cé doilb' liom do tuitim trío.
 Éirig, beir mo beannaét leat,
 Cuirimig do gail is do gním."

Fead cúig n-oidé, fead cúig lá,
 Do bí an oir nár clát as gleic,
 San biaó san deoc ar dít ruain,
 Sur tuit Tailc le buaid mo meic.

Do léigearmar trí gárta ór áro
 D'éir an áir ba garb glaic,
 Gáir éainte tré'r caillead de'n féinn,
 Is dá gáir maoiúte tré éas Tailc.

Niam nua-époctac, ba mó an béad,
 Mar do connaic méad an áir,
 Sabar náire an sruad páor-glán,
 Sur tuit marb i mearc éalé.

Dár na píogha d'éir gac uile,
 Is é is mó do cuir ar éad ;
 Ar an gcnoc ro d'éir an gliaid
 Do bairt an fiann cnoc an áir.

CAOIÒ OISÍN I NTOIΔIÒ NA FÉINNE.

Ué, ír tpuas, ón ué ! ír tpuas
Oirín dubac 'ran éill fá sruaim,
Ué, cáir mhírte sác díe
Aét fán fínn ír a érean-rluas.

Ué, níor díe liom ná earba
Beit san acmunn neart no lút
Aét íota tarb ír troicead fada
Do soro mo tapa ó éreigear fíonn.

Ué, arír, an uair éluim an éleir
Ír san m'andera féin do luad
Ná tráet ar fíonn ná ar an bféinn
Duo máire do Dia mo tpuas.

Ué, an uair éigean mo béile
Ír do rmaoinim ar féarta fínn
Ír iongnad liom cporde cloice
Nac glacann doiaó trem' éric.

Ué, dá bfeicead fíonn ír an fíann
Mo béile-re ar íarínóin
Deamán donair miam dá dáiuis
Ní coircead óm' dail a dteoir.

Ué, dá mbead fíonn ír an fíann
Aham, a Dia, uair anuar
Lem' pé-re ní rcarfainn riu
Ír ní beinn i sguimad san dul ruar.

Ué, a Dia má táir i bfeirg
Ó'n ngrád ro beirim d'fíonn
Ní curta i bfat mo glór
Earba mór bainear liom.

Adóbar mo laoidhe-re mar táim san tpeoir
 San amharic fóir san lúe san réim
 Crín-féirghe lom-éireadac oipeoil
 Im' éuail éanóir san rúe san léim.

Dá mairlead fionn na n-eac reang
 Ir Oicur teann na lann ngéar
 Do bairlead biaó dá mb'éigín de'n deamán
 Ir ní beaó Oirín fann san taca cléib.

Mo plán le ruiuge ir le reilg
 Slán le meirce ir le ráir-éoil
 Slán le trodaib ir le caaib
 Slán le lannaib géara fóir.

Slán le lúe agus le neart
 Slán le ceao ir le faobair-foim
 Slán le cian agus le teact
 Slán le malairt ir le gliaonaib.

Slán le biaó agus le rig
 Slán le rúe agus le léimrig
 Slán le fiaóac gac garb-énuic
 Slán le curadéaib na oiréimfeair.

Slán leat, a fínn, aríir agus aríir
 Céao plán leat, a ní na féinne
 Ó'r tú do coircead mo tarit
 Ní hionann ir prair na cléire.

Slán leat, ir tú ag cur an áir
 Slán leat, a lám lán-láoir
 Slán leat, a fárdáil na scíoc
 Ir duadac mo rmaointe-re 'r ir cráirte.

Ué, a fínn, a éumainn, má'r fíor
 Go bfuilir fíor i n-uamais na bpian
 Ná fulaing do deamán dá bfuil irig
 Airim buada aise ná ceao a pian.

Slán leat, a Opcuir na lann nime,
 Slán leat, a rígfíir na mbéimeann
 Oá mbeiteá aḡam-ra mar uirain
 Do éuríróe ruais oḡuime ar an ḡcléir reo.

Ir oubaé liom ḡan amáirc Sceóláin
 I n-deoró cómháir na féinne
 I n-am an fáiró do úiríeacé
 Ir meróreacé o'fúiríinn oá héill í.

Ué, a Conám Maoil neimḡíinn,
 Cíeádo ná tigrí-re dom' féacáin?
 Ir ḡo b'raḡtá ceao ríuríorta ir millte
 Ar feao líonmáire na ḡann-cléire.

Atá an nóin anoir aḡam
 Ir ca b'ruil reacé ḡcaeta na ḡnáitféinne?
 Ir ionḡnaó liom cá conair 'n-a nḡabao
 Ir nac tigró fearḡa dom' féacáin.

Ir minic do connac don féao amáin
 I n-áruir ríog na ḡnáitféinne
 Do b'fearí ioná a raió aḡ ráorais
 Ir aḡ iomplán na raim-cléire.

Ué, ir mire Oirín mac fíinn
 ḡan ronn ḡan ḡnaoi aḡ cóimrean cloé,
 ḡróbé uair do-ḡeibinn an ḡreim
 Ir raoda aríir ḡo b'raḡainn an deoc.

Ir ué, a Uia, atáim i nḡabao
 Aḡur an fáinn om' oáil ar ceal,
 O'éirííinn le ḡuá na ḡcliar
 Oá b'raḡainn riar mar buó ceair.

THE BATTLE OF DUNDALK.

Lo, they come, they come ; but all too late—their king is
on the wave,

Bound to the mast of a Danish ship, the pirate Northman's slave.
Dundalk, thy shores have often heard the roar of the boiling sea,
But wilder far is the maddening shout that now is heard by
thee ;

The voice of the soldiers' rage when the foe with the prize
is fled,

And the bursting yell of pale despair when hope itself is dead ;
Then o'er that warrior-band in wrath a death-like silence passed
As they gazed where Sitric's sails unfurled swelled proudly
to the blast.

And must he go ? Shall Mononia's king serve in a hostile land ?
Oh, for one ship ! with Irish hearts to crash that Danish band !
But hark ! a cheer—and the listening hills give back the
joyous sound

A sail—a sail is seen away where the skies the waters bound.
There's a pause anew—each searching eye is on that sail afar ;
Again the cheering's loud and high—'tis Mononia's ships
of war.

Boldly they come o'er the swelling tide, their men as wild
and free

As winds that play on the mountain's side, or waves that
course the sea.

And well may they come to free their king from robbers of
the main ;

His sceptre ne'er a tyrant's rod, nor his rule a tyrant's chain.
And onwards towards the foe they steer—a sight sublimely
grand—

War's stern array hath there an awe it never knows on land.
Soon many a sword salutes the sun, drawn in that deadly strife,
From many a heart that bounded high soon flows the tide
of life.

The King—the King—to free the King bold Fionn* hews his way,
And woe to him who meets his sword on this eventful day.

The King is won ; but the lion heart that sets his master free
Is deeply pierced—as he cuts the cord his life-blood dyes the sea.
Brave Fionn's head is held on high, the Irish to appal,
But they rush more fiercely to the fight, led on by young Fingall.

Sternly, foot to foot, and sword to sword, for death or life they meet,
And bravely, though few, they long withstand the hordes of Sitric's fleet ;
But slowly at last o'er heaps of slain the Irish yield apace,
The many have the few o'ercome—defeat is no disgrace.

Oh, †Fianghal—Fianghal, what dread resolve now seizes on your mind ?

All, all is done that valour can, give way, and be resigned !
Swiftly he rushed, as one possessed, 'mid all that hostile train,
Seizing their king, with one wild bound, plunged both into the main,

Then sudden, as if by frenzy sped, two Irish chiefs as brave,
The king's two brothers as quickly seized, and dashed into the wave,

And Freedom smiled when she saw the deed, she knew the day was won ;

But with that smile came a bitter tear, she had lost her favourite son.

With terror struck, th' astonished Danes at every point gave way,

And few were left to tell the tale of that destructive fray.

There was joy that week o'er all the land, from Bann to Shannon's shore ;

For they said those Danish chiefs will come to spoil our homes no more.

But ere the song of mirth went round or toast in hut or hall,
A tear was shed, and a prayer was said for Fionn and Fingall.

* Fíonnbh Fíonn, King and Admiral of Desmond.

† Fíanghal, second in command.

And through the wars of after years their name was the battle-cry,

And many a heart that else had quailed, by them was taught to die ;

And oft as Freedom broke a chain, or tyrants met their fall,
A tear was shed—a prayer was said for Fionn and Fingall.

NEIL M'DEVITT.

IRISH NATIONAL HYMN.

O, Ireland ! Ancient Ireland !

Ancient ! yet for ever young !

Thou our mother, home, and sireland—

Thou at length hast found a tongue.

Proudly, thou at length

Resistest in triumphant strength.

Thy flag of freedom floats unfurled ;

And as that mighty God existeth

Who giveth victory when and where He listeth,

Thou yet shalt wake, and shake the nations of the world.

For this dull world still slumbers

Weetless of its wants and loves—

Though, like Galileo, numbers

Cry aloud : “ It moves ! it moves ! ”—

In a midnight dream,

Drifts it down Time's wreckful stream—

All march, but few descry the goal.

O, Ireland ! be it thy high duty

To teach the world the might of Moral Beauty

And stamp God's image truly on the struggling soul.

Strong in thy self-reliance ;

Not in idle threat or boast,

Hast thou hurled thy fierce defiance

At the haughty Saxon host ;

Thou hast claimed in sight

Of high Heaven thy long-lost right.

Upon thy hills—along thy plains—
 In the green bosom of thy valleys—
 The new-born soul of holy Freedom rallies,
And calls on thee to trample down in dust thy chains.

Deep, saith the Eastern story,
 Burns in Iran's mines a gem,
For its dazzling hues and glory
 Worth a Sultan's diadem
 But from human eyes
 Hidden there it ever lies !
The eye-travelling gnomes alone ;
 Who toil to form the mountain's treasure,
 May gaze and gloat with pleasure without measure
Upon the lustrous beauty of that wonder-stone.
So is it with a nation

 Which would win for its rich dower
That bright pearl, Self-Liberation—
 It must labour hour by hour.
 Strangers who travail
 To lay bare the gem, shall fail ;
Within itself must grow, must glow—
 Within the depths of its own bosom
 Must flower in living might, must broadly blossom
The hopes that shall be born ere Freedom's Tree can blow.

Go on, then, all—rejoiceful !
 March on thy career unbowed !
Ireland ! let thy noble, voiceful
 Spirit cry to God aloud.
 Man will bid thee speed—
 God will aid thee in thy need ;
The Time, the Hour, the Power are near—
 Be sure thou soon shall form the vanguard
 Of that illustrious band, whom Heaven and Manguard ;
And these words come from one whom men have called a seer !

J. C. MANGAN.

banba as maictham ar doibneas na nórlas.

Míre ! Bíor-ra leir ós tríd, comh ós aerneac leir an té
ir óise asaid. Capad míre ór cómair na gréine comh maic
leo, comh luac leo ; asur do car asur o'ac-car an geimneac
orm na cianta pul ar iusad ar Slánuigtheoir, céad mola
asur buideacar le na ainm ! Bíod flead ir féile asam-
ra féin asur ir orm, so deimín, do bíod an bpoó an uair
tagad an tsaoire orm sac bliadain. Ní mó ácar ar an
bpáirte ir aeruige ar teac na Nórlas 'ran raozal ro
'ná mar bíod orm-ra ar teac na Dealtaine asur na Samna
le linn na Dmaortheacta. Bíor-ra ós bog leanbairde asur
ir cuimín liom an uain, a bpad uaim anoir, 'nuair ná raib
cúram 'ran raozal orm acit greann asur féile. Acit
cuadair i n-aoir asur i n-aoir, bí mo élann féin asam i o'ac,
asur do péir mar cuadair mo mupáil i méir bí mo dúil i
bpéile as dul i laigeac. I gcionn na gcian bailis mo élann
leo, bíodair as teac ir as imtheact, asur as teac ir as rí-
imtheact. Fé deirneac o'filleadair leir an gcpeirdeam
cúgam, asur i oteannta an cpeirim cúgadair leo an Nórlas.
Cuadair i n-óise fé glóir na Nórlas arir so o'í so rabar
comh leanbairde rimplide le naortheanán. Cuirneac ac-carad
na Nórlas oirneac ácar orm-ra ar o'uir ir mar cuirneann
ar an dor ós inoiu. Acit o'imtís an leanbairdeact ro leir
an aimir : oibir cúram an traozail arir í. Asur níor
mór an iongnad é, dar noóis !

Táim as caiteam na Nórlas anoir le míle so leir bliadain
nac mór. Ir iomda treac ir o'utais trearcapra le linn na
haimirre rin. Ir iomda ríogacit a bí so comactac míle
so leir bliadain ó foim acá so meacite raonlas tinn inoiu,
asur ir iomda tír a bí san comact an uair rin acá so
trean éiractac neimrpleadac inoiu. Táim-re as raire
o'ra so léir, as raire ar o'roc-obair asur ar deag-obair

do péir mar tásait. 1r beas nac ionann mo cúrraidhe-ra
 agus cúrraidhe na gnáth-mná, aét sup reacht ria ar an rasoḡal
 ro mire, agus sup míle mó tabairta fé ndeara asam dá péir.
 Da minic mire as caiteam na Noḡlas agus an ríoc 1r an
 rneácta, báirteac 1r ḡaot 1r tóirniḡ míllte as cup tuirre
 1r easla ar ar máir féim' ruarad. Níorb annam ár agus
 coimhearcar agus an donar, fóirior, as réirteac timceall
 orm agus Spioraid na Noḡlas as tairteal féim' déin:
 uair no dō bíor i mbéal báir agus ceapad ná béarfad
 Noḡlais go bráth aríor orm. Aét reo fóir annro mé, molaḡ
 le DÍa, agus mé ullam ar an éascoir a deinead orm do
 maítead agus an ruaimhear do ráinis dom d'adomáil.

Cao 1r fiú Noḡlais no dō do caiteam fé'n amdeire i
 ḡcomórtar le rna céadtaib ceann atá caitte fé doibhear
 asam? Á! 1r iomda Noḡlais a caitear fé ruaimhear, agus
 dá bḡis reo cionnur a tiocfad ná tuigfinn go eḡuinn an
 t-ácar a bíonn ar ós agus doḡta, ar boét 1r rairbhir an uair
 beireann an Noḡlais orda ḡac bliadain. Cionnur a tiocfad,
 read, cionnur a tiocfad? Nac tuigte dōm-ra cionnur
 mar éartar rmaointe an deoraidhe fé déin a dūtáige fé
 comairce na Noḡlas; ná moḡuigim-re cionnur mar bíonn
 cuirle na mátar as rneabad go rínteair lici na Noḡlas
 cúice; na dearbḡráirteaca bí ar reacrán nac eól agus nac
 rean-eól dom cionnur mar éruinniḡteair iad timceall an
 teinteáin mar ar oilead iad, timceall búir na féile mar
 ar tóḡad iad: ná fuilim as éirteac le ḡurdeactaint mo
 éloinne ḡac oróche Noḡlas ó ruḡad clann dom! Náir éuala-
 ra cluig na cille as bualad go módmaraḡ ḡac bliadain dár
 beir orm ó teac an éreoin agus as múcad ḡliḡair
 ḡlōraḡ ḡairb an traḡail; náir airḡear cantan ciuin na
 heḡlaire as cup náire ar ḡlōr 1r ar foḡram luét tarcuirne!
 Mire náir tuit néal coralta ruam orm aét as doḡaireac
 mo mḡrḡáile de lō 1r d'oróche; mire tá as féacaint ar
 rpéir ḡlam lae Noḡlas ó'n lá i n-ar minḡ Diaḡlan focal
 na ríinne ór mo éomair; mire sup ḡnátaḡ liom na rluaiḡte
 d'feicrint as ḡluairteac go dūtḡactac fé déin an tréiréil

ašur aš epomað so humal ar ašar na haltórac, aš bpeit
 buirdeacair dā slānuigsteoir mar ba cōir fé elōð epāib-
 teaceta d'oirpeað do nleam, mād' r ceaceta dom ran a pād;
 mire,—mire, so bpuil mo eluar ir mo pūil dīpušte ar an
 upraim ir an meap acā aš iarc ir éan ir amhrōe, šan bac
 i n-aon cōr leir an nōaonnarōe ar dīaðacēt na nōolag ō
 lā beirte a šcputōra. Diaðacēt ir oaonnacēt ir dūtēacēt,
 ruairceap ir ruaimnear ir rīoēcāin, āilne ir upraim ir
 doibnear na nōolag, cia féaorfað cur rīor orēa so epuinn?
 Tāim-re aš macēnam orēa le faða, ašur aš fairē le
 linn mo faošail orēa, leir; ašur nī'l le pād ašam acēt
 fé mar a ēuala ašur mar doubart so minic poime reo:
 šo mba toil dē ruaimnear ir ruairceap ir rīoēcāin na
 nōolag do beit aš cāc do pēir mar tūillteap, ašur nāra
 faða so bpuarclōcārō sé mé pēin ašur mo elann ō epūcāib
 nīme an eacēpannaig i šcuma ir so šcaēpimīō lā a beirte
 fé faoirē ašur fé faoirē so lō an luain!

moš ruit.

BRIAN OF BANBA.

Brian of Banba all alone up from the desert places
 Came to stand where the festal throne of the Lord of Thomond's
 race is,
 Came after tarrying long away till his cheeks were hunger-
 hollow
 And his voice grown hoarse in a thousand fights where he
 called on his men to follow.
 He had pillowed his head on the hard tree roots and slept
 in the sun unshaded,
 Till the gold that had shone in his curls was gone and the
 snow of his brow had faded.
 And where he came he was meanliest clad midst the nobles
 of the nation,
 Yet proudly he entered among them all
 For this was his brother's Banquet Hall,
 And he was a prince Dalcassian.

Mahon, King of the Clann Dal Cais, throned in his palace,
proudly
Drank the mead from a costly glass whilst his poet, harping
loudly,
Traced in song his lineage long to the time of ancient story,
And praised the powers of Kennedy's sons and counted their
deeds of glory,
And chanted the fame of the chieftains all that banquet
board surrounding,—
But why does he turn to this stranger tall, for whom is his
harp now sounding ?
“The king,” he says, “is champion bold, and bold is each
champion brother ;
 But Brian the youngest,
 Is bravest and strongest,
And nobler than any other.”

The king stood up on his royal throne and sorrowful was
his gazing,
And greatly the envy grew in his heart at the sound of such
high appraising ;
For Mahon had dwelt in a palace fair, at peace with the
land's invader,
While Brian lurked in the wild cat's lair and slept where the
she-wolf laid her.
Mahon was clad in a robe of silk, the gift of a Danes' chief's
sending,
The only cloak that Brian had was torn by the brambles'
rending.
Mahon called for the mead and wine from the hands of those
that hasted,
 But the cold thin wave that the swan flocks sip
 Was the only wine that Brian's lips
For a year, and more, had tasted.

"Brian, my brother," said the king, in a tone of scornful wonder,

"Why dost thou come in beggar guise our palace portals under ;

Where hast thou wandered since yesteryear, in what venture of love hast thou tarried ;

Come, tell us the count of thy prey of deer and what cattle-herds thou hast harried ;

Where is thy mantle of silken fold and the jewelled brooch that bound it ;

In what wager lost was the band of gold that once thy locks surrounded ;

Where hast thou left the courtly train that befitted thy princely station,

The hundred high-born youths I gave,

The chosen sons of the chieftains brave

Of the warriors Dalcassian ?"

"I have followed no deer since yesteryear, I've harried no neighbour's cattle ;

I have wooed no love, I have played no game but the kingly game of battle ;

The Danes were my prey by night and day in their forts of hill and hollow,

And I come from the desert lands alone because none are alive to follow.

Some were slain on the plundered plain and some in the midnight marching,

And some have died of the winter's cold, and some of the fever parching ;

And some have perished by wounds of spears and some by the shafts of bowmen,

And some by hunger, and some by thirst,

Until all were gone, but they slaughtered first

Their tenfold more of their foemen."

Then the king leaped down from his cushioned throne and
he grasped the hand of his brother,
"Brian, though youngest, thou art bravest and strongest,
and nobler than any other ;
So choose at thy will of my flocks on the hill and take of my
treasure golden,
Were it even the ring on my royal hand or the jewelled cloak
I'm rolled in."
Brian smiled : " You will need them all as award of bardic
measure ;
I want no cattle from out your herds, no share of your shining
treasure ;
But grant me now," and he turned to look in the listening
warriors' faces—
"A hundred more of the brave Dal Cais
To follow me over plain and pass,
And die as fitteth the Clann Dal Cais,
At war with the outland races."

ALICE MILLIGAN.

ST. LORCÁN'S ADDRESS.

(Supposed to have been delivered to the native Irish Princes about 1171 A.D. on the landing on our shores of the second gang of English adventurers. St. Laurence O'Toole, who was Archbishop of Dublin at the period, was in due time chosen as its patron Saint. Ireland has produced no more faithful son.)

Princes, Tanists, Chiefs of Iran, wherefore meet we here
to-day ?
Come ye but to raise a calloid o'er your country's lifeless
clay ?
Come ye here to whine your sorrow for the ill yourselves
have wrought,
Or to swear you'll buy redemption at the price it may be
bought ?

Once your names were names of honour in the citied camps
of Gaul—

Once the iron tribe of Odin did not blush to bear your thrall—
Once the proud Iberian boasted how your royal race begun ;
But your glory hath gone from you, swiftly as the setting sun.

And throughout our desolation mark you not God's holy
hand,

Smiting us with subtle vengeance, for our sins against the
land ;

Frantic feuds and broken pactions, selfish ends and sordid lust,
And, the blackest vice of vices, treason to our sacred trust !

When the stranger came a stranger, still you gave the stranger's
need—

Shelter when he came an exile—succour when he came in need ;
When he came a student, learning and the right of book
and board—

Princes ! when he came a robber had you not the axe and
sword ?

And was peace the fruit of treason ? Let our kinsmen,
fled or dead,

Chainless plunder, lust, and murder, teach you how sub-
mission sped ;

Nay, behold yon vale ! a convent lay like love embosomed
there,

Where the weary found a shelter, and the wounded needful care.

And the prayers of holy maidens streamed to Heaven night
and day,

Like a healing incense burning all infectious sin away ;
There it flourished till the spoiler, Christless more than
Heathen Jew,

Came—and now the wolf and Saxon share the wreck between
them two

And their king will be your father? Yea, and grant you
many a grace—

Gyves and fetters from the donjons of his own begotten race!
Scorn this slavish scheme to mesh you in a net of idle words;
Thank him as his sons have thanked him—thank him with
your naked swords.

Still ye doubt! Then, royal Norman, reeking red with holy
blood,

Come and lead to newer slaughter all your sacrilegious brood;
Come in triumph—here are bishops, worn to stone with
fast and prayer,

None shall question why you send them Beckett's bloody
shroud to share.

Nay, my children, if you doom us to the martyr's bitter
crown,

With your own dishonoured weapons strike your priests and
prelates down;

Better thus than by the stranger—better thus than being
cursed

With that hideous daily torture, living on to know the worst.

And the loyal wives that love you with a fond and generous
truth,

And the daughters who surround you with the sunshine of
their youth,

Drag them to the carnal tyrant as he swoops upon your shore—
Meekly you must do his pleasure, nor deny him evermore.

Oh! forgive my rash injustice; Heber's blood is wroth
with wrong,

And I see you burn to grapple with the ills we bore so long;

And you'll league like royal brothers, till from joyful shore
to shore

Princely rage indeed shall thunder, women's tears shall rain
no more.

Yes, like brothers ; let the Psalters link his name with fixt
disgrace,

Who, when Iran waves her banner, strikes for region, clann,
or race :

Not for Desmond, not for Uladh, not for Ir or Eoghan's seed,
But for ocean-girded Iran must our kingly chieftains bleed.

Moran's self-denying justice, Dathi's world-embracing fame,
Fodhla's wisdom, Cormac's counsel, holy Patrick's sacred
name,

And our own dear land that gave us kindly culture, state,
and gold—

Oh ! my children, need you stronger spell-words for the true
and bold ?

Thus you match and overmatch them, be they harnessed
breast and backs—

Never Norman forged a cuirass could resist an Irish axe ;
And be sure your fearless clansmen soon shall scorn their
black array,

As the cowards clad in iron and a horse to ride away !

And the dull and slavish Saxons whipped and leashed by
Norman hands,

Trained to wreak the wrongs they suffered on the breast
of kindred lands—

Trained like mastiffs in the shambles, at a beck to rend and
bite,

As the wolves before the beagles you shall track their bloody
fight.

Pause not till each Dun and Tower planted by the strangers'
hands,

Blazes like a Viking beacon, guiding them from out the land—
Till the last of all the pirates to their galleys shall have fled,
Shuddering at the dire *gall-tromba* as the trumpet of the dead.

aišneas an péacais leis an mbás.

an bás:

Ir cuḡat a tángad, a péacais éríonna,
le hórbuḡad láiríu tú bpeit de'n raoiḡeal ro,
ḡo ṽtabarḡá cunnṽar iṽ' ṽroic-ḡníomḡarṽaib
ṽo'n Riḡ fuair bḡr ar an ḡCṽoir ṽia hḡoine.

an péacac:

Ir cia hé tura tá aḡ labhairt éom ṽána
le reanóir liat tá fé ciaé cráirṽe?
Oé, mo éanntia! ir ḡann atáim-re,
Ir mo éroirṽe ṽá bḡiread le huiḡearḡa rláinte.

an bás:

Mire an bḡr atá lán de ṽréin-neart,
ṽo leaḡ ar lár clann áṽaím ḡo léir-éart;
leaḡḡad tura anoir marí don leo,
Ir béarḡad óṽ' máoin ḡan bḡiḡ fé éré tú.

an péacac:

Éirt, a bḡir! tabair cáirṽe ḡór ṽom,
ná ṽéin mé éreacḡad 'r ná mairḡ ḡo ḡóil mé,
ḡo nṽeánḡad aicḡiḡe im' péacáib móra,
Ir ḡo nṽioḡalḡad m'ḡiaéa le Riḡ na ḡlóirḡe.

an bás:

Ir ḡadā an cáirṽe fuairḡir ḡo ṽcṽí ro,
Ir an ḡairṽe eile ṽá bḡaḡḡá arḡir é,
Marí mairḡir ḡiam ṽo mairḡeá corṽe,
ṽá ḡairṽe é an cluicṽe ḡo ṽeirḡad ṽo ḡcṽibe.

an péacac:

Ní hamla mairḡinn ḡeallaim óm' éroirṽe ṽuit,
áet im' aicḡiḡeac ṽian fé ciaé aḡ caoi-ḡol,
aḡ tabhairt ḡáḡaím ṽo ṽia ir ṽo ṽaoimib
im' ṽroic-éleacṽad ir im' beairṽaib baoirḡe.

an bÁs:

Ir iomrða geallamain fallra tuḡair id' fáoiḡeal uait
 D'fear ionaid D'é fá éiríe fóra,
 So ttréiḡfeá an peaca 'r so mairfeá mín cair
 Fé maḡlaḡaib naomta ḡan a ttréiḡean coirdece.

an peacaC:

Ir ríor ḡur ḡeallar do'n tḡaḡair, ní bréaḡaC,
 fáoiríoin mo beaḡaḡ do d'éanam i n-éirfeadC;
 AdC cúram an tḡaoḡail ir an cíor aḡ ḡlaodac oim
 Do éiríḡ ríad ríam ir do éiar ḡo léir mé.

an bÁs:

leis doo' f'eandur, a f'eanduine énaoirdce,
 No ráitfead an bior ro tré lár do éiríde 'rtead,
 Ir tabairfáid don m'ac Muire breit ḡan rcaoiléad
 Ar t'anam anoir, ir ḡo hirfeann ríor leat.

an peacaC:

Mo ḡneim duḡ duḡad ir mo b'íon an rceál ro
 Mire beit caillte 'r mo m'uinnteair im' éaḡmuir,
 Ir m'anam dá loraḡ i n-irfeann péinead
 I ttaoib iomaḡ mo cor ir mo móir-éirí claoḡta.

Do fáoiléar ríam ná rinneair don n'í
 Do tuillfead ríanta ríorruide éadtaC';
 Ní rinn mé ḡoir ná b'íoir ná éiḡean
 Murḡar ná feall don am doo' fáoḡal.

Do tuḡainn lóirḡin do ḡad deorairde tréit laḡ,
 Diaḡ ir deoC do'n té éirínn 'na n-éaḡmuir,
 D'íoluirdeadC éair le fear an eirí,
 Ó! naC cruairí ó fóra má ḡnirdeann mé d'aoiraḡ'

an bÁs:

Ní'l doḡad naC ríor ḡad n'í de'n méirí rin,
 AdC éirḡ ḡo fóil aḡur 'neoraḡ féin duit
 Cao iad na n'íde tá id' éoinne aḡ an don m'ac
 'Na cúir móir érom le fonn tú d'aoiraḡ:

Do b'ir paiseonta thóó-labairtá bhéasac,
 lmeapac óltac riormacac rcléipeac,
 bairbarac glagairac ir as deapbushac éitig;
 Ir tuig go dtuilleann an fóirt ran tú d'aoirac.

an peacac:

Má ólainn rclling go minic i dtig tábairne
 i b'póair mo éomurran no mo éomhur cáirde,
 Ir mairis duit coirde rin do m'aoirdeam im' láair
 Ir feabair mo éiride-re cum díol tar cás díob.

Do bí mé tamall i dtórac mo fáogair
 go bhuirdeantac bairbarac ir tabairtá d'éiteac,
 Deimear fáoiridin fáda mo beacac 'na déir rin
 Ir do fáoirleir, seallaim, go raib mairte mo élaonta.

.

an bās:

Ná tuig, a rpaairne, go mairtíó Mac Dé duit
 Tar éir ar deimur de éirpceact élaonta,
 Ir ar b'uirir dá ólige ir gan ruim 'na éreactaib,
 Act dá éairac ir gan rcit le héirdeairt.

Ir fáda é as fóirne leat, a élaairne méirlig,
 Ir tú lán de éairdeir ir de élaomann éitig;
 Do fáoirir é méallac le' élaair 'r le' bhéasair,
 Act anoir éirir sac gníom de' éiréir.

an peacac:

Fóil, a b'air! tabair cáirde an lae reo
 go ndéanrac m'udact mar ir dual a déanam,
 Cum ná beir buadairt i mearc mo glolta
 i dtacóir mo raemair nuair leagfar mé traócta

Má'r fíor sac a ndeir tú go mbead-ra d'aoirta
 Ar fon na scor do 'nirir id' réal dom,
 Ir é mo tuigrin sur beas ran traogal ro
 Gan beir éom dona liom 'ran méir rin.

.

AN BÁS:

Ní'l tuine 'ran tpaogal ro bhuir tuisge an áiríomh,
Dá olcar, a ghníomhartha aghur d'it na ngráir aih,
Má d'eineann faoiríoin le bhuig go lán-éaric,
Ná go maicpíó íora a peacaíde go b'rác dó.

'Sé ruisge 'na mealltar clann boct ádhaim,
Nuair d'einit an peaca ir anam iad cármair;
Cuirfeann an diabhal rrian le n-a lán díobh,
Aghur rtracann ó 'Dia 'na díaró go b'rác iad.

AN PEACAIC:

Cé gur clát las tréit táim féin ra éiac ro
Ir tura, a 'Dáir, ag cur lán-éad' pian oim,
Le eagla rómac ir roim díogaltar an Tigearna,
Má'r fíor do ráirde tá mí-ádh an diabail oim.

AN BÁS:

Cheir mo rceal-ra ir géill go fíor dom
Gur gairio go mbéidh i n-irfeann fíor uaim,
Mar ná rinnir aicpíge io' peacaib líonmar'
Aet dá cur ar cáirde gac lá go dtí ro.

AN PEACAIC:

Aicpíur dom, ir ná dein bréas liom,
Cao é an róir daoine do bíonn dá n-daoirad
Ir dá gcarad fíor go hirfeann péinead
Ar ron a bpeacairde ir a mailí claoitac?

AN BÁS:

An d'eam duib gaillda peamair na móir-éor
Atá deagailte ó 'Dia, leir an n-Diabail do gheobair ríad;
Ir an d'eam tá dail ir ná glacraó cómarle
Beir 'na dteannta fá rcanntaó a n-dócin.

Ní'l tuine 'ran domán mar namair ag an don mac,
Má fagann bair i bpeaca mairb, ná daoirfar
Ir ná cuirfeair go hirfeann ir an teine dá gcarad
I mearc na n-déamán, go lom fé géar-glar.

an peacad :

Má bíonn an méid rin go léir díob cailte,
 Agus feartha go ríor ó Chríort gan aithnear,
 Is beas a pacair fé ghradam go meathrac
 Go cúirt na bplaitear 'mearc aingeal dá adrad.

an bás :

Ní pacair go parradar, geallaim óm' béal duit,
 Aét an t-aithneac coir, rin leor-daothan,
 Tus ráram ríor do Rí na Naom ngeal
 I bpeacáib a beath go catuigtheac déarac ;
 Aét amáin an leanb nár peacuis go héas dó,
 Raicair ar an nóimeac go Cúirt na Naom ngeal,
 I mearc na n-aingeal go taitneamac gléigean,
 I reilb na glóire i gcóir do'n Naom-Spioraid.

an peacad :

Oc, a báir ! is eiríste an rceal uim
 Laigean na ndaoine beir raor 'ran traogal ro
 Mar go bfuilid uile gan tuigrint gan éirim,
 Gan rceim a leara cum aithne go déanam.

Is mimic go dtí ro minnear gníomhartha éactac'
 Déarc is carctannaet is an-cuid daonnaet'
 A bfaid don luact im' mór-mait ar don cor,
 Tar éir gac ar tugar de gurtal an traogail uaim ?

an bás :

Ná bí meallta a clampaire méirli
 Ní bfaid don luact tréid' mór-cuid daonnaet'
 Mar go rabair marb 'ran bpeaca gac tréimhe
 'Na minnir an carctannaet, 'r gan eagla Dé ort.

Tadair fé ndeara gan dearmad an méid reo :
 An fáid is bíonn an duine ag bpiread 'r ag réabad.
 Duise mhuir tré cuirpe a claonta
 Ní bíonn don tairbe 'na maitear go léirac.

an peacač:

Aitir pór dom san go an rceal ro,
 Cad é an ciall 'na mbeir Dia as glaothac orainn
 Lá na mbeač 'r na sceac 'r na n-éigean
 Ór sac ait cum clann ádaim d'éirteac?

an bás:

'Sé an cúir i n-a dtiocfaid an cine boct daonna
 Go gleann móir lórophait lá na n-daoin-breač
 Cum iomač a sceirca do noctac do'n traozal
 Go bfeicfead sac ntuine aca loctuire a céile.

Sul a dtiocfaid an lá ro beir ar 'ran traozal;
 Loircear an domhan ir sac nio ar a éadan;
 Beir an grian go dubac fé rmuit as éiclip,
 Ir an gealač, mo mairis! com deais le haon fuil.

Beir an rpéar ar buile ir tuitir na réalta;
 Beir tiorca ar bogac ir as orcailt ó céile.
 Beir an fairrige ar lapač as imteac 'na caoraid.
 Agus cloca ir crainn le n-a linn as a réabac.

Beir cnuic ir gleannta le rcannrac as léimris,
 Beiridís an domain go haoball as géimris;
 Na peacaís dona dá lorcač 'r dá dtiaocac,
 Sceimle ir easla orca noim fearis an doinmic.

pádrais deinn.

THE MUNSTER WAR SONG.

A.D. 1190.

Can the depths of the ocean afford you not graves
 That you come thus to perish afar o'er the waves—
 To redden and swell the wild torrents that flow
 Through the valley of vengeance, the dark Aherlow?

The clangour of conflict o'erburthens the breeze
 From the stormy Sliabh Bloom to the stately Galtees;

Your caverns and torrents are purple with gore,
Sliavnamon, Gleann Colaich, and sublime Galtee Mór !

The sunburst that slumbered, embalmed in our tears,
Tipperary ! shall wave o'er thy tall mountaineers ;
And the dark hills shall bristle with sabre and spear,
While one tyrant remains to forge manacles here.

The riderless war-steed careers o'er the plain
With a shaft in his flank and a blood-dripping mane—
His gallant breast labours, and glare his wild eyes !
He plunges in torture—falls—shivers—and dies.

Let the trumpets ring triumph ! the tyrant is slain !
He reels o'er his charger, deep-pierced through the brain.
And his myriads are flying like leaves on the gale—
But who shall escape from our hills with the tale ?

For the arrows of vengeance are showering like rain,
And choke the strong rivers with islands of slain,
Till thy waves, lordly Shannon, all crimsonly flow
Like the billows of hell, with the blood of the foe.

Ay ! the foemen are flying, but vainly they fly—
Revenge with the fleetness of lightning can vie,
And the septs of the mountains spring up from each rock,
And rush down the ravines like wild wolves on the flock.

And who shall pass over the stormy Sliabh Bloom
To tell the pale Saxon of Tyranny's doom,
When, like tigers from ambush, our fierce mountaineers
Leap along from the crags with their death-dealing spears ?

They came with high boasting to bind us as slaves ;
But the glen and the torrent have yawned for their graves ;
From the gloomy Ard Fionain to wild Teampoll Mór—
From the Suir to the Shannon—is red with their gore.

By the soul of Heremon ! our warriors may smile,
To remember the march of the foe through our isle ;

Their banners and harness were costly and gay,
And proudly they flashed in the summer sun's ray.

The hilts of their falchions were crusted with gold,
And the gems of their helmets were bright to behold ;
By St. Bride of Kildare ! but they moved in fair show—
To gorge the young eagles of dark Aherlow !

RICHARD D'ALTON WILLIAMS.

DE COURCY'S PILGRIMAGE.

(Sir John De Courcy was, under Henry II., the principal conqueror of Ulster. Having declared, later, that the death of Prince Arthur, rightful heir to the English Crown, was effected through the commands of King John, the King, on hearing it, directed Sir Walter and Sir Hugh De Lacy to arrest De Courcy and have him conveyed to England to be hanged. But in a battle which ensued De Courcy was victorious. The incident described in this ballad is a popular theme in many an Ulster home.)

“ I'm weary of your elegies, your keening, and complaints,
We've heard no strain this blessed night but histories of saints ;
Sing us some deed of daring—of the living or the dead ! ”
So Earl Gerald, in Maynooth, to the Bard Neelan, said.

Answered the Bard Neelan—“ Oh, Earl, I will obey ;
And I will show you that you have no cause for what you say ;
A warrior may be valiant, and love holiness also,
As did the Norman Courcy in this country long ago.”

Few men could match De Courcy on saddle or on sward,
The ponderous mace he valued more than any Spanish sword ;
On many a field of slaughter scores of men lay smashed and
stark,

And the victors, as they saw them, said—“ Lo ! John De
Courcy's mark.”

De Lacy was his deadly foe, through envy of his fame,
He laid foul ambush for his life, and stigmatized his name ;
But the gallant John De Courcy kept still his mace at hand,
And rode, unfearing feint or force, across his rival's land.

He'd made a vow, for his past sins, a pilgrimage to pay,
At Patrick's tomb, and there to bide a fortnight and a day ;
And now, amid the cloisters, the giant disarmed walks,
And with the brown beads in his hand from cross to cross
he stalks.

News came to Hugo Lacy of the penance of the Knight,
And he rose and sent his murd'ers from Durrogh forth by
night ;
A score of mighty Methian men, proof guarded for the strife,
And he has sworn them, man by man, to take De Courcy's
life.

'Twas twilight in Downpatrick town, the pilgrim in the porch
Sat, faint with fasting and with prayer before the darkened
church ;
When suddenly he heard a sound upon the stony street,
A sound, familiar to his ears, of battle horses' feet.

He stepped forth to a hillock, where an open cross it stood,
And, looking forth, he leaned upon the monumental wood.
“ 'Tis he, 'tis he ! ” the foremost cried, “ 'tis well you came
to thrive,
For another sun, De Courcy, you shall never see alive ! ”

Then roused the softened heart within the pilgrim's sober
weeds—
He thought upon his high renown, and all his knightly
deeds—
He felt the spirit swell within his undefended breast,
And his courage rose the faster that his sin had been confest.

“ I am no dog to perish thus ! no deer to couch at bay !
Assassins ! 'ware, the life you seek, and stand not in my
way ! ”
He plucked the tall cross from the root, and, waving it around,
He dashed the master murd'rer stark and lifeless to the ground.

As, row on row, they pressed within the deadly ring he made,
Twelve of the score in their own gore within his reach he
laid,

The rest in panic terror ran to horse and fled away,
And left the Knight De Courcy at the bloody cross to pray.

"And now," quoth Neelan to the Earl, "I did your will
obey ;

Have I not shown you had no cause for what I heard you say ?

"Faith, Neelan," answered Gerald, "your holy man, Sir
John,

Did bear his cross right manfully, so much we have to own."

T. D. M'GEE.

ERIN'S FLAG.

Unroll Erin's flag ! fling its folds to the breeze !
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas !
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
When its chiefs with their clans stood around it, and swore
That never ! no ! never ! while God gave them life,
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
That never ! no ! never ! that banner should yield
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield ;
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up ! wave it high ! 'tis as bright as of old !
Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold ;
Though the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood and with tears !
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
And around it the thunders of tyranny boom.
Look aloft ! look aloft ! lo ! the clouds drifting by,
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky,
'Tis the Sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high !
Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh !

Lift it up ! lift it up ! the old banner of green !
The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen ;
What though the tyrant has trampled it down,
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown ?
What though for ages it droops in the dust,
Shall it droop thus for ever ? No ! no ! God is just !
Take it up ! take it up from the tyrant's foul tread,
Let him tear the Green flag—we will snatch its last shred,
And beneath it will bleed as our forefathers bled,
And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead,
And we'll swear by the blood which the Briton has shed,
And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread,
And we'll swear by the thousands who, famished, unfed,
Died down in the ditches wild-howling for bread ;
And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits have fled,
And we'll swear by the bones in each coffinless bed,
That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread ;
That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed,
Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we said—
That we'll lift up the Green, and we'll tear down the Red !

Lift up the Green Flag ! Oh ! it wants to go home,
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam,
It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor furled ;
Like a weary-winged bird, to the East and the West,
It has flitted and fled—but it never shall rest,
Till pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
And speeds to the shores of its old home again,
Where its fetterless folds o'er each mountain and plain
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up ! take it up ! bear it back from afar !
That banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war ;

Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,
 And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die.
 And shout to the clans scattered far o'er the earth,
 To join in the march to the land of their birth;
 And wherever the exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
 Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow, and roam;
 They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam
 They'll sail to the music of "Home, Sweet Home!"

REV. ABRAM J. RYAN.

OIÓCE BÍOS AḠ LUIGE IM' ŠUAN.

OiÓce bíor aḠ luige im' řuan
 Ír mé ar búairírt tré na caḡairde,
 Do řín an tríd-bean říḡleac řuairc
 Taob̃ liom ruar aḠ déanam̃ taḡaiḡe;
 Ba caol a com, a cḡaob-řolt leabair
 Aḡ teac̃t řo bonn léi 'na řraḡairde
 Ba dúib̃e a řruaḡ ná an řual
 'S ba řile a řruaḡ ná na heaḡairde.

Do cōnnac í, a řnaoi řan řruaim,
 A claon-řorc uaine ír a béal tanaḡde,
 A mion-ćioća cḡuinn řeal cḡuaird̃,
 'S a mion-ćnear řuar ná řuil teapairde,
 A naol-ćorp řeang a řéir-ćřob leabair,
 A caol-řorc teann, a déir 'ř a maḡairde;
 Ír říor řupab̃ doib̃inn linn a řruaḡ
 Bíor řup̃ truaḡ mé aḡ an řcleapairde.

Ĥuar̃ deapcar í do bíor̃řar řuar
 řo bḡionainn uair̃e cḡeac̃ ar b'ar í;
 'Ĥíor̃ laḡair ří, do řceinn ří uaim
 Ír do bíor řo duairc tar éir mo řtaḡairde.

D'éigear go lom 'na déir le fonn,
 Níor donnuig liom ir mé ar mearaíde,
 Sur leanar í do'n tír ba tuair
 Go sío na ngruagac cé sur b'fao' í.

Tigim aníor arís de muais
 Go sío Cruachna, go sío Seanb,
 Go sío Cnuic doibinn fírinne fuaire
 Mar a mbíod an fluag le taoib na bannairde,
 Go haol-bhuig bionne donsuir óis
 As féadaint uaim ir as déanamh airtíde,
 'S ní faib a tuairpe fíor ná fuar,
 Aét í as gluairéac tpe na bealaige.

Ir tigim go sío mic Lir na scrudac
 Ir ar Cruaib Ruair tigim go Teamair,
 Go sío doibinn doirde Ear' Ruair,
 Go hdoibill Ruair le taoib na C'raige.
 Bí céad ban ós ba féime clód
 As éirteac ceoil 'r as déanamh airtíde
 I bpoair doibill ruig-bean Tuadmhan
 Ir míle gruagac glé le gaircde.

Do bí an trió-bean fítleac fuairc
 Do cuir ar buairt mé im' neacairde
 'Nla fuirde go maoneac naoroin-geal fuar,
 A dloir-folt cuacac léi go haltairde;
 O'féac anall go maoróa moðamail,
 Ba léir di ar ball sur mé do lean í;
 Ar pí: Ir cruag liom do cuairc
 Tig anuar ir éirt ar scearairde.

Mo énead, ar pí, mo buirdean ar buairt,
 Mo tír mo fluag mo laócraó gaircde,
 Do éneacac tíorca coiméigeac' cruair'
 De lion-fuit luac na otrean otrearairde,

Mar bío fé éeo san bhuí gac lo
 Fé éuins an bhoín as na Gallaróe :
 Is iomró mac dílis díbearca uaim
 'S, a éiríort, nac truaas mé 'na n-earbairó.

O'fíarpuigear dí cia hí an bliadóin
 O'aoir an Tigearna beir an fear ghoirde
 'Na ius ar gaeóil so bhoigmar dian
 As díbirte fíad-óc ó n-a hallaíde.
 Do dún a beol, ní dubairt níor mó,
 Seo 'i riubal mar éeo í no mar fíod-gaoit,
 'S ní'l cunnatar fóir le tabairt i gcóir
 Cia ham a fóirfeair ar ár n-earbairó.

Deannair 'r fíadhar dian i dtear na dteintearó,
 San éarair san lias san bíad san ríad ar íota,
 San leabairó san rian san Dia san sean as daoimó
 Ar Gallaró i mbliadna ó'r íad do éreac ár muinntear.

SEÁN CLÁRAD macDOMHAILL.

WILLIE GILLILAND.

Up in the mountain solitudes, and in a rebel ring,
 He has worshipped God upon the hill, in spite of church and
 king ;
 And sealed his treason with his blood on Bothwell bridge
 he hath ;
 So he must fly his father's land, or he must die the death ;
 For comely Claverhouse has come along with grim Dalzelle,
 And his smoking roof-tree testifies they've done their errand
 well.

In vain to fly his enemies he fled his native land ;
 Hot persecution waited him upon the Carrick strand ;

His name was on the Carrick cross, a price was on his head.
A fortune to the man that brings him in alive or dead !
And so on moor and mountain from the Lagan to the Bann,
From house to house, and hill to hill, he lurked an outlawed
man.

At last, when in false company he might no longer bide,
He stayed his houseless wanderings upon the Collon side,
There in a cave all underground he laired his heathy den,
Ah, many a gentleman was fain to earth like hill fox then !
With hound and fishing-rod he lived on hill and stream by day ;
At night, betwixt his greyhound fleet and his bonny mare
he lay.

It was a summer evening, and, mellowing and still,
Glenwhirry to the setting sun lay bare from hill to hill ;
For all that valley pastoral held neither house nor tree,
But spread abroad and open all, a full fair sight to see,
From Sliabh Mis foot to Collon top lay one unbroken green,
Save where in many a silver coil the river glanced between.

And now upon his homeward way he crossed the Collon high,
And over bush and bank and brae he sent abroad his eye ;
And all was darkening peacefully in grey and purple haze,
The thrush was silent in the banks, the lark upon the braes—
When suddenly shot up a blaze, from the cave's mouth it came,
And troopers' steeds and troopers' caps are glancing in the
same !

He couched among the heather, and he saw them, as he lay,
With three long yells at parting, ride lightly east away ;
Then down with heavy heart he came, to sorry cheer came he,
For ashes black were crackling where the green whins used
to be,

And stretched among the prickly comb, his heart's blood
smoking round,
From slender nose to breast bone cleft, lay dead his good
greyhound !

"They've slain my dog, the Philistines! they've taken my bonny mare!"

He plunged into the smoking hole; no bonny beast was there;
He groped beneath his burning bed (it burn'd him to the bone),

Where his good weapon used to be, but broadsword there was none;

He reeled out of the stifling den, and sat down on a stone,
And in the shadows of the night 'twas thus he made his moan:—

"My bonny mare I've ridden you when Claver'se rode behind,
And from the thumbscrew and the boot you bore me like the wind.

And, while I have the life you saved, on your sleek flank I swear
Episcopalian rowel shall never ruffle hair!

Though sword to wield they've left me none—yet Wallace wight, I wis,

Good battle did on Irvine side wi' waur weapon than this."

His fishing-rod, with both his hands he gripped it as he spoke,
And, where the butt and top were spliced, in pieces twain he broke;

The limber top he cast away, with all its gear abroad,
But, grasping the thick hickory butt, with spike of iron shod,
He ground the sharp spear to a point, then pulled his bonnet down,

And, meditating black revenge, set forth for Carrick town.

The sun shines bright on Carrick wall and Carrick Castle grey,
And up thine aisle, St. Nicholas, has ta'en his morning way,
And to the North Gate sentinel displayeth far and near,
Sea, hill, and tower, and all thereon, in dewy freshness clear,
Save where, behind a ruined wall, himself alone to view,
Is peering from the ivy green a bonnet of the blue.

Again he makes the turrets grey stand out before the hill ;
Constant as their foundation rock, there is the bonnet still !
And now the gates are opened, and forth in gallant show,
Pricked jeering grooms, and burghers blythe, and troopers
in a row ;

But one has little care for jest so hard bested is he,
To ride the outlaw's bonny mare, for this at least is she !

Down comes her master with a roar, her rider with a groan,
The iron and the hickory are through and through him gone !
He lies a corpse ; and where he sat, the outlaw sits again,
And once more to his bonny mare he gives the spur and rein ;
Then some with sword, and some with gun, they ride and
run amain !

But sword and gun, and whip and spur, that day they plied
in vain !

Ah ! little thought Willie Gilliland when he on Skerry's side
Drew bridle first, and wiped his brow, after that weary ride,
That where he lay like hunted brute, a caverned outlaw lone,
Broad lands and yeoman tenantry should yet be there his own ;
Yet so it was ; and still from him descendants not a few
Draw birth and lands, and, let me trust, draw love of Freedom
too.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

QUEEN MARGARET'S FEASTING.

A.D. 1451.

Fair she stood—God's queenly creature !
Wondrous joy was in her face ;
Of her ladies none in stature
Like to her, and none in grace.

On the church-roof stood they near her,
Cloth of gold was her attire ;
They in jewelled circle wound her—
Beside her Ely's king, her sire.

Far and near the green fields glittered,
Like to poppy-beds in spring,
Gay with companies loose-scattered
Seated each in seemly ring.
Under banners red or yellow,
There all the day the feast was kept,
From chill dawn and noontide mellow
Till the hill-shades eastward crept.

On a white steed at the gateway
Margaret's husband, Calwagh, sate ;
Guest on guest, approaching, straightway
Welcomed he with love and state.
Each passed on with largess laden,
Chosen gifts of thought and work,
Now the red cloak of the maiden,
Now the minstrel's golden torque.

On the wind the tapestries shifted ;
From the blue hills rang the horn ;
Slowly toward the sunset drifted,
Choral song and shout breeze-borne.
Like a sea that crowds unresting
Murmured round the grey church-tower ;
Many a prayer amid the feasting,
For Margaret's mother rose that hour !

On the church-roof kerne and noble,
At her bright face looked half dazed ;
Nought was hers of shame or trouble—
On the crowds far off she gazed :

Once, on heaven her dark eyes bending,
 Her hands in prayers she flung apart;
 Unconsciously her arms extending,
 She blessed her people in her heart.

Thus a Gaelic queen and nation
 At Imayn till set of sun,
 Kept with feast the Annunciation,
 Fourteen hundred fifty-one.
 Time it was of solace tender;
 'Twas a brave time, strong, yet fair!
 Blessing, O ye angels, send her,
 From Salem's towers, and Inisglair!

AUBREY DE VERE.

SEÁN'S HEAD.

Scene—*Before Dublin Castle.* Night. A clansman of Seán O'Neill's
 discovers his Chief's head on a pole.

God's wrath upon the Saxon! may they never know the pride
 Of dying on the battle-field their broken spear beside;
 When victory gilds the gory shroud of every fallen brave,
 Or death no tales of conquered clans can whisper to his grave.
 May every light from Cross of Christ, that saves the heart of
 man,
 Be hid in clouds of blood before it reach the Saxon clan;
 For sure, O God!—and You know all, Whose thought for all
 sufficed—
 To expiate these Saxon sins they'd need another Christ.

Is it thus, O Seán the haughty! Seán the valiant! that we
 meet—

Have my eyes been lit by Heaven but to guide me to defeat?
 Have *I* no chief, or *you* no clan, to give us both defence,
 Or must I, too, be statued here with thy cold eloquence?

Thy ghastly head grins scorn upon old Dublin's Castle-tower,
 Thy shaggy hair is wind-tossed, and thy brow seems rough
 with power ;

Thy wrathful lips, like sentinels, by foulest treachery stung ;
 Look rage upon the world of wrong, but chain thy fiery
 tongue.

That tongue, whose Ulster accent woke the ghost of Colm Cille
 Whose warrior words fenced round with spears the oaks of ol
 Derry Hill ;

Whose reckless tones gave life and death to vassals and to
 knaves,

And hunted hordes of Saxons into holy Irish graves.

The Scotch marauders whitened when his war-cry met their ears,
 And the death-bird, like a vengeance, poised above his stormy
 cheers ;

Ay, Seán, across the thundering sea, out-chanting it, your
 tongue,

Flung wild un-Saxon war-whoopings the Saxon Court among.

Just think, O Seán ! the same moon shines on Liffey as on
 Foyle,

And lights the ruthless knaves on both, our kinsmen to despoil ;
 And you the hope, voice, battle-axe, the shield of us and ours,
 A murdered, trunkless, blinding sight above these Dublin towers.
 Thy face is paler than the moon ; my heart is paler still—
 My heart ! I had no heart—'twas yours—'twas yours ! to
 keep or kill.

And you kept it safe for Ireland, Chief, your life, your soul,
 your pride ;

But they sought it in thy bosom, Seán—with proud O'Neill
 it died.

You were turbulent and haughty, proud, and keen as Spanish
 steel—

But who had right of these, if not our Ulster's Chief, O'Neill,
 Who reared aloft the " Bloody Hand " until it paled the sun,
 And shed such glory on Tir Eoghain as Chief had never done ?

He was "turbulent" with traitors; he was "haughty"
with the foe;

He was "cruel," say ye, Saxons! Ay! he dealt ye blow
for blow!

He was "rough" and "wild"—and who's not wild to see
his hearth-stone razed?

He was "merciless as fire"—ah, ye kindled him—he blazed!

He was "proud"—yes, proud of birthright, and because he
flung away

Your Saxon stars of pryncedom, as the rock does mocking
spray,

He was wild, insane for vengeance—ay! and preached it
till Tir Eoghain

Was ruddy, ready, wild, too, with "Red Hands" to clutch
their own.

"The Scots are on the border, Séan!" Ye Saints, he makes
no breath;

I remember when that cry would wake him up almost from
death.

Art truly dead and cold? O Chief! art thou to Ulster lost?

"Dost hear, dost hear? By Randolph led, the troops the
Foyle have crossed!"

He's truly dead! he must be dead! nor is his ghost about—
And yet no tomb could hold his spirit tame to such a shout;
The pale face droopeth northward—ah! his soul must loom
up there,

By old Armagh, or Antrim's glynns, Loch Foyle or Bann
the Fair!

I'll speed me Ulster-wards—your ghost must wander there,
proud Séan,

In search of some O'Neill, through whom to throb its hate
again.

CAṬ ḡLEANN MAOILIUḡRA.

mar ar buaró fiaḡa mac doṡa ó bhoim ar ḡallaiḡ, 25 luḡnara, 1580

Do táinig ḡrae de Ṳilton cúḡainn
 N-a boṡaie uaiṡreac nime;
 Ní maiṡ oream fé ḡléar ra éruinne maṡ
 Ná ḡo oṡiocraṡ leir a élaoidé:
 “Tairpeánraṡ oṡ na coṡlataiḡ reo
 1 nṡir fáil ḡan moill,
 Mianac fóla an Noṡmannaiḡ
 Aḡur tṡeire a lám 1 mṡruigim.

Ir ḡo deimhin ó tánaḡ eatopṡa
 Ní fuláir oúinn beairt ir ḡníom
 Do cúir 1 leit élu ḡarana
 ‘S ár nṡeaḡ-banṡioḡan eilir;
 Airiḡim ḡo ṡruil 1 nḡoirpeacṡ oúinn
 An maṡraṡ ir oána oíob;
 Ullmúigib 1 ḡcóir na maiṡne oam
 Aḡur leaḡfam beaṡna tṡío.”

Do cait de Ṳilton reaṡṡmain ḡlan,
 Cé ḡur learc leir uair de moill,
 Ar rcot na nḡall do tairrae cúige
 1 mṡaile áṡa élaṡ ḡo cruinn;
 Aṡuaib aniar ‘r anṡear ḡo tiuḡ
 Do ḡabṡar plán ḡac rliḡe;
 Fairc, cúḡat, a Ṳṡannaiḡ ḡil,
 Tá an ḡṡampairc ar do tí!

Aṡt níoir coṡlaṡ ruain don Ṳṡanac é
 An tṡeaṡṡmain úo 1 ríṡ;
 ‘S mo míle tṡuaḡ de Ṳilton tú
 Má blairṡir o’raoṡar a élaioim;

“Seobad pphóinriar mear Mac Gearailt
 Agus Séamur Mac Éartaoir;
 Mo duibhlán beo agus marb fúib,
 A clanna lunnodain feill.”

Go luath do gluair an Gearaltae,
 'S a cara le n-a tsoib,
 Ar fuidh Ó tTóin na gcailmfeair
 Ó b'fáilge maic ir laisir;
 Ba fuidhe é croidhe gac ceatharnaig
 Nuair glac n-a láimh a claidheamh:
 “Sead, gabaim tu i n-ainm Bannab,
 'S gan dearmad déanfaidh gníomh

Níor teipthe ar an nGearaltae,
 Do cearnaig leir a buidean,
 Ir Mac Éartaoir dá leanamaint
 I gan-fíor trío an tTí;
 'S i n-indeoin ar dein na Sarnais
 Do gabadar folac dín
 I nGleann Maoiliugra an Bpanais mór,
 'S ar Sliaib Ruad i mearc an f'raoisg.

Um deiread éir na reachtmaine.

Do spreac de Bilton noime,
 Fíche míle Sarnac

Go spreanta gléarta i gcríe,
 Sunnaide móra ir beaga aige
 'S gan dearmad airm faoiuib,
 Ir tós ré longpóirt taiteacac
 I mbéal an gleanna tíor.

Ar luignara a cúis fíceat
 Fé bpoctal lae tearaíde
 Bí ullamh ag de Bilton,
 Ir o'fás a longpóirt doil;

Seo aníor an gleann an ġrampaire;
 Cá nġeaġair a Ůrnanaiġ ġrnoide?
 An i ġan-ġior ġuit ġo bġuildear ġuġat?
 Ů, a Ůia, an it' ġoġlaġ taci?

Ni ġloirtear toġann a Ůtairitil
 Cé ġur ġarib ġuair ġ an tġriġe;
 S mġ tġrtaideann Ůuine 'ġ leaġaġ ann
 Ni ġloirtear a eaġcainiġe;
 Na rġearġa tuiar ġan anġaite;
 An talaġ ġiġin 'r an ġoill;
 An ġrian anuar aġ taitġneam oġta,
 Ir aitear ar an mbuirġin.

Aġt Ůe ġeit Ůo ġrit an talaġ
 Ir laġaġ ruar an ġoill,
 Ir leaġaġ rġeaġ bġeaġ Saranaġ;
 Mo ġrtaġn tġ, a ġiaġa ġrnoide!
 Arir Ůo bġirit an toġann Ůo
 Ir Ůo tuit rġeaġ eile Ůioġ;
 Ůo ġlac an ġuiġealaġ eaġla,
 'S ġum rġeaġa leo ġan moill.

Anoir, a ġaeġeala ġalma,
 Seo, taġaġ Ůġta arir;
 Leanaġ Ůo ir leaġaġ Ůo
 Ir aġraġ oġta Ůioġal
 'Na nġeaġnaġar Ůe beaġtaib uile
 Ar ġearann ġibir ġinn;
 Tġ raitġ annrġo ar teiġeaġ Ůomaġ
 Ir tuġaġ Ůoġ an ġlaideam.

Anuar ġaġ taġ Ůo rġeaġaġar
 Ar aicme an. Ůeaġla ġoill,
 Ůġ rġeaġa 'ġur Ůġ rġiaġaġ,
 Ůġ mbaġaġ 'ġur Ůġ ġlaġoġe.

Ślac rcannrao a bair de Bilton
 Ir do teic pé uaman ón mbuigín;
 Ir Carbi Mullais Mairtean
 Cuao rleas tré lár a éiríde.

TAOŚ Ó DONNCAOA.

THE LIVING IRISH SPEECH.

From a lecture by the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, M.A., entitled: "The Preservation of the Living Irish Language—a work of National importance."

It is difficult to forecast the political future of this island. I speak not as a politician, but as a student of history when I say that the conglomeration of countries and islands that are marked red on our present maps, and called the British Empire, will not always cling together. The Roman Empire had far stronger bonds of union than the British, and yet that great Empire, even in the zenith of its power, had clay mingled with its feet of iron and nurtured the seeds of disruption, which grew strong in time and shattered it to a thousand fragments. The British Empire will burst up as the Roman did. Nay, the bonds of constitutional government that unite this island to the larger island across the Channel have no perpetuity in the nature of things. These two islands have been united under the same monarchy for three hundred years. But what are three hundred years in the life of a nation. The day may come, it may not be far distant, when this island may have to lead a separate political life, or enter into some new combination and form part of a new Empire. The day may come when the prestige and importance of the English language will not be what it is now. Even now, as a literary language, English is fast waning. The past fifty years have witnessed a deterioration in the quality of English literature which has no parallel since the

age of Chaucer, and which seems on the increase as years go by. There seems no chance of an aftermath of English literature, till youthful nations infuse their vigour into dialects of that language. Imagine the state of things that may exist a hundred or two hundred years hence. The British Empire shorn of most of its territory. Ireland and England no longer under the same government. New Empires, new dynasties sharing between them the sovereignty of the civilized world. The English language melting down in the crucible and new dialects springing up. Imagine, if you can, the loss, the incalculable loss to this country if every vestige of living Irish shall have been wiped out. Three or four hundred years spent under the shadow of the British constitution, and we emerge bearing the most unmistakable of all badges of slavery, the badge of a slavery that not only enslaved the body, but that also corroded the mind—the very accents, the tone, the speech of our masters. When we have lost our language—then, and not till then, shall we be veritable slaves.

Try to imagine the loss to our country if, in these no very distant days, perhaps, all she can point to as memorials of her antiquity, as evidences of her pedigree among the nations of the earth, as proofs of her past greatness, be a few old manuscripts in a disused character, a few old ruins, a few inscriptions on stone, while that living voice of Irish speech that re-echoed amid her hills for three thousand years is hushed into silence for ever. That voice might have been preserved as a living witness to the high antiquity of our people, to their ancient lineage among the nations, as the living nurse and fosterer of immemorial traditions and dreams of a glorious past. Consider the advantage of a living witness over a witness that is dead and gone. The evidence of a dead witness may be misrepresented. You cannot cross-examine him. You cannot piece together his story with all the colouring of time and place. You may question a living witness. Each new question may reveal truths long hidden, may drag to light evidence of the utmost moment.



REV. P. S. DINNEEN, M.A.

The living tongue, even though the area over which it is vernacular be circumscribed, is an energising power in the land. It is a compendium of our history, it is our fierce war-cry in the conflict of nationalities, it is our title-deed in the court of nations. It is the voice of promise alluring us to a higher and nobler national existence. Its reviving tones salute our ears at the opening of the new century as a trumpet-call reminding us that we have been dwelling in Babylonian bondage, warning us not to eat the unclean meats, not to quaff the sorcerer's cup proffered to us by our captors, telling us that already many of our people are drunk to swinish drunkenness with the alluring wine of a foreign civilization, that already many of them are sunk hopelessly in all that is vulgar and barbarous of foreign customs and habits. That living speech will train up the rising generation in all the traditions of their ancestors, it will keep alive the characteristics that individualize our race; it will keep alive our spirit of chivalry, of heroism, of generosity, of faith. It will nurse the simplicity of character which distinguished our forefathers; it will waft across the centuries the breeze of romance and enthusiasm from the days when kings held high festival at Tara and at Cruachan, when gay huntsmen from Eastern climes gambolled on the green sward of Meath and of Kildare, when men revelled with the new wine of life, of beauty, and of strength.

Woe to us if ever that living nurse of our ancient traditions is lost to our race! Woe to us if we let the national spirit of our children perish from want of being duly nursed in our history through the living accents of Irish speech! Woe to us if we are forced to nurture our national spirit merely on the dry bones of a dead and neglected tongue. I remember once hearing a folk-tale. A mother who was on her death-bed had two daughters, one of whom she loved while she hated the other. Both were present at her bedside. She gave several heads of advice to them, but that advice was put in enigmatical language in order that the daughter

whom she disliked may attach the wrong meaning to it. One point of advice was this:—"Always keep old bones under your children." It happened contrary to her expectations. The daughter she loved failed to penetrate the mystery of this advice, and took it in the literal sense; she had her children constantly seated on a heap of old bones with the result that they caught cold and drooped and died. The other daughter was wiser; she, too, procured old bones for her children, but they were living bones, for she provided them with a careful old nurse who had them constantly in her arms. If the Irish nation of to-day discard the living Irish speech, contenting themselves with its remains in books and manuscripts, we shall be following the example of this foolish daughter, and our children shall lose their national spirit. If, on the contrary, we secure a living old nurse—the nurse of living Irish for the rising generation, they will grow up sound in mind and body, and perpetuate the historical traditions of their race. She is truly an old nurse, but though old, full of the vigour and sprightliness of youth, full of the glad music of happier days, full of the spirit of independence and self-reliance.

Let none believe our lovely Eve outworn and old;
 Fair is her form, her blood is warm, her heart is bold;
 Though tyrants long have wrought her wrong, she will
 not fawn,
 Will not prove mean, our Caitlín Ní Ualacháin.

DIÁ LIÚ, A LAOCHRAÍO ŠAOIŲEAL.

DIÁ LIÚ, A LAOCHRAÍO ŠAOIŲEAL,
 NÁ CIUINTEAR CLAOIŲTEACŲ OPAIŲ,
 RIAM NÍOR ŠUILLIADAIŲ MARLAŲ
 I n-am ÉACŲ NÁ COŠAIŲ.

Déimtear lib comgleic éalma,
 A burdean arim-ġlan f'aoilteac
 Fé éann bur b'fearamm d'útcáir
 Duirt úrġuirt Inre ġaoirdeal.

Ma'r áil lib aġrað Éireann,
 A ġarrað céimeann ġc'róda,
 Ná reačnarò éac't ná iorġail,
 Ná cač'a mionca móra.

Fearr veit i mbarraib' fua'ir-beann
 I b'feiteam' f'uam-ġearr ġrinnmear
 Aġ reitġ troda ar féinn eac'trann
 Aġ a b'fuit fearann bur rínfearr.

Mó ir mall do haġrað lib-re
 Máġ life no lior Team'rač,
 No Cairéal na r'reað nua-ġlan,
 No mín-člár C'ruač'na Meač'ba.

Dit cúinne, a članna Míleač,
 Fonn réró na ruġ-lior noait'-ġeal,
 Čuġ oraič ġan aġra Tailtean,
 No táč' c'róč' maiġ'reač' Mai'rtean.

Ní tač'a lúit ná lámaitġ
 Čuġ oraič, a ač'ba'ró Banba,
 Veit díb' urramač' umal
 Do mear-pluaġ ġurmar ġall'oa.

Ač't nač' deoin le Dia, a Éire,
 Sib le céile do čongnam,
 Ní beač' bur mbua'ro i n-ém'feac't
 Aġ pluaġ c'róč' léio'meač' Lonnoan.

C'ráč' liom eac'trann oá b'póġrač'
 Rioġra'ró Fódla ir a n-oir'eac't
 Ir nač' ġoir'te'ar díob' 'na noútc'ar
 Ač't ceiteir'n čút'al coille.

Ir iao féin i nġleann'taič' ġar'ba
 Laoic' Banba, beaġ' oá leac'trom,

Ir fonn min an cláir-reo Óríomtáinn
 As fearóam fíochmair eacétráinn.

Shác rún feill dá bfuil éugta,
 Buirdean fial cupaó scogta,
 Ir a liacé náma ar tí a ngona
 Do beir oim coislaó corraó.

An trác beirto laoié laigean,
 Cinn deigfear cláir na scuiaó,
 Buaró eacétráinn an éraoi éinn-re
 Bíonn m'aigne poibhir rubaó.

Dubac bím-re uair eile
 Mar beirto buaró na raoirfear
 Na Sall reo éis tar tonn-muir
 Do éomlot garraó Saoróeal.

Líon gleoíó do laoióiró lann-ghuim
 Sabáil Raighaill, Dia dá noídean,
 Méro a nguaire 'ran ngleann-ro
 Do cuir mo meánma i míneart.

Dia leo as luíge ir as eirge,
 Tréinfiir ir treire i otaóar,
 Dia 'na fearaí ir 'na luíge leo,
 Ir i otrác cúra an éata!

DOUGHUS MAC DAIGRE UÍ ÓALAIG.

O'RUAIK'S REQUEST.

PRINCE OF BREIFNE—A.D. 1589.

You ask me what defence is mine? Here! 'midst your
 armed bands!

You only mock the prisoner who is helpless in your hands.
 What would defence avail to me though good it be and true,
 Here! in the heart of London town, with judges such as you?

You gravely talk about my "crime!" I own no crime at all;
The deeds you blame I'd do again should such a chance befall.
You say I've helped the foreign foes to war against your
Queen—

Well, challenged so, I'll proudly show what has my helping
been.

On that wild day when near our coast the stately ships of
Spain

Caught in a fierce and sudden storm, for safety sought in vain;
When wrenched and torn 'midst mountain waves some
foundered in the deep,

And others broke on sunken reefs and headlands rough and
steep—

I heard the cry that off my land where breakers rise and roar
The sailors from a wrecking ship were striving for the shore.
I hurried to the frightful scene, my generous people too,
Men, women, even children, came, some kindly deed to do.
We saw them clutching spars and planks that soon were
washed away,

Saw others bleeding on the rocks, low moaning where they
lay;

Some cast ashore and back again dragged by the reflux wave,
Whom one grip from a friendly hand would have sufficed
to save.

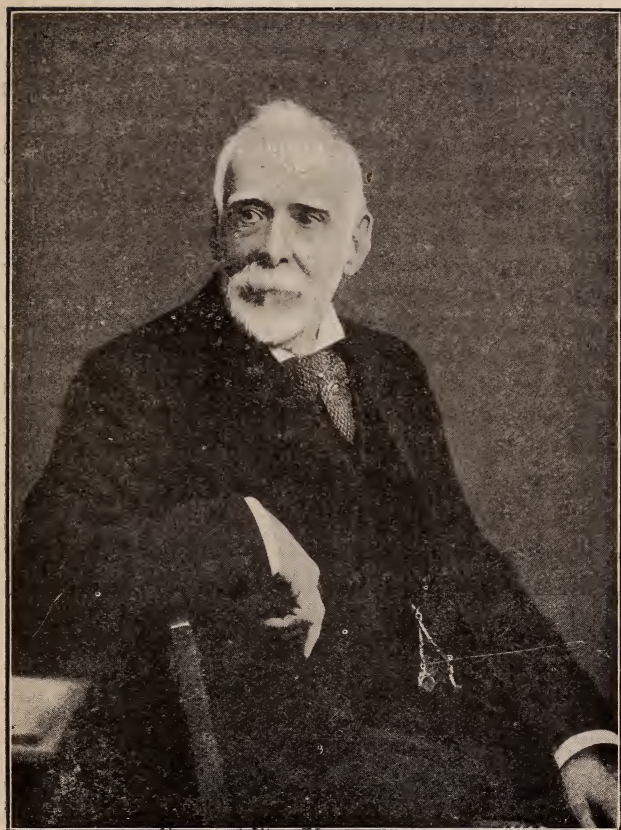
We rushed into the raging surf, watched every chance, and when
They rose and rolled within our reach we grasped the drowning
men.

We took them to our hearths and homes and bade them
there remain

Till they might leave with hope to reach their native land
again.

This is the "treason" you have charged! Well, treason
let it be,

One word of sorrow for such fault you'll never hear from me.



T. D. SULLIVAN.

I'll only say although you hate my race, and creed, and name,
Were your folk in that dreadful plight I would have done
the same.

Oh ! you would bring me to your Queen, low at her feet to
kneel,

Crave mercy from her stony heart, and urge some mean
appeal !

I answer, No ! my knees will bend and prayers of mine arise
To but one Queen, the Queen of Heaven, high throned above
the skies.

And now you ask my dying wish ? My last and sole request
Is that the scaffold built for me be fronted to the West.
Of my dear country far away, one glimpse I cannot see,
Wherever, and however high, you raise my gallows tree ;
Yet would I wish my last fond look should seek that distant
shore,

So, turn my face to Ireland. Sirs, of you I ask no more.

T. D. SULLIVAN.

EARL DESMOND AND THE BEAN SIDHE

Now cheer thee on, my gallant steed ;

There's a weary way before us—

Across the mountain swiftly speed

For the storm is gathering o'er us.

Away, away, the horseman rides ;

His bounding steed's dark form

Seemed o'er the soft black moss to glide—

A spirit of the storm !

Now, rolling in the troubled sky,

The thunders loudly crashing ;

And through the dark clouds, driving by,

The moon's pale light is flashing.

In sheets of foam the mountain flood
Comes rolling down the glen ;
On the steep bank one moment stood
The horse and rider then.

One desperate bound the courser gave
And plunged into the stream ;
And snorting, stemmed the boiling wave,
By the lightning's quivering gleam.
The flood is passed—the bank is gained—
Away with headlong speed ;
A fleeter horse than Desmond reined
Ne'er served at lover's need.

His scattered train in eager haste,
Far, far behind him ride ;
Alone he crossed the mountain waste
To meet his promised bride.
The clouds across the moon's dim form
Are fast and faster sailing,
And sounds are heard on the sweeping storm
Of wild, unearthly wailing.

At first low moanings seemed to die
Away, and faintly languish ;
Then swell into the piercing cry
Of deep, heart-bursting anguish.
Beneath an oak, whose branches bare
Were crashing in the storm,
With ringing hands and streaming hair,
There sat a female form.

To pass that oak in vain he tried ;
His steed refused to stir ;
Though furious 'gainst his panting side
Was struck the bloody spur.

The moon, by driving clouds o'ercast,
Withheld its fitful gleam ;
And louder than the tempest blast
Was heard the bean sidhe's scream.

And, when the moon unveiled once more,
And showed her paly light,
Then nought was seen save the branches hoar
Of the oak-tree's blasted might.
That shrieking form had vanished
From out that lonely place,
And, like a dreamy vision, fled,
Nor left one single trace.

Earl Desmond gazed, his bosom swelled
With grief and sad foreboding ;
Then on his fiery way he held,
His courser madly goading,
For well that wailing voice he knew,
And onward hurrying fast,
O'er hills and dales impetuous flew,
And reached his home at last.

Beneath his wearied courser's hoof
The trembling drawbridge clangs,
And Desmond sees his own good roof,
But darkness o'er it hangs.
He passed beneath the gloomy gate,
No guiding tapers burn ;
No vassals in the court-yard wait,
To welcome his return.

The hearth is cold in the lonely hall,
No banquet decks the board ;
No page stands ready at the call,
To tend his wearied lord.

But all within is dark and drear,
 No sights or songs of gladness—
 Nought broke the stillness on the ear,
 Save a sudden burst of sadness.

Then slowly swelled the caoiners' strain
 With loud lament and weeping,
 For round a corse a mournful train
 The sad death-watch were keeping,
 Aghast he stood, bereft of power,
 Hope's fairy visions fled ;
 His fears confirmed—his beauteous flower—
 His fair-haired bride—was dead !

SLÁN LE CILL ÁIRNE.

Mo góin cad é an rmuio reo as dúnao ar mo éiríde,
 Rinn' mo balla neam-lúctmar i' r'fúis mé san bpiú,
 Do gpioruis mo fúile le dúctraet cum caoi,
 I' an rpuet leacta tiúg gpiut dá múcaó ríorpiurde ?

Cad é 'n rmaoineao ro élaorídear mé ó mairíon go neoin,
 I' do ríor-ruaioctean m'intínn le meapball bpióm ?
 As cuimneam ar élaoin-deaptaib Dána i' gó,
 Do ríorírdann mo ríct uaim san capao go deo.

I' gorm iao na tonnta 'r bpuac loea gil léin,
 'S i' borb iao do topa-ra, a mupioir na n-éan !
 I' roilb le cloirínt é ronnoo na gpaob ;
 Act mo doóar ! i' roilb dubac dopea mé !

Tá an óis-geir go ruainídear as rnam ar an linn,
 I' glór glairíde as gluaireact tpe bántaib ró-bínn',
 Tá leoitne as luapao na ngeas n-úr ran gcoill,
 Act i' ró-beas mo ruainínear, san ácar a bím !

Na fáir-fíir a dóirte a gcuid fóla i dtóir,
 Ir i lán-tíear na ngorim-claídeamh gortad tar fóir,—
 Ir fáim é a gcóulaó 'r ir focair fá'n b'fóo,
 Ir mo éiríó ir mo túrrainn ná coúlaim-re leo!

A éalaim na n-éan mbinn 'r na gcraob n-úr, san tlar,
 Ir fáda san réim duite, san céim mar ba gádt,
 Fé rcamall i n'aoir-bhuio, san céile san páirt,
 'S é do éiríad 'r do réabao do léanuig mo lá.

'S é do éneao éuir i bpéin mé, a éalaim mo éiríde,
 Ir do b'arcao san fáeream le haicme an fill,
 Do g'neaoao 'r do réabao le lairair ir claídeamh,
 Ir, mo éreac, mé i n'gébinn, 'r san énearuao ar do díte.

Áct, a cara, glac meanmna! U'féirir le Críort
 So b'p'eadb'ao éugainn garrad de'n g'neas-fuil úo fíir,
 Le fearcaib a n-arm, san éirínn san teimeal,
 As t'earcairt na n'aoar 'r dá léar-éuir tar tuinn.

Slán, plán leat, a léin-loo na b'féit ngorim n-úr,
 Léanraio áilne do rcéim' mé so dtéiríó mé 'ran úir;
 Ná raib cáim ar do íléib'uib, ná béim ar duilleabair,
 Cioo fánao i gcéin mé im' éraoao le búir.

AN TADAIR PÁDRAIG UA DUINNÍN.

THE PASS OF PLUMES.

A.D. 1599.

“Look out,” said O'Moore to his clansmen, afar—
 Is yon white cloud the herald of tempest or war?
 Hark! know you the roll of the foreigners' drums?
 By Heaven! Lord Essex in panoply comes,
 With corslet, and helmet, and gay bannerol,
 And the shields of the nobles with blazon and scroll:

And, as snow on the larch in December appears,
What a winter of plumes on that forest of spears !
To the clangour of trumpets and waving of flags
The clattering cavalry prance o'er the crags ;
And their plumes—by St. Kyran ! false Saxon ere night,
You shall wish these fine feathers were wings for your flight.
Shall we leave all the blood and the gold of the Pale
To be shed at Armagh and be won by O'Neill ?
Shall we yield to O'Ruairc, to MacGuire, and O'Donnell
Brave chieftains of Breifne, Fermanagh, Tir Conaill ;
Yon helmets that eric thrice over would pay
For the Sasanach heads they'll protect not to-day !
No ! by red Mullachmast, fiery clansmen of Leix,
Avenge your sire's blood on their murderers' race.
Now, sept of O'Moore, fearless sons of the heather,
Fling your scabbards away, and strike home and together !

Then loudly the clang of commingled blows,
Up swelled from the sounding fields ;
And the joy of a hundred trumps arose,
And the clash of a thousand shields ;
And the long plumes danced, and the falchions rang,
And flashed the whirled spear,
And the furious barb through the wild war sprang,
And trembled the earth with fear ;
The fatal bolts exulting fled,
And hissed as they leaped away ;
And the tortured steed on the red grass bled,
Or died with a piercing neigh.

I see their weapons crimsoned—I hear the mingled cries
Of rage and pain and triumph, as they thunder to the skies.
The Coolun'd kern rushes upon armour, knight, and mace,
And bones and brass are broken in his terrible embrace !
The coursers roll and struggle ; and the riders, girt in steel,
From their saddles, crushed and cloven, to the purple heather
reel,

And shattered there, and trampled by the charger's iron hoof
The seething brain is bursting through the crashing helmet's
roof.

Joy! Heaven strikes for Freedom! and Elizabeth's array,
With her paramour to lead them, are sore beset to-day.

Their heraldry and plumery, their coronets and mail,
Are trampled on the battle-field, or scattered on the gale!
As the cavalry of ocean the living billows bound,
When lightnings leap above them, and thunders clang around,
And tempest-crested, dazzlingly caparisoned in spray,
They crush the black and broken rocks, with all their roots
away;

So charged the stormy chivalry of Erin in her ire—
Their shock the roll of ocean, their swords electric fire—
They rose like banded billows that, when wintry tempests
blow,

The trembling shore with stunning roar and dreadful wreck
o'erflow,

And when they burst tremendously, upon the bloody ground
Both horse and man, from rere to van, like shivered barques
went down.

Leave your costly Milan hauberks, haughty nobles of the Pale,
And your snowy ostrich feathers as a tribute to the Gael.
Fling away gilt spur and trinket, in your hurry, knight and
squire;

They will make our virgins ornaments, or decorate the lyre.
Ho! Essex! how your vestal Queen will storm when she hears
The "mere Irish" chased her minion and his twenty
thousand spears.

Go! tell the royal virgin that O'Moore, MacHugh, O'Neill,
Will smite the faithless stranger while there's steel in Inisfail.
The blood you shed shall only serve more deep revenge to
nurse,

And our hatred be as lasting as the tyranny we curse;

From age to age consuming, it shall blaze a quenchless fire,
And the son shall thirst and burn still more fiercely than
his sire.

By our sorrows, songs, and battles—by our cromleachs
raths, and towers,

By sword and chain, by all our slain—between your race
and ours ;

Be naked glaives and yawning graves, and ceaseless tears
and gore

Till battle's flood wash out in blood your footsteps from the
shore !

R. D. WILLIAMS.

RED HUGH O'DONNELL'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF THE CURLIEUS.

I.

Brother Chiefs, and clansmen loyal in many a bloody fray ;
God be thanked, these robber Saxons come to meet us here
to-day—

Boasting Clifford, Essex' minion, swears he'll make the
rebels flee—

We will give them hearty greetings like to that at Ashanee.
What though traitor Celts oppose us, be their numbers three
to one !

Greater glory to Clann Connell when this tough day's work
is done.

Shrived at holy Mass his morning, danger we may fearless dare ;
For we draw the sword of justice, shielded all in faith and
prayer.

Not for conquest or for vengeance, on this blessed Lady Day ;
Not in strength or numbers trusting do we face their proud
array ;

But for holy Mary's honour, by their tainted lips defiled ;
For the sacred rights of freemen, for the mother, maid, and
child.

II.

Prone and bleeding lies our country, sorrow clouds her crown-
 less brow ;
 All the lines of peerless beauty limned in ghastly colours now
 In the light of glories olden, beaming through our dark
 disgrace—
 See the maddening wrongs and insults heaped upon our
 fallen race !
 Roofless homestead, broken altar, slaughtered priest,
 dishonoured maid—
 Children of an outraged mother ! whet ye well the thirsty
 blade !
 Scorning rock and brushwood cover, rush like swooping
 eagles forth ;
 Hard and home push every pike-head, sinewy spearmen
 of the North !
 Cleave in twain the lustful Saxon, tame Dunkellin's soaring
 pride ;
 Smite the double-souled O'Connors—traitors false to every
 side.
 Down upon them, Banagh's chieftain ! sweep their ranks
 your spears before,
 As the north wind sweeps the stubble through the gap of
 Barnesmore.
 Forward ! Forward ! brave MacDermott, strike for fair
 Moylurg's demesne,
 For yon lake in beauty sleeping, for the holy islands' fane !
 Strike and drive the swinish Saxon, herding in their sacred
 shade,
 Far from Boyle's old abbey cloisters, where your fathers'
 bones are laid.

III.

Holy Virgin, we implore thee, by that abbey's rifled shrine,
 Columcille of Doire Calgach, patron of O'Donnell's line,
 Good St. Francis, for the honour of thy name in Donegal,
 Speed ye now, Tyrconnell's onset, till we rout them one and all !



HIS GRACE, THE MOST REV. DR. HEALY.

Should O'Donnell fall in combat—if the foe be forced to yield,
 Better death I never wished for than to die upon the field,
 Where the cause of Erin triumphed, and the Saxon was laid
 low,

With that green flag floating o'er me, and my face against
 the foe.

Never chieftain of Clan Dalgaigh to th' invader bowed the
 knee ;

By the black years of my bondage, it shall ne'er be done
 by me !

I would rather angry ocean roared o'er castle, cot, and hall,
 Than see any Saxon *bodach* rule in Royal Donegal.

Deathless fame in song and story will enshroud the men who
 died,

Fighting God and Freedom's battle bravely by O'Donnell's
 side.

Great will be his meed of glory, honoured long the victor's
 name ;

Pointing proudly to her kinsman, many a maid will tell
 his fame.

“ Lo ! he fought at Doonaveragh,” agèd men will whispering
 say,

And make way before the altar for the heroes of to-day.

Gleaming bright through dark'ning ages will this great day's
 memory glide,

Like the Saimers' bright-waved waters glancing onward
 to the tide.

MOST REV. DR. HEALY,
Archbishop of Tuam.

FÁIÖ-BRÉAGAC AN SAOGAL SO.

Fáio-bréagac an saogal ro ir ná humlaig do,
 Gearr béarar na réada ro énuarniúir do,
 Ní fuil lá téarma a g aon neac sup buan bíar beo,
 Acé mar bíláé éadótróm éraob-úlar an uair bíor nóö.

Féac, cár úab Caerar 'r a éruaö-buiröean trlóig,
 Ná Néro cúir lé lapaö ruar í an Róim,
 Ná Séarlar Mór éacéac le n-a mbuairöti úleo,
 Dá ngéilleaö an Éaróir, an uair bí beo.

Mo rcéal ouit, a rpéir-bean, ir ruairc-mín rnóö,
 Nácfuil éireacé 'ran traoúal ro acé tuar maóite 'r bróin.
 Ná déantar leac éagnac ná uail níor mó,
 Ir bréagac do rcéim-re, 'r ní buan í, im' döúg.

Ní fuil acé cré io' éaöac má'r muar bíor döör,
 'San déag-matal daor-dáitte, dá uairliúe io' döúg,
 'San léimö úlé-úil ná io' úuanáib rpóill,
 Ná 'ran úeraob-banna péacac 'na ngluairiúeann rtróö.

Ní fuil acé cré io' béal tana ar ínuaö-únaoi an róir,
 No io' baóit-éanúair úléarta ór luainmúe an úlóir,
 'San éaóim-leaca ar úné döca an úuail úrír-beo,
 No 'ran döaö cáilce úlé úeal mar buairpöe i úclóö.

Ir ní fuil acé cré io' céib éarta an ouailín óir,
 Ná io' éaöan úeal péir-úlan ar ínuaö an aoil fóir,
 Ná i bréarla do élaon-rore mear-éruaö ruúin reoirö,
 Ná io' éaol-mála néata mar ruainín róin.

Ir é an té érucaig Éaba ir a ruaiú-úíol mór
 Do cúir rcéim ar an úeré rin mar luairmíö döúib;
 Ní déanta döaon neac dá bruar í úlóir,
 Sup leir féin ir péiröir a múar-buirö döúairt.

Éasfaiṛ na héire inṛ na cuantaibṛ ceoirṛ,
 Éasfaiṛ an éanlaicṛ dṛ luaimniḡe dṛoibṛ,
 Éasfaiṛ na tréada 'r na buailtíṛe bṛ,
 'S ḡac rṛpṛé énuic, dṛar féirṛir a luadṛ dṛioṛ fṛr.

Éasfaiṛ luét bṛéiḡe asur bṛirṛíṛe óir,
 Éasfaiṛ luét cṛaoir asur cṛuirṛcín d'ól
 Éasfaiṛ luét tréirṛeanair ḡuanaíṛe rṛoin,
 Ir éasfaiṛ luét dṛéiḡ-beairṛ nacṛ duḡairṛ rṛiam ḡó.

Éasfaiṛ an duine aorṛa ir an truaḡ-naoirṛe óḡ,
 Éasfaiṛ na cléiriḡ ir na tuataiḡ leo,
 Éasfaiṛ do céile 'r do mṛirṛnín deoil,
 Ir éasfaiṛ-re féin, dṛar mo éuḡar, ní ḡó.

An trṛát éasfaiṛ-re, féacṛ leat, an duaiṛ dṛibṛ bṛón;
 Claonfaiṛ do élaon-deairṛ ḡo huaiḡneacṛ cṛón,
 Duṛ dṛéirṛneacṛ t'éadṛan 'r do ḡruadṛ ar lí an rṛóil
 Ir tréiḡfṛir do éadṛfaṛṛa a muairṛ-bṛiḡ fṛr.

Ní léiḡfearṛ leat céirṛe ná cúirín rṛóilí,
 Ná raorṛ-bṛat ḡan éirṛeacṛ, dṛar énuairṛiḡir fṛr,
 Acṛ éadṛacṛ náir rṛéirṛ leat an uairṛ bṛir beo,
 Ir léine 'na féabaṛacṛ nó ruarṛ-rcaoilṛteosṛ.

Béarrṛar tú le céatṛar ar ḡuailníṛ irṛ rṛóim,
 Ir ḡléarrṛarṛ duic féin leabaíṛ rṛuar-éaoilṛ dṛómain;
 Adéarrṛarṛ luét d'éaḡnaíḡ as cṛuaṛ-éaoiṛ deorṛ:
 "Cuirṛ cṛé uirṛe; cṛéadṛ é a ḡnó rṛuar níorṛ mó?"

Tréiḡfṛir do ḡaol tú ir buṛ truaḡ cṛoirṛe leo,
 Léiḡfṛir tú irṛ aonarṛ 'ran uaiḡ rṛaoi fṛó,
 Tiocṛarṛ rṛarṛa ḡéara na dṛtuambairṛe irṛ cṛómaiṛ,
 Ir do dṛéanṛarṛ orṛ féarṛa, ir buṛ truaillirṛe an rṛóḡ.

má'rṛ dṛéirṛeanaíḡe do céile ná tú, 'inḡean óḡ,
 Do-ḡéanaṛa fé i n-éaḡmuirṛ do ḡuailníṛe cóir,
 Ir adéaraṛa ḡo héadṛrṛom, má rṛmuainiḡeann órṛ:
 "Céadṛ beannaṛcṛ léiṛ-re! do éuaiṛ rṛí rṛómainn."

Áir léir-tesgarc féin duit ir dual daoiú góðail
 Déan raotair do-béara go buan daoiú ríor
 le raogal na gcéad-cleair ir uaillice glóir,
 ná bréagtar tú le béatair an uabair níor mó.

Smuain féin ar na creáctair do fuair Críort cóir,
 ir tabair déara i n-éiric a múair-pian Dó,
 a maot-éirighe, a naom-glaca, ir crú a éiríde ar ríor,
 as réirteac cloinne Éada ar cruad-ínairm bhróin.

Cré an dá aprtal déas san éruar éiríde ar dóman,
 'S gac níl déarfair an naom-eaglaí do luair Críort
 mómainn;

Go raorfair Mac Dé tú, go móir bíod ío' dóig,
 gíad Dé gíl, bíod ré 'sac, 'r ná fuatais cómuir'.

seacrún céitinn.

HUGH O'DONNELL ROE.

A.D. 1602.

(The lament of a Tir-Conaill clansman when the news arrived in Ireland that Red Hugh O'Donnell had met death at the hands of the English in Spain.)

I.

They've poisoned him ! they've poisoned him ! our glory and
our joy.

The one who led Tir-Conaill's clans when yet a beardless boy,
The one who broke the Saxon power, and crushed the Saxon
pride

And swept their hosts from many a field, like reeds before the
tide.

My bitter, blighting curse be on their heads for evermore,
And may God's wrath with vengeful force sweep down upon
their shore,

For every seed they place in earth may nought but ashes grow,
The wolves—who drank the young heart's blood of Hugh
O'Donnell Roe !

II.

The hate that nerved him in the fight, their own false hands
had sown,

The day they lured him to their ship, by stately Innishowen,
And chained him fast in Dublin towers ; tho' little more than
child,

Small wonder that his heart was filled with throbbings fierce
and wild :

For every link that bound his limbs a lasting vow he made,
That while his hand could lift a spear or grasp a trusty blade,
That while remained in his right arm the strength to strike a
blow.

So long should England feel the hate of Hugh O'Donnell Roe !

III.

But English chains could never hold a captive such as he,
And one brave day we welcomed home our gallant chieftain
—free !

And never had Tir-Conaill's homes a warrior lord more true,
Or one more fit to lead the fight than he—our dauntless Hugh.
Then, *then*, burst forth, like lightning flash, his long-pent fiery
wrath,

And woe betide the Saxon churl who dared to cross his path.
And cried he in our midst that day, his dark proud eyes aglow,
“ For God and Home, who'll follow now with Hugh O'Donnell
Roe ? ”

IV.

He rode and fought from Bann to Boyle a sweeping vengeful
flame

To burn to ashes, root and branch, the Saxon race and name.
He drove the robber wolves to bay, by ford and castle wall,
From Connacht's plains thro' the Annalees to heath-clad
Dún-na-nGall.

The Fiery Cross lit up the skies o'er many a field of dead.
Tir-Conaill's war-cry pierced the souls of those who turned
and fled.

“Clan-Conaill on ! your Chieftain leads ! strike down the
plundering foe,
No Saxon swine shall rule our land,” cried Hugh O'Donnell Roe !

V.

Tir-Eoghain's Hugh, Tir-Conaill's Hugh, like brothers hand
in hand
Stood, fighting Ireland's foes—*alone*—two chiefs in all the land
mo bpon ! the East and West were dead, the South was fast
asleep,
And bravest ships must sink at last, where winds in fury
sweep.
Pressed on the English foemen then—ay, ten to every Gael,
My God ! 'twas hard to see *their* flag wave high above Kinsale.
The night came down, the Fiery Cross was crushed and
drooping low,
Away to Spain for swords and men sailed Hugh O'Donnell
Roe !

VI.

O, how he pleaded, how he prayed, while sped the weary days,
His eyes for ever toward the sea, his fervent soul ablaze,
'Till forth the kingly mandate went, “A Royal Fleet shall sail
To aid the men who fight for God, in distant Innisfail.”
And even while new life and hope were throbbing in his heart
The foe, who feared him in the fight, drove home the craven dart.
Weep ! weep Tir-Conaill ! Ireland weep ! unchecked the
tears may flow,
Our Pride, our Strength, our Sword is gone, brave Hugh
O'Donnell Roe !

VII.

He's dead ! our Love, our Prince, our Chief, the flower of all
our race.
He's dead to-day in far-off Spain, and who shall take his
place ?

Raise, raise for him the sorrow dirge, O daughters of the North,
Your Shield is gone, your foes are here, and who shall drive
them forth ?

But shall we only weep ? No, no ; revenge is ours to-day.
Tir-Conaill on ! smite down the wolves ! no man shall shirk
the fray

Till we have paid, a thousand times, the sacred debt we owe
To those who drank the young heart's blood of Hugh O'Donnell
Roe !

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

Δ βΕΑΝ FUAIR FÁILL AR AN BFEART.

Δ βΕΑΝ FUAIR FÁILL AR AN BFEART
TPIYAS TIOM Δ BPAΓCTAOI O'ÉIPTEACT,
OÁ MBEAO FIANN ŠAOROEAL IO' ŠAR
OO BEAO IO' CAOINEAO CONGNAM.

FADA ŠO BPAΓCTAOI AN FÁILL,
OÁ MBEO TIAPI I OTIP CONAILL,
LÁIM LE PIYAS BOIPCE OÁ MBEAO
NÍ FAGCTAOI AN UAIŠ ŠO HUAIŠNEAC.

I NDOIPCE I NDPUIIM CUIAB NA ŠCIPOP,
I NÁPO MACA IP MÓPI CÁDAP,
NÍ FAGCTAOI LÁ AN FEART AR FÁILL
ŠAN MNÁ OO TEACT PÓ N-Δ TUAPIAIM.

I NOÚN NA NŠALL BA MÍN MUIPI
NO I N-ÁPIY EPABUIŠ EOŠAIM
NO I NEAP RUAO IP FÉIME FÁILL
NÍ BUO PÉPDE AN UAIN O'FAGŠAIL.

OO TIOPAO IO' COMBÁRO CAOIME
BEAN Ó'N ÉIPNE IOIMAOIME
BEAN Ó FUIOP BINNPIEAB DAINNA
IP MŠEAN Ó UIOP LIACTOPOMA.

Do tíocfaid bean ó'n Máig Moill,
 Ó Bearba ó Súir ó Síonainn
 'S an bean ó Chúacáinn na gcait
 'S an bean ó Chúatáib Teamraic.

Do hípleoútaoi ó inguib rcor
 An cnoc 'n-ar cpoúad Beadair.
 Ní beaó an teac san gáir suil
 Dá mbeaó láim le fiaó fiontáinn.

Ní beaó láim leir na leacáib
 Ceo ruaimnir ná raimcúdaib.
 Ní beaó beáirna san bhrón mban
 Ná deáirna um nóim san niamáó.

Dá mac muig do'n réim reo Cuinn
 Atá ar gac taoib o'ua Domhnaill
 Na trí cuirp le ríneann rí
 Fír-rín ár n-uile a n-oirgíó.

An dá éloic rin ór a gcionn
 Dá bfeicóir óg-ban Éireann
 Ár doimlíneaó do léagáó,
 Caoi míle do múircéalaó.

Ua t'ádar ar doí do mádar
 Mar don me o' dír dearbádar,
 Ní gac oib san céill do éaóir
 A bfuil no a méinn dá meadóar.

Díor de'n triúr rin tárla irctis
 Clann doða áróflait Ailig
 Ua do'n doó ro duine díob
 Cuirte nár b'áorfa i n-imríom.

.
 'Sna caatáib do cúptaó linn
 Ag cornam éríce i nÉirinn
 Dá dtuitfead duine díob ran
 Do baó díol uile ó Ultaib.

Lá oróirais áta buirde
 1 n-ar lia leaét roéirde
 Dá dtuitedaó uaimne doó Ó Néill,
 Do'n taoib éuaró do baó toirpléim.

Lá cata an bealaig buirde
 Dá rcaréadai linn Ruşraide
 Do beaó gáir fáoilte gaé fir
 'Na gáir éaointe 'ga éloinn rin.

Dá dtuitedaó ré ó'n tír talu
 1 ló fillte fiann eaétrann
 Lá dob' áilne as Át Seanais
 Níor b'fát gáirne as Gaoróeala.

Lá 1 leiréir 'nar loitedaó rin
 No an lá láim le Gaillim
 Do tiocpaó mná as caoineaó Uí Cuinn
 Lá Daoile no lá liaéoraim.

Lá an Coirpléibe ar gclaoir na nGall
 Dá bpeictí fuil le Catbairr
 Ba lór o'úrénáó ar féacain
 Slóş Márbais do múircéalaó.

Do muaimneoctairde puipe ar niaó
 Dá dtugtaíde a leaét lá ar Coirpliaó
 Dá dtugtaíde a leaét lá Sluig
 Níor lá baó eaét o'foiróim.

Níor beas de léan re leir Cuinn
 Báir doóa oigeadó Catbairr
 Scapaó do Ruópaó rin
 Robaó úrbaíde o'Éirinn.

So noibne Dia an tuirpe dtuim
 Uaib, a ingean Uí Dómnail,
 Gearr so dtéirde ar réaó mar rom,
 Féac na céime fáó' éómar.

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

A.D. 1631.

The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles—
The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough
defiles—

Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird ;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard ;
The hookers lie upon the beach ; the children cease their play ;
The gossips leave the little inn ; the households kneel to pray—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there ;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air.
The massive capes, and ruined towers, seemed conscious of the
calm ;

The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
So still the night, these two long barques, round Dunashad that
glide,

Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the ebbing
tide—

Oh ! some sweet mission of true love should urge them to the
shore—

They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore !

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends with gently gliding feet—
A stifled gasp ! a dreamy noise ! “ the roof is in a flame ! ”
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire,
and dame—

And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabres' fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson
shawl—

The yell of “ Allah ” breaks above the prayer, and shriek and
roar—

Oh, blessed God ! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore !

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword ;

Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was gored ;

Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grandbabes clutching wild ;

Then fled the maiden moaning faint and nestled with the child :
But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing heel,

While o'er him, in an Irish hand, there sweeps his Syrian steel,
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,

There's one hearth well avengèd in the sack of Baltimore !

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds begin to sing—
They see not now the milking maids—deserted is the spring !
Midsummer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town—

These hookers crossed from stormy Schull, that skiff from Affadown ;

They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood besprint,

And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went—

Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Clere, and saw five leagues before

The pirate galleys vanishing, that ravaged Baltimore.

Oh ! some must tug the galleys o'er, and some must tend the steed—

This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's jerreed.

Oh ! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles ;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.

The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey
She's safe—he's dead—he stabbed him in the midst of his serai ;



truly yours
Thomas Davis.

And, when to die a death of fire that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody
band,

And now amid its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen—

'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the Algerine !
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there—
Some muttered of MacMurchaidh, who brought the Norman
o'er—

Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

THOMAS DAVIS.

ἡ ΔΕΤΗΔΗ ΑΝ ΕΒΕΤΗΝΗ

Σεατρύν Εβέτην ἡ ββόλας ἡ ν-υαίη ἡ οτιοββαίη ἀμάνν ἀγυρ καρνάν
ρεβίβεανν ὅρ ἡ εὐμάρη, A.D. 1629, no map rom.

Σιν ἰαο ἀννρῶν ἰαο, λεαβαίρ ῥίρυννε na ηΓαεθεαλ ἀγυρ
λεαβαίρ εἰτίς na ηΓαλλ. Ὁ, na κοίςερίοδα ῥῆαντα ὕο ὁ
ῥαῖα! τὰ νάιρε οῖρ ἡ ν-α οταοίβ. Νί'ι ρταρῖοδε ὀίοβ
ὀάρ εἰρ ῥίορ ῥαίη ἀρ εἰρυνν ὁ ῥαβάλταρ ῥαλλ ἡ λεῖτ naς ἡ
ὀ'ιαρῖαὶο ταρῖορνε οο εαβαίρτα οο ῥαεθεαλαίβ ἀγυρ οο
ῥαλλ-ῥαεθεαλαίβ αταίο. Νί ὀεάρῖαὶο ἀίρεαίη ἀρ ἀρ ὀρῖρ-
εῖρεῖτιβ,—μαρ naς ταῖςτε ὀοίβ ἰαο. ἀγυρ ὀρῖοῖε-εῖρεῖτε
νάρ ὀαῖν ῥαίη ἡνν εἰρῖο ῥίορ ἡ ν-ἀρ λεῖτ ἰαο, μαρ ῥο
ῥαοίῖο ῥο ῥεῖορῖο εορῖαῖς ἡ ῥοῖτεῖννε ἀν ὀρῖας
υατα!

Δετ ἀν ὀοῖς leo ῥυρ εαίτεαρ-ῥα ρίεε βῖαδαν ἡ Ροῖνν
na ηεορῖα ῥαν ρταρ na ηεορῖα οο ῥεαρ-ρεῖῖοῖς; ἀν
ὀοῖς leo ῥο ὀρῖν καρνάν λεαβαρ λεῖςτε ῥαν αὐβαρ ἀγαν
ἀγυρ καρνάν ρεβίβεανν αἰε-λεῖςτε ἀγαν ῥαν οοῖα; ἀν ὀοῖς
leo, ταρ εἰρ mo ῥαοῖαῖ, na ρῖνν εἰρῖν-εοῖαρ ἀγαν ἀρ

cráibteáct na nSaeódeal, ar a scríobáct agus ar a bflaite-
amlaéct, ar a raotair ar fuio na heorpa, ar an scothuáth
tuasairí coir baile ar boctair, ar díleáctair, ar gac mac
mácar d'ár teangmuis orca agus gábhá aige le cabair.

Cá raib an tponn eile tug saim rcoile uata do cuir
éigean féile orca féin fé mar do dein muinntear na
héireann? Muinntear na héireann! náir leor leo a
noiceall do déanam do gac duine dá ttagaó cuca ar
loris léiginn, gan cuiread coitcianta do tabairt do
gac aicme go raib fonn foglumta orca ba cuma cao ar
go dtiocfairí.

Ba dóig le duine ar na Gallair ro náir domuis ugdair
móra na heorpa gur lionmaire bí éire fé naomair ná
mar bí don críoc eile d'ár b'eol dóib; ceaprad duine
orca náir domuis ugdair móra na heorpa go raib cuirle
na fogluma com toramail ran i héirinn gur bpiúct agus
gur aópiúct rí go dtí go raib gac tír ran eorair fé comaoir
aicí. Agus, mara n-domócairí féin, ná raib mo cairteal-
ra ar loris na manac! Na mainirtreaca do tógadar agus
do cothuigeadar as baile agus i gcéin ná feaca-ra lem'
fúilí cinn a n-iarmaide árrair? Cealla do tógadar
i n-a tcalam dúctair connac fé barr larrac as an eact-
pannac iad! Mo míle náire iad na Gall bpadaca, mo
míle náire agus m'aitir iad!

Scríobrad-ra rair na fódla, agus tabairrad a ceart
féin oi. Deimneocair mé do'n traogal gur ba nóir i
héirinn breiteamain agus leaga agus reancada agus filide
agus dor téad do beir as uairlí, raoirre do beir as a
brearrain, as a brearrann, as a rpiéir; gur móirde reancur
na héireann do beir barántamail mar go mbíod na céadta
ollamhan gá coimead, agus cothuad as gac ollamh díob
dá cion. Cpuinneocad-ra, míneocad, cuiread briú a
n-oibre ro i n-eagar. Agus, má iarrtar oim cao cuise
go dtugaim oiread rann ar an reancur mar fuideam ar
an rair, mo fpeagra air rin gur cumad upmór an treancuir
i nduantaib mar gurad amlaí ir fearr do cuirithe de
meabair le luét foglumta é.

Tá seiríbeanna go leor ór mo cómair annro. Tómarrao
 iad, cuirreao i scomórtar iad, ašur déanrao leaŕušaó
 beas ar an tŕean-Šaeóilš ionnup go ŕtuigŕear i nšac áro
 de'n dútaig ŕeara mé. Mar šur ró-baošlac liom go
 mbeiró ár ŕteanša dútcair aš ŕul i n-aŕarŕac ašur i n-olcar
 ašur i n-éas, b'ŕéoir, má bionn ŕé de mí-áó opainn béarla
 na nšall ŕo ŕul cum cinn i n-éirinn. Á! áct ŕar a ŕor-
 nócaó ŕé ŕeoir leir an ŕair rin noctŕao šac bŕéas ŕ'ár
 cŕaoŕŕeaoileao ŕiam i ŕtaoib mo dútaigŕe. Ceapann šall
 go ŕitŕir leo ó'n uair go bŕuilim-ŕe ar teiceao ŕaŕa.
 Ir beas a tuigŕo, ám, caó a ŕiocŕaó de bapŕ a noŕoc-
 aišne, mar šur beas a ŕaoilŕ luŕt na leirce šur ŕéoir
 ŕair ir ŕeancur ŕo cur i n-eašar i n-uaim uaišur. Šo
 maiŕir Dia ŕóib a bŕeacairŕe, ašur go ŕaib an Šaeŕealš
 coirŕe ŕé cómairce na bŕlaitear!

AN DAIRBREAC DÁNA.

MACMAHON'S PLEADINGS.

By heaven, that hateful name is false ! no " traitor's " soul
 have I—

Not mine to blush for " craven crimes "—not mine " the
 dread to die " ;

And, though a captive here I stand within these Dublin tow'rs,
 I swear we fight for king and right—a holy cause is ours :

Even here I fling your tauntings back—I fling them in your
 face—

Dark picture, Parsons, of your heart—a tell-tale of your race.
 Lords-justices ! misnamed—my tongue your perfidy shall
 brand,

Betrayers of your prince's cause, and robbers of the land !

I dare your worst !—your rope, your block no terrors have for
 me,

For the hour that saw these hands enchained, that hour saw
 Ireland free !

Ay, "bear me hence"—what boots it now if I should live or die ?

Thank God ! the long-sought hour is come—our banners kiss the sky !

Albeit a worthless tool is broke !—'tis hallowed in the deed—
Thank God that Ireland's cause is safe—that I for Ireland bleed !

Ay, "bear me to the bloody block"—nor need ye waste your light,

For Ulster, all ablaze, my lords, shall be our torch to-night.
Each Saxon tower that frowned upon our country's plundered thanes

Shall light its felon lord, ere dawn, to dastard flight or chains ;
Shall guide the steps of gathering clans, whose watchwords rend the sky—

O, God ! it is a happy death, on such a night to die !

Clan Conaill's outlawed sons rush down o'er cliff and rugged rock—

Than Erna's flood at Assaroe, more fierce and dread their shock ;

As storm-clouds driven o'er summer sky, MacGuire's shattered clan

Shall sweep from Erna's hundred isles, and clutch their own again :

A thunderbolt that cleaves the heavens with scathing levin bright

Clan Neill's gathering masses burst o'er town and tower to-night ;

O'Hanlon builds his eyrie strong in Tanderagee's old town ;

O'Reilly raises Breifne's kernes ; McGennis musters Down ;

And, though not mine the glorious task my rightful clan to lead,

Clan Mahon shall not want a chief to teach it how to bleed !

Tir Eoghain's banished chief unfurls the "Red Hand" o'er the sea ;

And many an exile's sword that flag shall lead to victory.

Once more upon Lough Swilly's shore O'Neill again shall stand—
Hugh's victor fire burns in his eye, and guides his vengeful
brand ;

Full soon the "bloody hand" shall grasp Tir Conaill's "Holy
Cross ;"

And, side by side, through battle's tide their mingling folds
shall toss ;

And, "In this sign we'll conquer" now despite your robber
pow'rs—

Proclaim ! the glorious goal is won—again, the land is ours !

Ha ! wherefore shakes that craven hand—Lord Justice
Parsons, say ?

Why stare so stark, my Lord Borlase ?—why grow so pale, I
pray ?

Methought you deemed it "holy work" to fleece the
"Philistine" ;

That in "God's name" you taxed belief in many a goodly fine ;
Then wherefore all these rueful looks ?—"the Lord's work ye
have done !"

Advance the lights ! ha ! vampire lords, your evil race is run ;
Ye traitors to a trusting prince ! ye robbers of his realm !
Small wonder that the ship's adrift, with pirates at the helm !

Hark ! heard'st that shout that rang without ? ye ministers of ill,
Haste, sate ye with your latest crime while yet you've time to
kill !

I dare your worst, ye Saxon knaves ! then, wherefore do you
pause ?

My blood shall rouse the Southern clans, though prostrate in
our cause !

For as the resurrection-flower, though withered many a year,
Blooms fresh and bright and fair again when watered with a
tear,

So, nurtured in the willing wave of a martyr's ruddy tide,
Our sons shall say—"The nation lived when Hugh MacMahon
died "

JAMES N. M'KANE.

BRIAN BOY MAGEE.

A.D. 1641.

I am Brian Boy Magee—
My father was Eoghan Bán—
I was wakened from happy dreams
By the shouts of my startled clan ;
And I saw through the leaping glare
That marked where our homestead stood,
My mother swing by her hair—
And my brothers lie in their blood.

In the creepy cold of the night
The pitiless wolves came down—
Scotch troops from the Castle grim
Guarding Knockfergus town ;
And they hacked and lashed and hewed
With musket and rope and sword
Till my murdered kin lay thick
In pools by the Slaughter Ford.

I fought by my father's side,
And when we were fighting sore
We saw a line of their steel
With our shrieking women before ;
The red-coats drove them on
To the verge of the Gobbins gray,
Hurried them—God ! the sight !
As the sea foamed up for its prey.

Oh, tall were the Gobbins cliffs,
And sharp were the rocks, my woe !
And tender the limbs that met
Such terrible death below ;

Mother and babe and maid,
 They clutched at the empty air,
 With eyeballs widened in fright,
 That hour of despair.

(Sleep soft in your heaving bed,
 O, little fair love of my heart !
 The bitter oath I have sworn
 Shall be of my life a part ;
 And for every piteous prayer
 You prayed on your way to die,
 May I hear an enemy plead
 While I laugh and deny.)

In the dawn that was gold and red,
 Ay, red as the blood-choked stream,
 I crept to the perilous brink—
 Great Christ ! was the night a dream ?
 In all the island of Gloom
 I only had life that day—
 Death covered the green hillsides,
 And tossed in the Bay.

I have vowed by the pride of my sires
 By my mother's wandering ghost—
 By my kinsfolk's shattered bones
 Hurl'd on a cruel coast—
 By the sweet dead face of my love,
 And the wound in her gentle breast—
 To follow that murderous band
 A sleuth hound who knows no rest.

I shall go to Feidhlim O'Neill
 With my sorrowful tale, and crave
 A blue-bright blade of Spain,
 In the ranks of his soldiers brave.

And God grant me the strength to wield
 That shining avenger well—
 And the Gael shall sweep his foe
 Through the yawning gates of Hell.

I am Brian Boy Magee !
 And my creed is a creed of hate ;
 Love, Peace, I have cast aside—
 But Vengeance, *Vengeance*, I wait !
 Till I pay back the fourfold debt
 For the horrors I witnessed there,
 When my brothers moaned in their blood,
 And my mother swung by her hair.

ANNA MACMANUS.

THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH.

A.D. 1641.

Joy! joy! the day is come at last, the day of hope and pride—
 And see! our crackling bonfires light old Bann's rejoicing
 tide,
 And gladsome bells and bugle-horn from Newry's captured
 towers,
 Hark! how they tell the Saxon swine, this land is ours, is
 OURS.

Glory to God! my eyes have seen the ransomed fields of
 Down,
 My ears have drunk the joyful news, "Stout Phelim hath his
 own."
 Oh! may they see and hear no more, oh! may they rot to
 clay,
 When they forget to triumph in the conquest of to-day.

Now, now we'll teach the shameless Scot to purge his thievish
maw ;

Now, now the Court may fall to pray, for Justice is the Law ;
Now shall the Undertaker square, for once, his loose accounts—
We'll strike, brave boys, a fair result, from all his false amounts.

Come trample down their robber rule, and smite its venal
spawn,

Their foreign laws, their foreign church, their ermine and
their lawn,

With all the specious joy of fraud that robbed us of our own ;
And plant our ancient laws again beneath our lineal throne.

Our standard flies o'er fifty towers, o'er thrice ten thousand
men ;

Down have we plucked the pirate Red, never to rise again ;
The Green alone shall stream above our native field and flood—
The spotless Green, save where its folds are gemmed with
Saxon blood !

Pity ! no, no, you dare not, priest—not you, our father, dare
Preach to us now that godless creed—the murderer's blood
to spare ;

To spare his blood, while tombless still our slaughtered kin
implore

“ Graves and revenge ” from Gobbin cliffs and Carrick's
bloody shore !

Pity !—could we “ forget, forgive,” if we were clods of clay
Our martyred priests, our banished chiefs, our race in dark
decay,

And worse than all—you know it, priest—the daughters of
our land

With wrongs we blushed to name until the sword was in our
hand !

Pity ! well, if you needs must whine, let pity have its way,
Pity for all our comrades true, far from our sides to-day :

The prison-bound who rot in chains, the faithful dead who
poured
Their blood 'neath Temple's lawless axe or Parson's ruffian
sword.

They smote us with the swearer's oath, and with the murderer's
knife ;

We in the open field will fight fairly for land and life ;
But, by the dead and all their wrongs, and by our hopes to-day,
One of us twain shall fight their last, or be it we or they.

They banned our faith, they banned our lives, they trod us
into earth,

Until our very patience stirred their bitter hearts to mirth.
Even this great flame that wraps them now, not *we* but *they*
have bred :

Yes, this is their own work ; and now, their work be on their
head !

Nay, father, tell us not of help from Leinster's Norman peers,
If we shall shape our holy cause to match their selfish fears—
Helpless and hopeless be their cause who brook a vain delay !
Our ship is launched, our flag's afloat, whether they come or stay.

Let silken Howth and savage Slane still kiss their tyrant's rod,
And pale Dunsany still prefer his master to his God ;
Little we'd miss their fathers' sons, the Marchmen of the Pale.
If Irish hearts and Irish hands had Spanish blade and mail !

Our rude array's a jagged rock to smash the spoiler's pow'r,
Or, need we aid, His aid we have who doomed this gracious
hour.

Of yore He led His Hebrew host to peace through strife and
pain,
And us He leads the self-same path, the self-same goal to gain.

Down from the sacred hills whereon a saint communed with God.
Up from the vale where Bagnal's blood manured the reeking sod,

Out from the stately woods of Truagh, M'Kenna's plundered
home,

Like Malin's waves, as fierce and fast, our faithful clansmen
come.

Then, brethren, *on* ! O'Neill's dear shade would frown to see
you pause—

Our banished Hugh, our martyred Hugh, is watching o'er
your cause—

His generous error lost the land—he deemed the Norman true ;
Oh, forward ! friends, it must not lose the land again in you !

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

MO TRAOČADÓ IS MO ŠAOČ REM' LÓ CÚ.

(Ar b'ár mhuir míc Šearailt Ríoríe Čiarrmaróe do cailleao
i b'flónmar i mbliadain a 1646 no mar roim.)

Mo traočadó ir mo šaoč rem' ló cú,
A Čiarrmaróis ió' čian-luige i gcómrainn ;
Mo čread, t'feart ear lear i b'flónmar,
A mhuir míc an Ríoríe ó flómar.

Cé móir an crád do čarčuis rómát,
Ní raib blar ná dač ná tóirre air,
Dá rírib, šan fuigeall šan fóbar,
Fém' čporóe-re šur rcaoiléao do rceol-ra.

Do bí Áine Čnuic Áine doo' fósrao,
Ir bí šuil aš loč šuir na nšleo-fear,
Čaoi aš mnaoi binn i nšleann fósra
Ir Šearailt-čaoi aš Seanao-mnaoi ió' cómšar.

D'adomuis bean do čearc ar Eočail,
Bean rióe aš Moigile do cómšar,
Doib Mac Caille ir Čačrac móna
Ir cinéal mbéice aš oréim re deoraid.

Do glac eagla an Sapanac ródamail
 I oTráig li na pí-feap ó'r cóirínir,
 Bean ríde 'oo' éaoinead 'na bóiririb
 Sur íaoil surab é a bóirir o'fógar.

Inr an Daingean níor éagil an ceol-ghol
 Sur glac eagla ceannuighe an énorca,
 Oá n-eagla féin níor badozal bóib-pean
 Ní éaoimio mná ríde an róirce roin.

Bean ríde i nDún Éaoim as bion-ghol,
 'S bean dútcáir mo Dún-an-Óir-re,
 Bean binn-rcol Inreac Móirre
 Coir féile fá éas ós-rcat.

Ar Sliað Mír níor éir an móir-ghol,
 'S ar Sliað Pionnaighlan ríolair na reola,
 Ar Éruacáib na Tuaithe oo córcuin,
 'S ar Énoc Bhréandain bhréio-ghal bómair.

O'aicnigear ar an Airín oTóirniú,
 'S ar an bfuil-éir oo éuir 'ran bfróghmar,
 Ar féirdead na réalta cóimeit,
 Éas Sáoair, ní hé sur fódair.

Mór ríle nár ríllead i gcómaro,
 I n-amhar ar feabhar a n-eolair,
 O'eagla ná bead daingne leo rain
 Marbha naé ba marbha cóir duir.

Mór farairre nár íatail ar Eoganaéc
 Ba énúcáé leo' élu ir tú beo aca,
 Le'r b'anaclac dul t'acruinne cóirca
 Ood' éuma-ra so bhrúighe bhrónac

Mór rpréirbean céatradac i gcóirce
 Nár líogad acé ór íreal beo orairb
 O'éir t'éaga fá bhréirib rróill duib
 As éad le n-a céile fóib-re.

Mór maoid-bean doil-cuirp ir ór-fuile
 Dá gcioraó san éirí aét a gceol-ghlac,
 Iar dtraochá doir na téaduib órda
 'S a mbuidéadar as an n-gaoid ar a n-óige.

Iomda mí-bean mionla módmair,
 Fá ghlair dúnca i gcúil dá reomra,
 Náir leis eagla carad oi glóir-ghol
 'Doo' éaoinead me hioðbairt a n-veora.

I n-amhair an marb no beo tú
 An uair ir mictio léi t'fáicrin io' óg-éruit;
 Mar tús anhráct anhréact beo uirte,
 An dtug dearb do mairb níor mó di?

Tús do gairce duit gairm ir glóire,
 Tús fá deara i n-armuib t'óirnead,
 Tús ghradam duit tú a glacad do ar dóio gíl,
 Rí pilib ir níor mirtioe a mórdáct.

Cia as ar fághair t'áilne asur t'óige,
 An cnear ar fnuad uamain na bóchna,
 An leaca ar lí ghríir an óig-lil,
 'S an vreaé ar dáct na leas lóghmar?

An ríge reamair 'r an cealltar comarvad,
 An teanga mall ar gheall gur comail,
 An troisg tréan 'r an taob mar ríóll géal,
 An ionga éol 'r an béal mar pórrup?

Do cleapuirdeact as marcuirgeact móir-eac,
 Do rtairirdeact rean-rchíobta reolta,
 Pionnra go n-ionlar t'eolair
 Ó fínt píce go bórcin?

Cia bur oighe doo' fáidbhear reoite?
 Cia deárrcnar a n-dán io' deoir-re?
 San beit é leo' méaruib pórtá,
 Cleite gé 'r tú as déanam clóda mair.

Cia éuirfear mar do éuirir i mbeo-miód
 As innrint d'innleáda ir d'eolair,
 As tabairt ceangsan di ir anam a dóctain,
 Soilead marb nár balb cé feodaó ?

Do ruḡair do roḡa, ba roḡa so deon dam,
 Mar díol i bfriontaib ir i bfeoltae,
 Mar díol i gcior-bfleib ir i gcóirrib,
 I noiceall tíoréa ar do corraim ;

I nouépaet ir i gcuma do cómpoḡuir
 I gcaoinead doir-fear ir óig-fear,
 I n-áttuirre rean-ban san róirteann,
 Deapótar, 'r i n-adcuma óg-ban.

Do hairleadaó tú i n-agaib mo édicim,
 Ir lígrio píce cum dóibe,
 An drom ba glonnmar glópaé
 I nóir balb ó'd mairb 'na éomar.

Murcaoda ir a nouib-béal róta,
 Halabairt 'r a mbarra le ródaib,
 Bpataéa 'r iad ceangailte cnórta
 Láim re talam dá mannair san mórtar

Do élaideam ba gníoméaé i ngleo-bhuio,
 Lomnoctéa ar onacoim óig-fir,
 Do molarodaé rólamáé ir t'óir-rpuir
 So n-ionlar dá n-ioméur pómaé.

Coirnéil san oilbéim eolair
 Ir captaein ó gaé glain-épié d'eoarair
 So rtuamda i n-uaim 'r i n-óirdeir
 'San opraéall fá éoraib do cóm-éuir.

Céad fear doo' gaoltaib feola
 I libré i nouib-éadaé pómaib,
 T'armur ir é tapraingéte ar óir-óat,
 Ronnta ar an bpoḡail-éat bfrórraé.

An uair do glacadh 'ran talamh do cómhra
Dá mba mairdean lairaiḡte an lócrainn
Do dheanraḡ oirḡce éioir-ḡuḡ ceo ḡi
Le rḡuḡit an pḡḡair do ḡóḡeasḡ oirḡ.

ḡac raiḡḡuiri aḡ ḡeimniḡasḡ eolḡair
aḡ ḡḡbláil cúma-ráḡ fá ḡó ḡuit,
An túireáil ḡḡir-ḡraḡasḡ a ḡeoira
ḡo ḡoirḡmuḡeasḡ le n-a oirḡaib ḡóḡeḡe.

Cé í an mairdean an eadḡra ḡórcuin,
Ir ḡur ḡearra ḡ'n eadḡair do nóir-ḡroḡ,
ḡob' éḡin le méir an mḡrḡair,
ḡuirdeasḡar ar an ḡcḡeir um nóna.

ḡaoi ḡeasḡair ḡe éleirdeasḡib coirḡnasḡ
ḡeirdeasḡ i n-easḡaib órḡa,
ḡasḡair na ralmasḡ ḡan cómairdeam,
Ir earḡuḡ an ḡeasḡasḡ ar ḡc ḡoirraim.

Muna mbeasḡ a méir ḡe ḡeim ḡóm-ra,
Ir ualac naḡ ualac cómḡrom,
Ir mairḡ do éaoirdeasḡ mo éroirḡe ḡroḡin tú
i ḡeaoir-ḡearr nár mḡlre aḡ Óirḡo.

ḡa tú ḡom an tan ba ḡeo tú,
m'úrḡasḡ tḡe, mo rḡit ḡóire,
ḡurḡasḡt m'éḡin, éirḡe m'ḡeola,
Comḡa m'árḡuir, fáil mo ḡoirraim.

Mo ḡion tuairḡe, mo ḡuacáilḡ bḡ-eallaiḡ
Mo rḡuiri árḡaiḡ ar láir bḡcna,
Mo mairḡe láime i mbeárḡnain ḡó-ḡulainḡ,
Mo éranḡ baḡair ra baile 'r tú i ḡḡlḡonḡar.

Mo ḡéirḡ ḡéasḡla, mo éaoir cómhraic.
Mo ḡraḡan lann, mo ḡoll mac mḡirḡe,
Mo éurḡasḡ caom, mo laoc, mo leomán,
Mo mḡionḡ rḡl, mo líon-lḡit, mo lócrann.

Do málairtair mo ríadmar i ród-éar,
 Ir do díolair mo fáoirre leó' ós-dul;
 Tú anocht, mo tócht ir mo tío-ghoin,
 Ár m'aoibhnr ir críoch mo glóire.

Mo luain-éiread, mo gúair, mo gléo-bhrúio,
 Mo énead báir, mo bhráct, mo beo-ghoin,
 Mo míle mairg, mo cealg, mo cló-níh,
 Mo díle donair tú, m'orna, ir m'eolcuir

Mo ríleat dóear, mo léan, mo leonad,
 Mo ghoin éiríde, mo díct, mo deoncad,
 Mo ríorca ball, mo cáll, mo éró-lot,
 Mo énead clí do rínead i gcómráinn.

Ba táire ná an fearctáinn do rónntact,
 Ba daingne ná an cárraig do éródaect,
 Dob' fairringe ná an banba do beodaect,
 Ir ba cúmainge ná t'úire an eorair.

Do leagad-ra mo leagad ir mo leonad,
 Do cáilleamain ba cáilleamain dóm-ra;
 Ó cáillear tú do cáillear mo dócar,
 Ir ó'r marb tú ir marb cé beo mé.

PIARAS FEIRITÉAR.

THE BATTLE OF BENBURB.

A.D. 1646.

Give praise to the Virgin Mother ! O'Neill is at Benburb,
 The Chieftain of the martial soul, who scorns the Saxon curb ;
 Between two hills his camp is pitched, and in its front upthrown
 " The Red Hand " points to victory from the standard of
 Tir Eoghan ;

Behind him rise the ancient woods, while on his flank and near
 him

The deep Blackwater calmly glides, and seems to greet and
 cheer him.

Tis a glorious morn in glowing June ! Against the sapphire
 sky
 Bright glancing in the golden light the adverse banners fly ;
 With godly boast the Scottish host, led on by stout Monroe,
 Have crossed the main with venal swords to aid our ruthless
 foe.
 And ne'er in sorer need than now, the steel of the hireling
 fenced him,
 For a dauntless Chief and mighty host stand in array against
 him !

By all the saints they're welcome ! across the crested wave,
 For few who left Kinard this morn ere night shall lack a grave.
 The hour—the man, await them now, and retribution dire
 Shall sweep their ranks from front to rear by our avenging
 fire ;
 Yet on they march in pride of heart—the hell-engendered
 gloom
 Of the grim predestined Puritan impels them to their doom.

A thrilling charge their trumpets blow, but the shout—
 “ O'Neill Abu ! ”
 Is heard above the clarion call—ringing the wild woods
 through !
 “ On,” cried Lord Ardes, “ On, Cunninghame ! Forward with
 might and main,”
 And the flower of Scottish chivalry comes swooping down the
 plain—
 Fiercely they dash and thunder on—as the wrathful waves
 come leaping
 Toward Rathlin gray on a wild March day when western
 winds are sweeping.

Now where are thy hardy kerne, O'Neill ? oh, whither have
 they fled ?
 Hurrah ! that volley from out the brakes hath covered the
 sward with dead.

The horses rear, and in sudden fear, the Scottish warriors flee,
And the field is dyed with the crimson tide from their bravest
cavalry !

All praise to the Right-protecting God who guards His own
in danger,

None fell save one of the Irish host by the guns of the baffled
stranger.

“On to the charge!” cries fierce Monroe—“Fear not the bush
and scrog—

Nor that the river bound your right, and your left be flanked
with bog.”

And on they come right gallantly—but the Fabius of the West
Receives the shock unmoved as a rock, and calm as a lion at
rest.

The red artillery flashes in vain, or standeth spent and idle,
While the war-steeds bound across the plain, and, foaming,
champ the bridle.

From the azure height of his realm of light the sun is sinking
low,

And the blinding gleams of his parting beams dazzle the chafing
foe ;

And Eoghan's voice, like a trumpet note, rings clear through
his serried ranks—

‘ Brave brothers in arms, the hour has come, give God and
the Virgin thanks ;

Strike home to-day, or heavier woes will crush our homes and
altars :

Then trample the foeman in his blood—and cursed be the
slave that falters ! ”

A wild shout rends the lurid air, and at once from van to rear,
Of the Irish troops each soldier grasps his matchlock, sword,
or spear ;

The chieftains haste their steeds to loose, and spring upon
their feet,

That every chance be thus cut off of a coward's base retreat,

And, "Onward ! Forward !" swells the cry in one tumultuous chorus,

"By God and the Virgin's help we'll drive these hireling Scots before us !"

Tis body to body, with push of pike—'tis foe confronting foe,
'Tis gun to gun, and blade to blade—'tis blow returning blow.
Fierce is the conflict—fell the strife—but Heaven defends the right—

The Puritan's sword is broken, and his army put to flight.
They break away in wild dismay, while some to escape the slaughter

Plunge panting into the purple tide that dyes the dark Black-water.

May Mary, our Mother, be ever praised for the battle fought and won !

By Irish hearts and Irish hands, beneath that evening sun ;
Three thousand two hundred and forty foes lay dead upon the plain,

And the Scots bewailed of their noble chiefs, Lord Blaney among the slain ;

And ever against a deadly foe no weaponed hand should falter,
But strike, as the valiant Eoghan Ruadh, for home, and shrine, and altar !

THE BISHOP OF ROSS ; OR THE MITRED MARTYR OF MACROOM.

The tramp of the trooper is heard at Macroom,
The soldiers of Cromwell are spared from Clonmel,
And Broghill—the merciless Broghill—is come
On a mission of murder which pleases him well.

The wailing of women, the wild ulalu,
Dread tidings from cabin to cabin convey ;
But loud though the complaints and the shrieks which ensue,
The war-cry is louder of men in array.

In the park of Macroom there is gleaming of steel,
And glancing of lightning in looks on that field,
And swelling of bosoms with patriot zeal,
And clenching of hands on the weapons they wield

MacEgan, a prelate like Ambrose of old,
Forsakes not his flock when the spoiler is near ;
The post of the pastor's in front of the fold
When the wolf's on the plain and there's rapine to fear.

The danger is come and the fortune of war
Inclines to the side of oppression once more ;
The people are brave—but they fall ; and the star
Of their destiny sets in the darkness of yore.

MacEgan survives in the Philistine hands
Of the lords of the Pale, and his death is decreed ;
But the sentence is stayed by Lord Broghill's commands,
And the prisoner is dragged to his presence with speed.

"To Carraig an Droichid this instant," he cried,
"Prevail on your people in garrison there,
To yield, and at once in our mercy confide
And your life I will pledge you my honour to spare."

"Your mercy ! your honour !" the prelate replied,
"I well know the worth of : my duty I know,
Lead on to the Castle, and there by your side,
With the blessing of God, what is meet will I do."

The orders are given, the prisoner is led
To the Castle, and round him are menacing hordes ;
Undaunted, approaching the walls, at the head
Of the troopers of Cromwell, he utters these words :

"Beware of the cockatrice—trust not the wiles
Of the serpent, for perfidy skulks in its folds !
Beware of Lord Broghill the day that he smiles ;
His mercy is murder !—his word never holds,

“ Remember, 'tis writ in our annals of blood,
 Our countrymen never relied on the faith
 Of truce, or of treaty, but treason ensued—
 And the issue of every delusion was death ! ”

Thus nobly the patriot prelate sustained
 The ancient renown of his chivalrous race,
 And the last of old Eoghan's descendants obtained
 For the name of Ui Maine new lustre and grace.

He died on the scaffold in front of those walls
 Where the blackness of ruin is seen from afar ;
 And the gloom of its desolate aspect recalls
 The blackest of Broghill's achievements in war.

DR. R. R. MADDEN.

ní fúlainḡio ḡaill dúinn.

A.D. 1670.

Ní fúlainḡio ḡaill dúinn ríochuḡaḡ 1 nÉirinn real
 Ár ḡeoiḡḡe ḡan ḡimluḡaḡ 'r írluḡaḡ fé n-a rmaḡḡ,
 Ár ḡeumar do laḡḡuḡaḡ 1r oíḡuḡaḡ ár ḡcléir ar fḡo
 1r fúirm a mío-rún eiríḡuḡaḡ ár raḡḡail ar.

Níor flḡḡe dár n-íḡuḡaḡ líomḡaḡ bréaḡaḡ beart
 ḡan eumar an oḡḡḡ míú 1 n-aon éuir d'Éiríam éart,
 Tuḡim ḡur ríor-puḡar ríochuḡaḡ raob na bḡear
 Le n-a ḡeuirḡo 1 ḡeiríḡ dúinn ḡníomḡaḡ léir a ḡeart.

Dár dḡubairḡ ḡo laoiḡeamail luḡe dúinn fé n-a rmaḡḡ ;
 Mo tuirpe 'r naḡ oíon dúinn doin éuil d'Éirínn airḡ,
 Ár ḡeumar 1r oíó-éumang, ní míú rméar ár ḡeart
 Muna dḡiḡe ḡan móill éuḡainn mínuḡaḡ éiḡin ar.

Do éannaic na Saille úr píosaí naí réadaí real,
 Cumaraí cíosnaí naí epíosnaí naí céadpádaí cearta,
 Soilbhí naí raísteaí naí míon-úir maorí naí mearaí,
 Píleadaí naí píosaí naí píontaí naí réartaí réaltaí.

Cuirte caointeaí naí draísteaí naí daonnaí naí,
 Bíopaí naí bíodhaí naí gaoíreaí naí Gaedelaí naí glan,
 So tuirim i bpíorún daíoraí naí lae na mbíadaí
 Náir éilleadaí mí-clú 'r díoltaí naí dearaí naí deartaí.

Soirim i' gcuimhí naí Cíoraí naí cuíraí, caomh an fáil,
 O'fúlaí naí éaí naí-éirí i gcearaí naí cumhaí naí ceartaí naí ceartaí
 So gcuiread naí moílaí naí cuíraí naí mí-clú naí Gaedelaí 'na gceartaí
 'S go ríoraí naí Saille úr bí naí i gceim naí learaí.

SÉAPRAÍ Ó DONNADAÍ.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

Our happy school upon the hill,
 Where first were taught the childish prayers,
 That prove through scenes of strife and ill
 The solace of our after years—
 Thy loving lessons still have power,
 When sorely tried by earthly leaven,
 To save us in temptation's hour,
 And point the narrow path to Heaven.

In every rank, in every grade,
 Thy children play no common part—
 The skilful hand at every trade,
 The ornament of every art ;
 The chemist, with his mystic lore,
 The clever scholar teaching others,
 The trader to a distant shore,
 Are pupils of the Christian Brothers.

The sailor on the stormy wave,
Who fears that every rolling billow
May sweep him to a watery grave,
The coral rocks to be his pillow,
Remembers there's a watchful eye
That looks on him as well as others,
As with a thankful, happy sigh,
He thinks upon the Christian Brothers.

The soldier on the battlefield,
With fighting squadrons round him rushing,
Although his spirit will not yield,
The hot tears to his eyes are gushing.
He thinks upon the peaceful word,
'Mid scenes at which our nature shudders,
And spares his conquered foe the sword,
Remembering the Christian Brothers.

The exile in a foreign land,
While others dwell in peaceful gladness,
Will linger long upon the strand,
And gaze across the sea in sadness.
His home is by the winding Lee,
Where long ago the best of mothers,
When death o'ertook her, prayed he'd be
A credit to the Christian Brothers.

JOHN FITZGERALD.

THE LABOURER.

Stand up—erect ! thou hast the form,
And likeness of thy God !—who more ?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life—a heart as warm
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then ? Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among ;
As much a part of the great plan
That with creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy ? the high
In station, or in wealth the chief ?
The great, who coldly pass thee by
With proud step and averted eye ?
Nay ! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee ?
A feather, which thou might'st cast
Aside as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No—uncurbed passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect—
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
For ever, till thus checked.

These are thine enemies—thy worst ;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot ;
Thy labour and thy life accursed.
Oh, stand erect, and from them burst,
And longer suffer not !

Thou art thyself thine enemy !

The great !—what better they than thou ?

As theirs, is not thy will as free ?

Has God with equal favours thee

Neglected to endow ?

True ; wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust

Nor place—uncertain as the wind !

But that thou hast, which, with thy crust

And water, may despise the lust

Of both—a noble mind !

With this, and passions under ban,

True faith, and holy trust in God,

Thou art the peer of any man.

Look up, then ; that thy little span

Of life may well be trod !

W. D. GALLAGHER.

IS DARRA AR AN SCLEAS.

(Nuair do cuir Rí Cormac II. réalta ar an pointe do innneadh fé
Chomairle ar éalaí na héireann.)

Ir barrra ar an sclear an peacht do teacht tar tuinn

Le'r leasadh fé flait an tpeadh roin éibhir fínn,

Cama na mbeart do flath go claon ár gcuing

Le'r gearradh amac ár sclear ar éirinn uill.

Ir deasair a mear go raib i gcéill do'n dhuing,

Cearadh na n-acht do tabairt d'aon mac Saill,

Go bpeacadar breac na brear ar Séarlach Ríog

Sur peacadar neart gan ceart le céite a boill.

Do feannadh ar fath an peacht ro i nÉirinn Saoróil,

Ir deargtar feartha fearc hac aon fíri díob,

Nó glacair a bpar gan rath ir téir tar tuinn

Ir seallair tar n-air gan teacht go héas aríir.

Cé neartmáir an tan-ro ar éilannaibh Saébeal na Saill,
 Ir cé maímar a rtaio le real i bpréamhaibh Floinn,
 De dhearcuibh a gcart ní gabair géillead an fuinn,
 Fearraibh 'na fparuibh fearis Dé 'na n-ruim.

'Adeir na bfeart doo' cead ir déanta gurde,
 Ceartuibh 'na leir ar fad i néirinn Saoidil,
 Ir leartuibh 'na gcart gan deir gac n-aon dé'n ruing,
 Ir airis a reacht 'r a raé do'n éleir i gcill.

Uc ir aécadai, ir lag i an uairle anoir!
 Cufa 'r calaíde ar éilínibh tuarparail,
 Bodaig fé nacaíde ir airíde ruarac' rin,
 Ir luét oirdearc reasdaíde i gcaipibh cluaraíde.

SÉAFRADH Ó DONNCHADHA.

THE DOG OF AUGHRIM.

A.D. 1691.

"The day is ours, my gallant men!" cried brave, but vain
 St. Ruth;

"We've won a deathless victory for Liberty and Truth;
 We'll wrest the land from William's grasp though we're but
 one to three,

We'll make his crew remember long the Pass of Urrachree;

That though with myriad cannon they poured the fierce
 attack,

Still with valour and the naked sword thrice have we flung
 them back.

They're beaten, boys! they're beaten! still unsheath your
 swords again,

And—on them like an avalanche! and sweep them from the
 plain.

Like thunderbolt upon the foe the Irish column sped,
 Athlone's deep stain to wash away—St. Ruth is at their head.
 On ! onward rolls that wave of death ; but, God ! what means
 this cry,

St. Ruth the brave sits on his charger headless 'neath the sky.

Oh ! where's the gallant Sarsfield now, is victory defeat ?
 O, God ! in mercy, strike us dead ; 'twere better than retreat.
 Oh ! where is Limerick's hero brave ? the chiefless soldiers
 cry,

And scorning flight they wait the dawn to give them light
 to die.

No quarter ! was the slogan of the Williamites that day—
 And graveless lay the murdered brave to dogs and thieves
 a prey ;

But even dogs more sacred held the dying and the slain,
 Than Gínckle and his hireling hordes on Aughrim's bloody
 plain.

When Saxon fiends the scene of death and robbery had fled
 An Irish wolf-dog sought his lord 'mid heaps of pilfered dead,
 And strove with more than human love to rob death of its
 prize,

Then moaned a dirge above his breast and kissed his lips
 and eyes.

The summer sun shone fiercely down upon the corpse-strewn
 plain,

Where bird and beast of air and field devoured the naked
 slain ;

Yet faithful still that wolf-dog stood 'mid savage growls
 and groans,

To guard alike from man and beast his well-loved master's
 bones.

When Autumn pencilled summer's bloom in tints of gold and
 red,

And Winter over hill and dale a ghostly mantle spread,

The weird winds wailed across the moor and moaned adown
the dell—

Yet guarded well that noble dog his master where he fell.

Spring timidly was glancing down upon the spreading plain,
Where seven months death's sentinel the faithful dog had
lain,

When carelessly across the moor an English soldier trod
And halted near the only bones remaining on the sod.

Up sprang the faithful wolf-dog, he knew a foe was near,
And feared that foe would desecrate the bones he loved so
dear ;

Fierce and defiant there he stood, the soldier, seized with
dread,

Took aim, and fired—the noble dog fell on his master—dead.

THE BLACKSMITH OF LIMERICK.

A.D. 1691.

He grasped his ponderous hammer ; he could not stand it
more,

To hear the bombshells bursting and the thundering battle's
roar.

He said : " The breach they're mounting, the Dutchman's
murdering crew—

I'll try my hammer on their heads and see what that can do ! "

" Now, swarthy Ned and Moran, make up that iron well ;
'Tis Sarsfield's horse that wants the shoes, so mind not shot
or shell. "

' Ah, sure, " cried both, " the horse can wait—for Sarsfield's
on the wall,

And where you go we'll follow, with you to stand or fall ! "

The blacksmith raised his hammer, and rushed into the street,

His 'prentice boys behind him, the ruthless foe to meet—
High on the breach of Limerick, with dauntless hearts they stood,

Where the bombshells burst and shot fell thick, and redly ran the blood.

“ Now look you, brown-haired Moran, and mark you, swarthy Ned ;

This day we'll prove the thickness of many a Dutchman's head !

Hurrah ! upon their bloody path they're mounting gallantly ;
And now the first that tops the breach, leave him to this and me ! ”

The first that gained the rampart, he was a captain brave !
A captain of the Grenadiers, with blood-stained dirk and glaive ;

He pointed and he parried, but it was all in vain,
For fast through skull and helmet the hammer found his brain !

The next that topped the rampart, he was a colonel bold,
Bright through the murk of battle his helmet flashed with gold.
“ Gold is no match for iron ! ” the doughty blacksmith said,
As with that ponderous hammer he cracked his foeman's head !

“ Hurrah for gallant Limerick ! ” black Ned and Moran cried,
As on the Dutchmen's leaden heads their hammers well they plied ;

A bombshell burst between them—one fell without a groan,
One leaped into the lurid air, and down the breach was thrown !

"Brave smith! brave smith!" cried Sarsfield, "beware the treacherous mine—

Brave smith! brave smith! fall backward, or surely death is thine;"

The smith sprang up the rampart, and leaped the blood-stained wall,

As high into the shuddering air went foeman, breach, and all!

Up like a red volcano they thundered wild and high,
Spear, gun, and shattered standard, and foemen through the sky;

And dark and bloody was the shower that round the blacksmith fell—

He thought upon his 'prentice boys, they were avengèd well!

On foemen and defenders a silence gathered down,
'Twas broken by a triumph shout that shook the ancient town;
As out its heroes sallied, and bravely charged and slew,
And taught King William and his men what Irish hearts can do!

Down rushed the swarthy blacksmith unto the river side,
He hammered on the foes' pontoon, to sink it in the tide;
The timber it was tough and strong, it took no crack or strain—

"Mo b'pón, 'twont break," the blacksmith roared, "I'll try their heads again!"

The blacksmith sought his smithy, and blew his bellows strong;
He shod the steed of Sarsfield, but o'er it sang no song;
"Océon! my boys are dead," he cried; "their loss I'll long deplore,

But comfort's in my heart—their graves are red with foreign gore!"

MAC AN ĆEANNUIÐE.

Airlinḡ ḡéar do dhearcar féin im' leabairt 'r mé so las-
briogad :

Ainidir féin dár b'ainm Éire as teacht im' ḡaor ar mar-
caḡeact ;

A rúil reamair ḡlar, a cúl trom car, a com reanḡ ḡeal 'r
a malairde,

Dá maoidream so rair as tiḡeact 'na ḡar le díogair,
Mac an Ćeannuiðe.

A beol ba binn, a ḡlór ba ḡaoin, ir mó-fearc linn an cailín,
Céile brian dár ḡéill an fíann, mo léir-cread dian, a
haicid

Fé fúirte ḡall dá bhuḡad so ceann mo cúilfionn treanḡ
do fíair rinn ;

Níl faoirream real le tiḡeact 'na ḡar so bfillfir Mac
an Ćeannuiðe.

Na céadta tá i bpéin de ḡrád le ḡeir-fearc fáin dā
cneap-clí,

Clanna miḡte, maca mílead, dmasain fíodda ir ḡaircibḡ ;
Tá ḡnúr 'na ḡnai, ní múrciann rí, cé dubad fé rcíor
an cailín,

Níl faoirream real le tiḡeact 'na ḡar so bfillfir Mac
an Ćeannuiðe.

A ráirte féin ir cmarite an rcéal, mo lán-cread ḡéar a
haicid

A beir ḡan ceol as caoi na ndeor 'r a buirdean, ḡan ḡó,
ba mair ḡníom,

ḡan éléir, ḡan óir, i bpéin so móir 'na hiarma fō ḡad
madairde.

'S so mbéir rí 'na rppear ḡan luirge le fear so bfillfir
Mac an Ćeannuiðe.

Δουδαίρτ αρίρ αν βύιρ-βean μίοντα, ó τάρναρ μίστε
έλεατ í,

Conn íρ Δρτ ba lonnraé peaét, íρ b'foḡlaé ḡlac a nḡleac-
uiréaét,

Críomctan tréan, éar tuinn éus ḡéill, íρ laoiḡeac mac
Céin an fear ḡnoiré

ḡo mberé rí 'na rppear ḡan luirḡe le fear ḡo bfilliré
Mac an Céannuiré.

Do beir rúil ó deap ḡac ló fé peaé ar éraḡs na mbarc an
cailín,

Ír rúil deap roir ḡo olút éar muir, mo éuma anoir a haicío.

Δ rúla riar aḡ rúil le Dia éar tonntaib riar a ḡainime,

'S ḡo mberé rí 'na rppear ḡan luirḡe le fear ḡo bfilliré
Mac an Céannuiré.

Δ bráitpe breaca táir éar lear, na táinte fearc an cailín ;
ní'l fleat le raḡáil, ní'l ḡean ná ḡráó aḡ neac dá cáiruib
aomuirḡim ;

Δ ḡruaðna fluic, ḡan ruan ḡan rult, fé ḡruaim íρ dub
a n-aibío :

ní'l raoiream real le tiḡeaét 'na ḡar ḡo bfilliré Mac
an Céannuiré.

Δουδαίρτ léi iar ḡclor a rcéil a rún ḡur éaḡ ar éleaét rí
ḡuar 'ran Spáinn ḡo bfuair fé báp 'r nár éruaḡ le cáé
a haicío :

Iar ḡclor mo ḡoča i bfoḡur oi éorruirḡ a crué 'r do
rpeaó rí,

Íρ o'éaluirḡ a hanam o'aon ppeab airci ; mo léan-ra an
bean ḡo laḡ-briḡaé.

ΔΟΘḡÁN Ó RAÉAILLE.

THE GAELIC TONGUE.

It is fading—it is fading—like the leaves upon the trees !
 It is dying—dying—dying—like the wailing ocean breeze !
 It is swiftly disappearing, as the footprints on the shore,
 Where the Barrow, and the Erne, and Loch Swilly's waters
 pour,
 Where the parting sunbeam kisses Loch Corrib in the west,
 And the ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to her
 breast !
 The language of old Erin, of her history and name,
 Of her monarchs and her heroes, of her glory and her fame !
 The sacred shrine where rested, through sunshine and through
 gloom,
 The spirit of her martyrs—as their bodies in the tomb !
 The time-wrought shell where murmured, 'mid centuries
 of wrong,
 The secret voice of Freedom, in annal and in song !
 It is surely, surely, sinking into silent death at last—
 To live but 'mid the memories and relics of the Past.

The olden tongue is sinking, like a patriarch, to rest—
 Whose youth beheld the Tyrian on our Irish coasts a guest ;
 Ere the Saxon, or the Roman—ere the Norman or the Dane—
 Had first set foot in Britain or the Visigoth in Spain.
 Its manhood saw the Druid-rites by forest tree and rock,
 And the savage tribes of Britain round the shrines of Zerne-
 brock ;
 And for centuries it witnessed all the glories of the Gael—
 When our Celtic sires sang war-songs round the sacred fires
 of Béil !
 The tongues that saw its infancy are ranked among the dead,
 And from their relics have been shaped those spoken : their
 stead,

The glories of old Erin, with her liberty, have gone—
Yet their halo lingered round her while her ancient tongue
lived on.

Yea ! 'mid the desert of her woe—a monument more vast
Than all her pillar-towers it stood, that old tongue of the Past !

And now 'tis sadly shrinking from the race that gave it birth,
Like the ebbing tide from shore, or the spring-time from the
earth ;

From the island dimly fading, like a circle o'er the wave—
Receding as its people lisp the language of the slave ;
And with it, too, seem fading—as sunset into night—
All the scattered rays of glory that lingered in its light !
For, ah ! though long, with filial love, it clung to motherland,
And Irishmen were Irish still, in tongue, and heart, and hand—
Yet, before its Saxon rival, proscribed it soon became,
And Irishmen are Irish now in nothing but in name,
The Saxon chain our rights and tongue alike doth hold in
thrall—

Save where amid the Conacht wilds or hills of Donegal,
Or by the shores of Munster, like the tameless ocean blast—
The olden language lingers yet—an echo from the Past !

Through cold neglect 'tis dying, as though stranger to our shore ;
No Tara's halls shall vibrate to its tones for evermore ;
No Laurence fire the Gaelic clans round leaguered Baile
Atha Cliath,

No Shannon waft from Limerick's towers their war-songs
to the sea.

Ah, the pleasant tongue, whose accents were as music to the ear !
Ah, the magic tongue, that round us wove a spell so soft
and dear !

Oh, the glorious tongue, whose murmur could each Gaelic
heart enthrall !

Oh, the rushing tongue, that sounded like the swollen torrents'
fall !

The tongue that in the Senate was as lightning flashing bright ;
 Whose echo in the battle was like thunder in its might ;
 The tongue that once in chieftain's hall swelled loud the
 minstrel's lay—

Like chief, like clansman, and like bard, is silent there to-day—
 The tongue whose password scared the foe at Cong and
 Mullachmast,

Like those who perished bravely there, is numbered with
 the Past.

The Gaelic tongue is fading, and we stand coldly by—
 Without a pang to thrill the heart, a tear to wet the eye ;
 Without one pulse for freedom stirred, one effort made to
 save

The tongue our fathers spoke—we lisp the language of the
 slave !

Oh, Eire ! vain your efforts—vain your prayers for freedom's
 crown,

While you crave it in the language of the foe who clove it
 down.

Know you not that tyrants ever, with an art from darkness
 sprung,

Make the people whom they conquer slaves alike in soul
 and tongue !

The Russian Czar ne'er stood secure o'er Poland's shattered
 frame

Until he trampled from her breast the tongue that bore her
 name.

Oh, Irishmen, be Irish ! and rally for the tongue
 Which, like ivy to a ruin, to the dear old land has clung—
 Oh, snatch this relic from the wreck—the only and the last—
 The sole strong link that binds you to the glories of the Past.

REV. MICHAEL MULLIN.

CAOCH O'LEARY.

One winter's day, long, long ago,
When I was a little fellow,
A piper wandered to our door,
Grey-headed, blind, and yellow—
And, oh ! how glad was my young heart,
Though earth and sky looked dreary—
To see the stranger and his dog—
Poor " Pinch " and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his " bag,"
Cross-barred with green and yellow,
I thought and said, " in Ireland's ground,
There's not so fine a fellow."
And Finian Burke and Seán Magee,
And Eily, Kate, and Mary,
Rushed in with panting haste to " see,"
And " welcome " Caoch O'Leary.

Oh ! God be with those happy times,
Oh ! God be with my childhood,
When I, bare-headed, roamed all day
Bird-nesting in the wild-wood—
I'll not forget those sunny hours,
However years may vary ;
I'll not forget my early friends,
Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and " Pinch " slept well that night,
And in the morning early,
He called me up to hear him play
" The wind that shakes the barley ; "

And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
 And cried—God mark my “deary,”
 And how I wept when he said “farewell,
 And think of Caoch O’Leary.”

And seasons came and went, and still
 Old Caoch was not forgotten,
 Although I thought him “dead and gone,”
 And in the cold clay rotten.
 And often when I walked and danced
 With Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 We spoke of childhood’s rosy hours,
 And prayed for Caoch O’Leary.

Well—twenty summers had gone past,
 And June’s red sun was sinking,
 When I, a man, sat by my door,
 Of twenty sad things thinking.
 A little dog came up the way,
 His gait was slow and weary,
 And at his tail a lame man limped—
 ’Twas “Pinch” and Caoch O’Leary!

Old Caoch! but ah! how woe-begone!
 His form is bowed and bending,
 His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,
 Ay—time is even blending
 The colours on his threadbare “bag”—
 And “Pinch” is twice as hairy
 And “thinspare” as when first I saw
 Himself and Caoch O’Leary.

“God’s blessing here!” the wanderer cried,
 “Far, far, be hell’s black viper;
 Does anybody hereabouts
 Remember Caoch the Piper?”

With swelling heart I grasped his hand ;
The old man murmured "Deary!
Are you the silky-headed child
That loved poor Caoch O'Leary ? "

" Yes, yes," I said—the wanderer wept
As if his heart was breaking—
" And where, *a mhic mo chroidhe*," he sobbed,
" Is all the merry-making
I found here twenty years ago ? "
" My tale," I sighed, " might weary,
Enough to say—there's none but me
To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

" Vo, Vo, Vo, Vo!" the old man cried,
And wrung his hands in sorrow,
" Pray lead me in, *a stor mo chroidhe*,
And I'll go home to-morrow.
My peace is made—I'll calmly leave
This world so cold and dreary,
And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With " Pinch " I watched his bed that night,
Next day, his wish was granted ;
He died—and Father James was brought,
And Requiem Mass was chanted—
The neighbours came—we dug his grave,
Near Eily, Kate, and Mary ;
And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep—
God rest you ! Caoch O'Leary.

JOHN KEEGAN.

DÁSON LIAT.

Tairceigíó, a élocá, fé éoigilt i scoimeáó émuio
 An feallaire fóla 'r an rtoillaire Dáron liat
 A gairce níor b'follur i scoisáó ná i scaé lá ghuio,
 Aét as creacáó 'r as crocáó 'r as corcairt na mboctán
 muin.

Do b'faiirng a éortar i folar-bhuš éeann-ápo Úmuin,
 Ba óaingean a óorpar 'r a óoicéall irtiš fé'n iadóó,
 I nheatarla fóraig i n-orcail ioir óá rliab
 Sur éeangail fé an gortá do'n póbul óá gsur fé mašail.

A gheata níor fórcail le hórnaó na n'oonán n'oián,
 Níor f'neasair a ngolairt 'r óá scolainn níor f'neartail
 biaó ;

Óá ngearrfaióir b'iorna no rcolb no rcoctán fiar
 Do bainfeáó fé rroctanna fóla ar a rlinneáin fiar.

Reácta an traošail do réab go fíor-gháctáé,
 Maorpaé c'raorac táoúac mío-náiracé,
 Easlaip Dé gan traoóacó óá fíor-éábliáó
 Ir flaitéar na llaom ar séamur 'na óearis-fáracé.

Sé'r míoí a maéctmar real 'ran traošal ro beo,
 Ba émuio a b'neacé ar lašailb víoó gan treoir
 Ir buan an t-áct do ceapaó fíor féó' cómair,
 Fuaéct ir tairt ir teap ir teinte ió' óóšáó.

Mo fáilm-re ar roúar gan doéma gan óíombáio ió' óiaio ;
 Ar leacailb doó' lorcaó as Cocitir as fíor-fašáil pian ;
 Šac maorpa fóla ó éorcailš go Baile Áta Cliaé
 Šo leanaio go hobann do lorš-šá, a éuirp, fé émuio.

As reo an t-ámur 'na b'fuit Dáron fé leacailb rínte,
 Crúb do éuirp táinte le fán ir do éneacé na mílte
 Ašur ó'fáš na mná ir a ngárlaiš as tairteal tíoréa :
 Šuioim ráíóte go b'ráct tú ir tú ió' lorcaó i óteintib !

Mo nuair, mo éireac náir tactaó milte id' fód,
 Ir Seán, do mac, 'na rppear doo' coimhdeact leo ;
 Mar luac sac rtair ir cleap dáir tionnrair fód
 Beo conairt élam le hairé doo' rtraoilead leo.

Cuibreac daingean ar maac' an anéúirpe
 Le roigín-šao šaró ó Eatarla, a éalam búctair,
 Saigeadtar eadaréa an t-airmeaplaé i meap na n-deamán,
 An *Decree* rin feara 'ca ar t'anam, a maorairé ailla.

Cioó go raóair murtaic iomaircaé rannacé riam
 Bioó do éirte as cimirpe šann id' óiaó,
 Do éolann as cruinib dá pioacó go hamplaé dian,
 Ir t'anam as riuéacó 'ran šcoirpe šan cunnar bliadán.

Briúš, a leac, a óraio 'r a órannóal crón,
 A rúil a plait a éanga a éoll duó móir,
 Šac lúit šac aic go rrap do'n éam-rligšeoir,
 Mar rúil ná carpa éar n-air ná a šamail go deo.

SEÁN CLÁRAC MACDOÍNNAILL.

FONTENOY.

A.D. 1745.

Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed,
 And twice the lines of St. Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed ;
 For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
 And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
 As vainly through De Barri's woods the British soldiers burst,
 The French artillery drove them back diminished and dispersed.
 The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye
 And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride !
 And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
 Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their
 head ;

Steady they step adown the slope—steady they climb the
 hill—

Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward
 still

Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
 Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering
 fast ;

And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course
 With steady fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force ;
 Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their
 ranks,

They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's
 ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies French tirailleurs rush round ;
 As stubble to the lava tide, fresh squadrons strew the ground ;
 Bombshell and grape and round shot tore, still on they
 marched and fired—

Fast from each volley grenadier and voltigeur retired.

" Push on, my household cavalry," King Louis madly cried ;
 To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged
 they died.

On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns
 his rein,

" Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, " the Irish troops
 remain ; "

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo
 Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

" Lord Clare," he says, " you have your wish—there are your
 Saxon foes ; "

The master almost smiles to see how furiously he goes !

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be
so gay !

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could
dry,

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's
parting cry,

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country
overthrown—

Each looks as if revenge for all is staked on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,

Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
“Fix bayonets—charge.” Like mountain storms rush on
these fiery bands !

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a
gallant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam ; like rocks, the men
behind !

One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging
smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong
Irish broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzzah !
“Revenge ! remember Limerick ! dash down the Sasanach.”

Like lions leaping at a fold when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang.
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled
with gore ;

Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled
flags they tore.

The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied,
staggered, fled—

The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought
and won !

THOMAS DAVIS.

ÁIREAMH EACTRA AN ŠALAIR.

(Ar mbeir i n' oear luige láime úó. A.D. 1745.)

Áireamh eactra an šalair 'n-ar luigear go tréir,
I r cár a breacsaó 'r i r deacair dom reriósaó ná léigear,
U'ér ráite an Earraig do éaireamh im' luige go léir
'S mo lám dear asam 'om cealgaó tríom le péin.

Lám na breacanna šlacsaó 'r do bíoó ar éaó,
Lám do earraing ceart reanóir Inre Šaeóal
Lám šac eactra 'r airte do reriósaó ar an úféinn,
'S an lám nár éailleaó go raóaó do'n éill, a Úé.

Tá a lán dá éanaó gur cealg ó mnaoi óein é,
I r táim-re éana dá máireamh ói ó punn mo éleib;
Má'r mná do máirb no máirtuig daoine 'n traóšail
Ní nár dom eadairta rearamh nó ruióe lem' éreim.

Níor fáš rí acmuinn im' ballaib im' érióe ná im' aeib,
I r u'fáš rí m'easna balb i r m'intleáó ríon,
U'fáš rí lašuište leacá mé cuibearaó clé,
Áóó tá an Rí neartmar do éarraió air mo šéas.

'Dá t'pí leanb do rceadófao péim' p'íneao i gcé,
 'S do m'áitpín deapb'ca an ealta roin d'ligim sup b'eaet;
 Ní aipmím eadap'ca an banalt'ra ór p'íolp'uis mé,
 'S do beao mná p'íde ip flata ip capaito 'om éaoineao ip éisr.

Mo épaíóteaet éaipur rin, m'anaera coir'óce an p'céal,
 An báp as bagaipit sa' asá ná p'ishear lae,
 Ná cáip'oe ceap'ca ó m'aitoin so hoir'óce im' léap,
 Ná an áit a paáao ná p'eadap cá p'lighe ran traoḡal.

Mo énáma 'r mo éalainn do'n talam ba d'lighe a gcup pé
 So p'cáinte p'cap'ca le tairb'e an traoḡit so léip;
 Aet áipeam p'ait'e dá n-ap'asuin epuime 'r d'aelí,
 Ám an t-anam, ní p'eadap ap'ir cá d'téir'oeann.

Cáip'oe tamall ó éaduisḡ d'om Rí na Naom
 'S ip cáip'oe gearra san amapar innipim é,
 Cáip'oe meapaim a éait'eam le hintinn Dé
 So epáib'oeaet cneap'ca d'p'éip aiteanta ép'iopt 'r a éléip;

A páip do éadapit pé n'oeapa 'r a ḡníom do léigeam,
 Cáp a éeangail a map'laó 'r a m'íte ep'éaoet,
 Sup p'ásao map' san anam Mac d'ilip Dé
 Ap ápo-époir ḡaip' san paic um a éaoib, mo léan!

A ḡpápaig neap'it'maip, ná naḡaip 'ran d'ioḡal roin mé,
 Ná p'ás saet tap'cuip'ne éaipḡip d'íoc im' éaoib,
 'S, cé tá so n'oeaéao mo p'eadaoe tap' innipint p'céil,
 Beao p'lán aet ḡaipim ap éadap an t'p'ip so t'rean.

A ápo-flait'e, a átaip, a d'oeḡ-mic, 'r a éaoim-Sp'mo Naéim,
 Ór éal saet maiteap i b'flait'ip ip t'p'io an raoḡal,
 Ap láp im' leabaoib, im' p'eadam n'ó p'uir'oe mo ḡnéim,
 Bup nḡp'at so b'panaoib im' anam, im' époir'oe, 'r im' béal.

SEÁN Ua MURCADOA NA RÁIT'INEAO.

DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST.

Ե՛ՃԱՆԱՄ Օ՛Ն ԾԻԱԾԱԸ! but there it is—

The dawn on the hills of Ireland!

God's angels lifting the night's black veil

From the fair, sweet face of my sireland!

O, Ireland! isn't it grand you look—

Like a bride in her rich adornin'!

With all the pent-up love of my heart

I bid you the top of the mornin'!

This one short hour pays lavishly back

For many a year of mourning;

I'd almost venture another flight,

There's so much joy in returning—

Watching out for the hallowed shore,

All other attractions scornin';

O, Ireland! don't you hear me shout?

I bid you the top of the mornin'.

Ho, ho! upon Cliodhna's shelving strand

The surges are grandly beating,

And Kerry is pushing her headlands out

To give us the kindly greeting!

In to the shore the sea-brids fly

On pinions that know no drooping,

And out from the cliffs, with welcomes charged,

A million of waves come trooping.

O, kindly, generous, Irish land,

So leal and fair and loving!

No wonder the wandering Celt should think

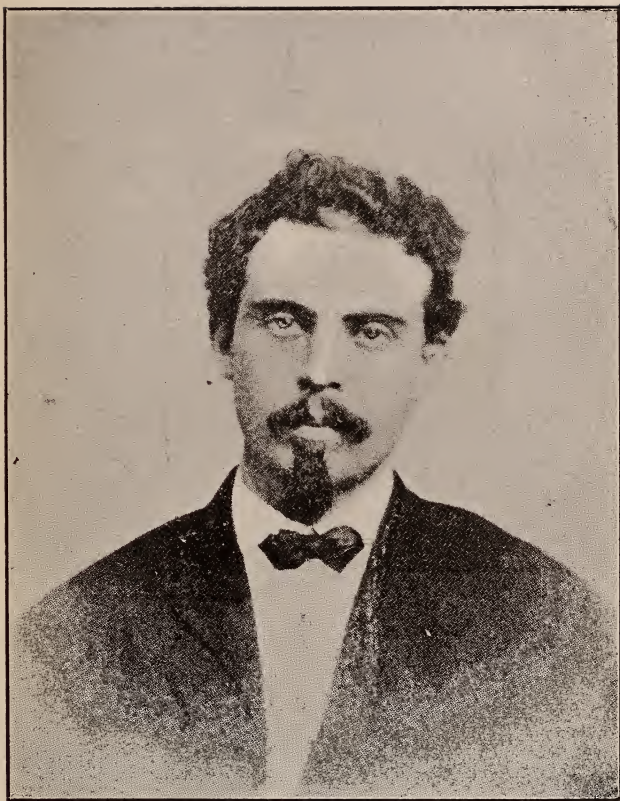
And dream of you in his roving.

The alien home may have gems and gold,

Shadows may never have gloomed it;

But the heart will sigh for the absent land

Where the love-light first illumed it.



JOHN LOCKE.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there
 Watching the wild waves' motion,
 Leaning her back up against the hills,
 And the tip of her toes in the ocean.
 I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells—
 Ah ! maybe their chiming 's over,
 For it's many a year since I began
 The life of a western rover.

For thirty Summers, a stoir mo chroidhe,
 Those hills I now feast my eyes on
 Ne'er met my vision save when they rose
 Over memory's dim horizon.
 E'en so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
 In the landscape spread before me ;
 But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
 To see 'Texas' skies still o'er me.

Oh ! often upon the Texan plains,
 When the day and the chase were over,
 My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave,
 And around this coast-line hover ;
 And the prayer would rise that some future day—
 All danger and doubting scorning—
 I'd help to win for my native land
 The light of young Liberty's morning !

Now fuller and truer the shore-line shows—
 Was ever a scene so splendid ?
 I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,
 Thank God that my exile's ended !
 Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
 The vale and the cot I was born in—
 O, Ireland ! up from my heart of hearts
 I bid you the top of the mornin' !

JOHN LOCKE.

I.—ROSC CAČA NA MUÍAN

A.D. 1750.

'D'aitnígear féin san bhréas ar fuaót
 'S ar anfaót tétir taob le cuan,
 Ar canaót na n-éan go réiread ruairc,
 Go scappaót mo Séarar glé san ghuaim.
 Meapaim sur rubac do'n Múmain an fuaim
 'S o'á maipeann go dubac de crú na mbuaót
 Torann na ttonn le pleapair na long
 As tarraint go teann 'n-ár sceann ar cuairt.

Tá lapaót 'ran ngréin sac lae go neoin;
 Ní tairc do'n rae, ní téirdeann fé neoil;
 Tá barr na scraob as déanam rceoil,
 Nac fada béir sacail i ngréideann bróin
 Meapaim sur rubac do'n Múmain an ceol
 'S o'á maipeann go dubac de crú na ttreon
 Torann na ttonn le pleapair na long
 As tarraint go teann 'n-ár sceann fé feol.

Tá doibill ar mipe asur áine ós
 Asur Clíodna an bpuinneal ip áilne rnoót;
 Táir miltc asur tuillead de'n tóain reo fóir
 Oá fuirdead le buile sur táinig an leogán.
 Meapaim sur rubac do'n Múmain an ceol
 'S o'á maipeann go dubac de crú na ttreon
 Torann na ttonn le pleapair na long
 As tarraint anall 'n-ár sceann fé feol.

Ir annam dam maidcan ar amairc an laoi
 Ná bainim cum peaca go fairrige ríor,
 Mo deapca dá leatad as fairc de ríor
 Ar bapair na fapairc as scappaót na rligc.
 Meapaim sur rubac do'n Múmain 'r sur binn
 'S o'á maipeann go dubac de crú na Ríog
 Torann na long as rceoiltead na ttonn
 As tarraint go teann 'n-ár sceann san moill.

Cruinnigeadh gach duine o'fhuil míleadó tréin
 Go mteann 'n-a cúirle de'n b'fíor-fhuil b'raon
 Do míleadó le dlígte 'r do crádaó le claon
 Go mbuailfíó pé buille le báipe an tréin.
 Measaim sup rubac do'n mluimain i gcéin
 'S o'á maireann go dubac de crú na dtreán
 Torann na dtonn le rleapail na long
 A's tarraint go teann 'n-ár gceann le faobair.

CAOINEADÓ AIRT UÍ LAOĞAIRE.

(Eiblíń Dubh ní Conaill do cheap. Feam Eiblíń do b'eadó airt ua Laoğaire, agus do lámadaó coir inre Camraige an ime é le feall-beart Gall um bealtaine, 1773. Mac Dearbhadaí o'Eiblíń a b'eadó Domnall ua Conaill an "Liberator." Geođpari an Caoineadó i n-íomlán, nó a fupmóir pé rcéal é, i n"írrleabair na Gaedilge" i gcómair Meicim a 1896 ní pé go léiri annro.)

Mo ghráó go daingean tú!
 Lá dá b'peaca tú
 A's ceann tige an mairgaid;
 Tug mo fúil aipe duit,
 Tug mo éiríóe taitneam duit;
 O'éaluirgear óm' ádair leat;
 I b'fad ó baile leat.

 I' cuimín lem' aighe,
 An lá b'peas earraig úo,
 Sup b'peas éasadó hata duit,
 I' banóa óir carpa air.
 Claidéam cinn airgid,—
 Láim' deap éalma,—
 Rompráil b'asairtác,—
 Fíir-éiríteasla
 Air námairó éalgaó—
 Tú i gcóir cum palartac'

1r eac caol ceann-fionn fút,
 O'umluigóir Sapanais
 Sior go talam duit,
 1r ní mar maite leat
 Aét le haon corp eagla,
 Sió sup leo do caillead tú
 A mhúinnín m'anma.

Mo cara tú go daingean!
 Níor éireodar miam do mairbhad
 Go dtáinig éugam do capall
 'S a rrianta léi go talam,
 1r fuil do éiríde ar a leacain
 Siar go diallaic sriannta
 Na mbíteá d' fuidé 'r ió' fearaí,
 Tugar léim go tapaid,
 An céad léim ar an scharpte,
 An dara léim ar an dtairpigh
 An tríomad léim ar do capall.

Do buairear go luath mo bapa,
 'S do bainear ar na peataib.
 Com maite 1r bí ré agam
 Go bpuairear róimam tú marb
 Coir tuirín íril aicinn,
 San pápa 1r san earbog,
 San cléireac 1r san ragar
 Do léigfead ort an traim,
 Aét rean-bean éirionna cáitce
 Do leat ort beann d'a fallaing:
 Do cuir folá leat 'na rriaitib;
 1r níor fanar le n-a glanad
 Aét i d'ól ruar lem' bapaid.

Mo sgráó tú 'sup mo cáitneam!
 Euis ruar ió' fearaí,

I r tair liom féin a baile
 So sguirfeam mairt dā leasad,
 So nglaoḡfam ar cōirir fairsing,
 So mbeid āsam ceol dā rpreasad,
 So sḡoimeodao duit-re leaba
 Fé bḡataib mīne geala,
 Fé cuilteannaib bḡeas' bḡeaca,
 A cūirpīd tear tréō' ballaib
 I n-ionad an fuaēt a ḡlacair.

.
 A dāoine, nā héirtid
 Le macaireadēt éitig.
 Ní' l don bean i nÉirinn
 Do rínfead a taob leir,
 Do bḡarad trī laos dō,
 Nā raad le cḡaoḡaib
 I ndiaid airt Uí Laoḡaire
 Adā annro traoḡta
 Ó mairtin indé āsam.

A Muirín, léan ort!
 Fuil do cḡoirde d'ēas leat!
 Do rúile dā sḡaoḡad!
 Do ḡlúine dā réabad!
 Do marbair mo laos-ra,
 'S san don fear i nÉirinn
 A ḡreaoḡad na piléir leat.

.
 Sḡeoadō cūḡat āsur dīt!
 A Muirir ḡrānda an fill,
 A bain dīom féin mo tḡgear,
 Adair mo leand san doir;
 Dīr aca āḡ riubal an tḡe,
 'S an trīomad ceann irḡig im' cū,
 'S ní dōca so sguirfead dīom!

Mo shrádó tú 'sur mo taitneamh !
 Nuair shabair amac an geata
 D'fíllir éar n-air go tapaid ;
 Do phógar do dhír leanó,
 Phógar mire ar bairia baire,
 Dubhair, " A Eibhlín, eirigh is' fearam
 Go luaimneac ir go tapaid,
 Táim-re ag fágbáil an baile
 Ir ní móide go deo go scarpainn."
 Ní funnear deo' éainnt aet mazaó :
 Bíteá dá ráó uim go nime éana.

Mo shrádó tú 'sur mo cumann !
 'S ní hé a bfuair bár deo' éinead,
 Ná bár mo éruir éloinne ;
 Ná Domhnall mór Ua Conaill,
 Ná Conall a bácaid an tuile,
 Ná bean na pé mbliadan bprícead
 Do éuaid anonn éar uirce
 Ag cáirdearuisgeaet le mictib ;
 Ní hiaó ro go léir tá agam
 Le huclán cléib dá ngarim
 Aet Airt Ua Laoisair an oimig,
 Airt na sruaise pinne,
 Airt an buada 'r an mhírigh,
 Maiceac na lárae doinne,
 Dá baint ariér dá bonnaib
 Ar Inre Cárraig' an ime—
 Náir máiró rí a hainm ná a ptoinnead !

IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULD'ST HAVE DIED.

If I had thought thou could'st have died
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be :
It never through my mind had passed,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain !
But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left unsaid ;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been !
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seem'st still my own ;
But there I lay thee in thy grave
And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking, too, of thee :
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore !

THE GOOD SHIP, CASTLE DOWN.

A.D. 1776.

Oh ! how she ploughed the ocean, the good ship, Castle Down,
The day we hung our colours out, the Harp without the
Crown !

A gallant barque, she topped the wave ; and fearless hearts
were we,

With guns, and pikes, and bayonets, a stalwart company,
'Twas a sixteen years from Thurot ; and sweeping down
the bay,

The " Siege of Carrickfergus " so merrily we did play ;
By the old Castle's foot we went, with three right hearty
cheers ;

And waved our green cockades aloft, for we were Volunteers,
Volunteers ;

Oh ! we were in our prime that day, stout Irish Volunteers.

'Twas when we weighed our anchor on the breast of smooth
Garmoyle,

'Our guns spoke out in thunder : " Adieu, sweet Irish soil ! "
At Whiteabbey and Greencastle, and Holywood so gay,
Were hundreds waving handkerchiefs, with many a loud
huzza.

'Our voices o'er the water went to the hollow mountains round,
Young Freedom, struggling at her birth, might utter such a
sound.

But one green slope beside Belfast, we cheered, and cheered
it still ;

The people had changed its name that year, and called it
Bunker's Hill,

Bunker's Hill ;

Oh ! that our hands, like our hearts, had been in the trench
at Bunker's Hill !

Our ship cleared out for far Quebec ; but thither little bent,
Up some New England river, to run her keel we meant.

We took our course due North, as out round old Black Head
we steered,

Till Ireland bore south-west by south and Fingall's rock
appeared.

Then on the poop stood Webster, while the ship hung
flutteringly,

About to take her tack across the wide, wide ocean sea—

He pointed to th' Atlantic—" Yonder's no place for slaves ;
Haul down these British badges ; for Freedom rules the waves—

Rules the waves ! "

Three hundred strong men answered, shouting " Freedom
rules the waves ! "

Then all together rose, and brought the British ensign down ;
And up we raised our island Green, without the British
Crown ;

Emblazoned there a Golden Harp, like maiden undefiled,
A shamrock wreath around its head looked o'er the sea
and smiled.

A hundred days, with adverse winds, we kept our course
afar ;

On the hundredth day, came bearing down, a British sloop-
of-war.

When they spied our flag they fired a gun ; but as they neared
us fast,

Old Andrew Jackson went aloft and nailed it to the mast—
To the mast !

A soldier was old Jackson, he made our colours fast.

Patrick Henry was our captain, as brave as ever sailed ;

" Now we must do or die," said he, " for our Green flag is
nailed."

Silently came the sloop along ; and silently we lay,

Till with ringing cheers and cannonade the foe began the fray ;

Then the boarders o'er the bulwarks, like shuttlecocks we
cast ;

One broadside volley from our guns swept down the tapering
mast.

“ Now, British tars ! St. George's Cross is trailing in the sea—
How do you like the greeting and the handsel of the Free ?
Of the Free !

These are the terms and tokens of men who will be free ! ”

WILLIAM B. MACBURNAY.

CÚIRT AN MEADOM OÍÚCE.

A.D. 1780.

Da ghnáct mé riubal le ciumhair na habáinn
Ar bámpuig úir 'r an t-ruéct go trom
I n-aice na scoillte i gcinn an trléibe
San máirg san móit le roiltre an tae
Do ghealaó mo époróe nuair a éinn loé Smeime,
An talam 'r an tír ir íogair na rpeíre
Taitneamhac doibinn, riúdeamh na rleibte
As bagairt a gcinn ear óruim a céile.
Do ghealpaó an époróe beaó cpión le cianta
Caitte san bpuig no líonta 'e pianta;
An réitileac rearb san realb san raióbhreap
O'féacaó tamall ear bapna na scoillte
Ar laóain 'na rcuainte ar éuan san céo
An eala ar a bpuairt 'r i as gluaireact leo.
Na héirc le meadóir as eirge i n-áirde
Réirre im' maóarc go tairóbreac táir-breac.
Daé an loca asur goim na otonn
As teact go toigac topannac trom.
Óioó éanlaic i gcrainn go meadórac móómarac
Ir léimpeac eilte i scoillte m' éomgar.
Seimneac aóarc ir maóarc ar flóigte
Tréan-puic gaóar ir Raigheapto mómpa.

Ar maidin inné bí an rpeár san ceo,
 Bí Cancep ó'n ngréin i n-a caoiteaib teo
 I r i gabta cum raoitair tap éir na hoitche
 I r obair an lae rin réimprí rinte;
 Bí duilleabair cpaob ar géaga im' timceall,
 Fíoréan i r péar go rlaodaé taoib liom,
 Glarra páir i r bláé i r luibeanna
 Scaipfead le fán dá éráitheaé rmaointe.
 Bí mé corprá 'r an coitlaó dom' éraodaó,
 Sí n mé corpm ar coérom 'ran bpeár glar
 I n-aice na gcrann i r deannata trínre
 Taca lem' ceann i r m'annlaó rinte,
 Ar ceangal mo fúil go dlúé le céile
 Spreamuighe dúnta i r noubglar néalta
 I r m'agair 'sam foilighe ó cuilib go rápta
 I r tairóbpeam d'fúiling mé an éuingteac éráitche.
 Do corpruighe de lom, do poll go haé me
 Im' coitlaó go trom san meabair san éirim.
 Ba gairio mo fuan nuair éuala, raoil mé,
 An talam mascuair ar luarcaó im' timceall
 Anraó doctuaib i r fuaodaé fíocmair
 I r calaó an éuin ag tuargain teinte.
 Siollaó dom' fúil dá r fumluisgear uaim
 Do éonnaic mé éugam le ciuimair an éuin
 An máraé bolgaé éolgaé éairóbpeac
 Énámaé éolgaé éoirgeac éadgaé;
 A haéirde i r gceart mar mear mé dípeac
 A pé nó a peacé de flata 'r fuirdealaé,
 Réirre beacé d'á brat ag rraoilleaó
 Léi 'ran trlab le drab i r ríoball,
 Ba muar ba fíar ba fíadain le féacaint
 Suar 'na héadan éraédaé éréimeac;
 B'anraó ceanntair—rcannraó raoéalta
 An drair 'r an drannodal manntaé méirceac.
 A rí gaé máige ba láirir liomta,
 A bíoma láime i r lán rcar inné,

Cómaréta ppiáir 'na bairr ar rpiíce
 Ir comáéta báille i n-áiríoe air rpiíobéta.
 Dubairt go goirgead o'foclaió dána,
 "Múrcail, corruig, a coúlataig gránóda!
 Ir dubad an trlige óuit rínte ió' fliairta
 Ir cúirt 'na fúirde 'r na mílte as tríall ann."

BRIAN macSIOULA meiríoe.

AN ELEGY.

A.D. 1782.

(The subject of this Elegy, which is a translation from the Gaelic, was Francis Sigerson, whose ancestors, according to the learned translator, "were lords of the manor of Ballinskelligs, Co. Kerry," before the Cromwellian confiscations.)

In Abbey ground, by the wild western sea,
 The true Knight rests, safe-shielded, Stone, by thee.
 Here of the Tighearna led the galloping band—
 Now his home-coming saddens all the land.

The land that held his generous renown
 From Beare to Diarra, from Lee to Liffey brown,
 From Galway West to Southernmost Cape Clear,
 Kilkenny to Loch Cé—afar, anear.

Anear, afar, how mournful maids and men,
 And every eye is wet by hill and glen;
 The Suir o'erflowed, methought, the hills rent wide,
 The Skellig shrieking, said, "A man has died!"

A man has died. In grief all darkness o'er,
 From Scariff's bay, from Deene, and far Timore,
 To the last sunset isle, no sail I see;
 Valentia mourns with tears wept bitterly.

Oh bitterly cry Ards and Coom the keene
 And Ballinkelligs where no lack hath been
 Of sea-borne wine and welcomes as to home—
 The Giver greeting all who chose to come.

Who chose to come of that glad hall were free,
 With meat, brown ale, and honey from the bee—
 Through Christ's sweet will he surely shall have rest,
 Francis, whose welcome cheered the poorest guest.

Guest, void of all, with want his only friend,
 Found shield and succour, kindness to the end,
 Linens and woollens where the tall looms stand,
 Gifts hid in gifts and red wine in his hand.

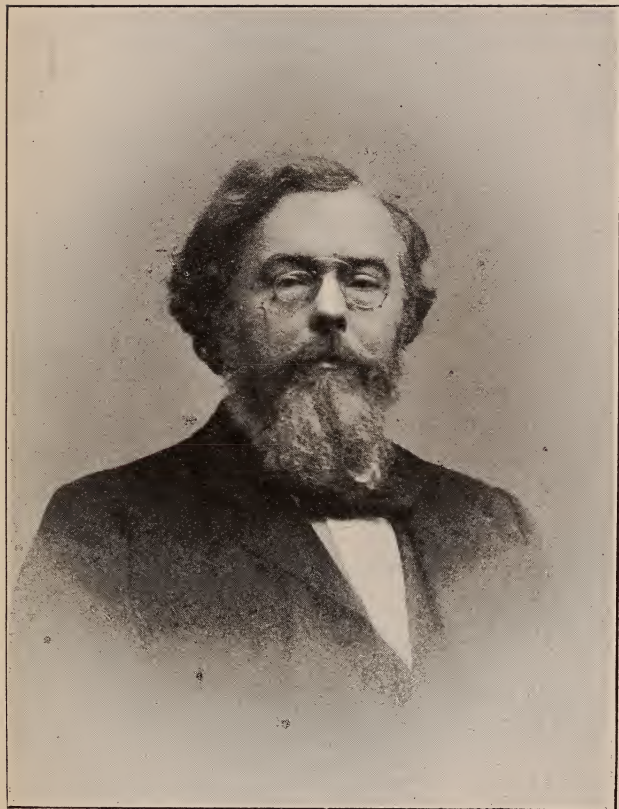
O, handsome Hawk who towered the country o'er !
 Top-spray of all who sprang from Sigerson More !
 And pure thy mother's blood, Clan-Connell's old—
 Thou dashing chief—thou joyous hand with gold.

Clean gold with poverty well shared alway,
 O, head of Counsel still—the people's stay ;
 'Tis my belief from Skellig west to Cove
 No heart alive could match thy heart of love.

Love thy life's rule, from life's dawn till its night,
 How many a wrong that rule humane made right,
 How many a grief it chased and bitter moan—
 Now the Church grieves for thee, here, lying lone.

Lone here and dead. 'Tis this makes heaven dark,
 From Rath to Ruachty, o'er mountain, sea, and bark ;
 What his hand gathered for the Lamb he gave,
 The lofty, faultless tree, our princely chieftain brave.

White chief of mankind, true Cavalier all o'er,
 None e'er repelling, never closing door,
 Gloom-sad the Gael because our strength is low,
 Eclipsed our souls and wails the Voice of Woe.



DR. SIGERSON.

Woe o'er Iveragh's woods and waters wide—
 My wound ! the steadfast generous man who died ;
 Not hard the way to ope with papal keys,
 Lord, grant the Peace-maker Thy perfect peace.

Peace to give peace where he may not return,
 To heal our hurt, to light the eyes that mourn ;
 Shield of our hearts, our strength in sorrow found—
 My grief, my woe !—the Chief laid low, in Abbey ground.

GEORGE SIGERSON, M.D., F.R.U.I.

THE WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR.

A.D. 1797.

Here our murdered brother lies ;
 Wake him not with women's cries ;
 Mourn the way that manhood ought ;
 Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind ;
 Morals pure and manners kind ;
 In his head as on a hill,
 Virtue placed her citadel.

Why cut off in palmy youth ?
 Truth he spoke, and acted truth,
 "Countrymen, unite," he cried,
 And died—for what his Saviour died.

God of Peace, and God of Love,
 Let it not Thy vengeance move,
 Let it not Thy lightnings draw ;
 A nation guillotined by law.

Hapless nation ! rent and torn,
Thou wert early taught to mourn,
Warfare of six hundred years !
Epochs marked with blood and tears !

Hunted through thy native grounds,
Or flung reward to human hounds ;
Each one pulled and tore his share,
Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless Nation—hapless Land,
Heap of uncementing sand ;
Crumbled by a foreign weight ;
And by worse, domestic hate.

God of mercy ! God of peace !
Make the mad confusion cease ;
O'er the mental chaos move,
Through it speak the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy sight !
Brothers' blood will not unite ;
Holy oil and holy water,
Mix and fill the world with slaughter.

Who is she with aspect wild ?
The widowed mother with her child,
Child new-stirring in the womb !
Husband waiting for the tomb !

Angel of the sacred place
Calm her soul and whisper peace,
Cord, or axe, or guillotin'
Make the sentence—not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep ;
Watch with us but do not weep ;
Watch with us through dead of night,
But expect the morning light.

Conquer fortune—persevere !—
 Lo ! it breaks, the morning clear !
 The cheerful cock awakes the skies,
 The day is come—arise !—arise !

WILLIAM DRENNAN.

CEO DRADOIDÉACHTA.

Ceo dradoidéachta i scoim oirde do feol mé
 Tré tiorcdaib mar ónmhó ar rtrae,
 San príom-éapaid díogair im' cómhgar
 'S mé i gcúicdaib tar m'eolur i gcéin ;
 Do finear go fíor-éuiread deorac
 I scoill éluimair éndomair liom féin,
 As suideachtaint cum Ríog síl na sílúie
 I' san nio ar bié acé trócaire im' béal.

Bí lionruit im' époide-re, san só ar bié,
 'San scoill reo 'r san sílúí úine im' gaor,
 San doibnear, acé binn-ghé na rmólae
 As fíor-éantain ceoil ar gac géis ;
 Lem' taoib sur fúir fíor-éruingéal módmarae,
 I b'fíogair i' i sílúí époit mar naom,
 'Na gnaoi bí an lí géal le róraib,
 As coimearcar, 'r nár b'eol dom cia géill.

Ba épillreac tiug buide carpa ar ór-dac
 A d'laoi-folt go b'róis leir an mbé,
 A b'raoite san teimeal mar an ómpa,
 A claoim-porc do beo-ghoin gac laoc ;
 Ba binn blarta fíir-mílir ceolmar,
 Mar fíor-éruit gac nóta ó n-a béal,
 I' ba mín cailce a cíoc éruinn i gcóir éiré
 Dar linne nár leonad le haon.

Feaét moimé rin cé bíor-ra san treoir éar,
 Do bíodas le mó-feaie do'n bé.
 Ir do fáoilear sup b'aoibnear mó-mor dom,
 An trió-bean do feolaó faoim' déin;
 Im' laoiéib do rcpíobfao im' deoió duit
 Mar rcaoilear mo beol feaé ar rtrae,
 Ir sac caoin-rdair dár píomár do'n óis éir
 Ir rinn rínte ar feorainn an trléibe :

A bpiúdeac na moinn-porc do breodais mé,
 Le díoghrar doo' ríóó ir doo' rceim,
 An tú an doil-éneir trér dírcead na mói-éruir,
 Mar rcpíobtar i gcómrac na Trae,
 No an píog-bpuingéal mionla o'rág com la
 Caidmíleac na bdiomé 'r a éreac,
 No an píoganéal do dígíó ar an mói-plait
 Ó'n mbeinn dul dá teoruiúeac i gcéin ?

Ir binn blarta caoin o'freaasair dómra,
 'S i as rír-fíleac deora tré péin;
 Ní haoin bean dár máoióir mire io' glóiréib,
 Ir mar éim-re ní heol duit mo éreac;
 Ir mé an bpiúdeac do bí realac pórtac
 Fá aoibnear i gcóirín éir na réicr
 As píú Cairil Cuinn asur eoúain,
 Fuair mír-éannar fíóla san pléir.

Ir duac boét mo éúrra 'r ir brónac,
 Dom dúr-éimeac as cóirínis sac lae
 Fé dúb-rmaét as búraib, san róúacac,
 Ir mo píonarra sup feolaó i gcéin.
 Tá mo fíul-re le húr-mac na glóire
 So díúbraio mo leomáin pí réim
 'Na ndún-bailéib dúécar i gcóir máit
 As píreac na gcóir-poc le faobair.

A cúlfeionn tair muinte na n-órfolt
 De éirí éirte na sc'pónaé san bhréig,
 Do éirra as búraibh ír bhíon liom
 Fá rmúit, caíac, ceomair, san reiléir;
 'Na nolué-bhogsaibh dúécair dá reolfaó
 Mac conganac na glóire do Réier
 Ír rúgaé do rúrcfainn-re ción-puic
 So humal tapair reópmair le piléir.

An Stiobairt dá dtigeaó éugainn ear páile
 So cpiú Inre fáilge fi réim,
 Le flit o'feapairt laoirig ír Spáinnig
 Ír píor le corp ácair so mbéinn
 Ar píir-eac méar ghoirde tapair céárrac
 As píor-éaracáó cáic le neart faobair,
 Ír ní élaioirínn-re m'intinn 'na deaíó rin
 Cum luige ar reapaí gáirua lem' ré.

EOŠAN RUAD Ó SÚILLEADÁIN.

THE BROTHERS: HENRY AND JOHN SHEARES.

A.D. 1798.

'Tis midnight; falls the lamp-light dull and sickly
 On a pale and anxious crowd,
 Through the court, and round the judges, thronging thickly,
 With prayers they dare not speak aloud,
 Two youths, two noble youths, stand prisoners at the bar—
 You can see them through the gloom—
 In the pride of life and manhood's beauty, there they are
 Awaiting their death-doom.

All eyes an earnest watch on these are keeping,
 Some sobbing, turn away,
 And the strongest men can hardly see for weeping,
 So noble and so loved were they.

Their hands are locked together, these young brothers,
As before the judge they stand ;
They feel not the deep grief that moves the others ;
For they die for Fatherland.

They are pale, but it is not fear that whitens
On each proud high brow ;
For the triumph of the martyr's glory brightens
Around them even now.
They sought to free their land from thrall of stranger—
Was it treason ? Let them die ;
But their blood will cry to Heaven—the Avenger
Yet will hearken from on high.

Before them, shrinking, cowering, scarcely human,
The base informer bends,
Who, Judas-like, could sell the blood of true men,
While he clasped their hands as friends,
Ay ; could fondle the young children of his victim,
Break bread with his young wife,
At the moment that, for gold, his perjured dictum
Sold the husband and the father's life.

There is silence in the midnight—eyes are keeping
Troubled watch, till forth the jury come ;
There is silence in the midnight—eyes are weeping—
Guilty ! is the fatal doom ;
For a moment, o'er the brothers' noble faces
Came a shadow sad to see,
Then silently they rose up in their places,
And embraced each other fervently.

O ! the rudest heart might tremble at such sorrow,
The rudest cheek might blush at such a scene ;
Twice the judge essayed to speak the word—to-morrow—
Twice faltered as a woman he had been.

To-morrow ! Fain the elder would have spoken,
Prayed for respite, though it is not death he fears ;
But thoughts of home and wife his heart have broken,
And his words are stopped by tears.

But the youngest—O ! he speaks out bold and clearly :
“ I have no ties of children or of wife ;
Let me die—but spare the brother who more dearly
Is loved by me than life.”
Pale martyrs, ye may cease ; your days are numbered ;
Next noon your sun of life goes down ;
One day between the sentence and the scaffold
One day between the torture and the crown.

A hymn of joy is rising from creation ;
Bright the azure of the glorious summer sky ;
But human hearts weep sore in lamentation,
For the brothers are led forth to die.
Ay ; guard them with your cannon and your lances—
So of old came martyrs to the stake ;
Ay ; guard them—see the people’s flashing glances ;
For those noble two are dying for their sake.

Yet none spring forth their bonds to sever—
Ah ! methinks, had I been there,
I’d have dared a thousand deaths ere ever
The sword should touch their hair.
It falls !—there is a shriek of lamentation
From the weeping crowd around ;
They are stilled—the noblest hearts within the nation—
The noblest heads lie bleeding on the ground.

Years have passed since that fatal scene of dying,
Yet life-like to this day
In their coffins still those severed heads are lying,
Kept by angels from decay.

O ! they preach to us, those still and pallid features ;
 Those pale lips yet implore us from their graves
 To strive for our birthright as God's creatures,
 Or die, if we can but live as slaves.

LADY WILDE.

AN CAOIL-EAC RUAD.

A.D. 1798.

Níor b'áda bíor ar leaba' im' luíge
 Sur glaothaíḡ amuisḡ
 Marcad líomḡa i nveirceart oirḡe
 Ar caoil-eac ruad :—
 “ A bairnaíḡ ḡiorḡe, an ió' éorlaḡ tḡoi,
 No caḡ tḡ ort ?
 Preab ió' fúirḡe ḡo tḡaḡair linn
 ḡsur féac ḡi tḡort.”

Do ḡlaic me bíorḡaḡ ḡeit iḡ lingeatḡ
 Tre m' néaltaib ruain,
 Iḡ uo b'áda bí mé ḡan focal camnte
 Do béarḡainn uaim.
 Allur fuíḡeac uo íleamnaíḡ ríor
 ḡo tréan dem' ḡruaíḡ ;
 Ba ḡearr ḡan moill sur preab om' éarḡbpe
 An caoil-eac ruad.

I n-ḡi n-ḡirḡam bí uḡ ícḡro míle
 Séim-fear ruairḡ
 De clannaib míleatḡ fé ḡam líomḡa
 'S iatḡ uéanta ruar :
 O'fíorfuíḡear-ra ḡo tapatḡ uíob-ran
 Cá ríoiḡ'óir cuan,
 No an mbeatḡ na ḡaill i uḡalaíḡ rínreap
 ḡi nḡaeḡeal ḡo buan ?

I dtóradó rúin do fhuair ear nuairéad
 Na mairceimé,
 Dar an leabair ba éairiméad liom-ra
 Cáil gac réil
 Sur baimead “Lunnodan” ir Rorit Matgáinna
 De’n “Stáit” mte;
 Sur ptead an “Dúic” ar eac cum riubail
 ’S go mberó an lá le Gaeóil.

Dá dtigead rúo mar aet ’ran dúicais
 Ba bteas an réal!
 Ár mbailte dúicair le realbúgadó ’Sainn
 Gac lá d’ár raozal;
 Ár pcatá cú gac mairdean d’rúcta
 Ar eadrad cáol,
 Ir go mberó na búir dá dtearbúgadó
 Sur rinn garrad fiaóais.

Do glacar fonn cum dul anonn
 Tar fáile i scéin
 As mearbuagadó na reabac sciun
 Atá láirir ttean;
 Dá dtearbúgadó ro bfuil ár ndúicais
 As an námaio ’nár ndéiró—
 Mar bairi ar rúo tá mo glaca brúigta
 Ó’n ráimainn, mo léan!

As Ror Mic Treoin, mo glair dúigte,
 Bí an cáirad Gaeóal!
 Dá fteiró míle d’arm liomta
 Fé láin-neart piléar:
 O’fás’mair rínte na táinte díob-raí
 I dtúir an lae
 No sur fuigbeadó i dtairce ar ndaoine
 Le dúil ’ran mbráon!

1r fada an tluimha 'na ruan san múrcaile
 'S an cáir d'a pléir
 Agus plúr-roct cloinne últae
 Go háir d'a nglaothae:
 1r é léigir na huathair ar leabair an cunnair
 'S ar ráir na naomh
 Sur mair d'úinne fearra múrcaile
 No go bfuil an dáta ar rerae.

THE HEROINE OF ROSS

A.D. 1798.

Up from fitful sleep we wakened at the first kiss of the day;
 There was silence by our watch-fires, for we knew the task
 that lay

To be wrought to joy or ruin ere the stars should look again
 On the places of our childhood—hill and river, rath and glen.

We were thinking of the dear ones that we left to face the foe,
 And we prayed for all the brave hearts that were lying cold
 and low,

And we looked upon the meadows staring blank against the
 sun,

Then we thought upon the future and the work that must be
 done.

Fear! we knew it not, for Vengeance burned fierce in every
 heart;

Doubt? why doubt when we but hungered each to do a true
 man's part:

"On to Ross!" our pulses quickened as the word from man
 to man

Passed along, and bold John Kelly forward stepped to lead
 the van.

Through the misty summer morn by the hedgerows bright we
 sped,
While the lark with joyous music filled the spreading dome
 o'erhead,
And the sun rode up the circle, and the earth began to smile,
But our hearts knew nought of pleasure, they were cold as in
 the while.

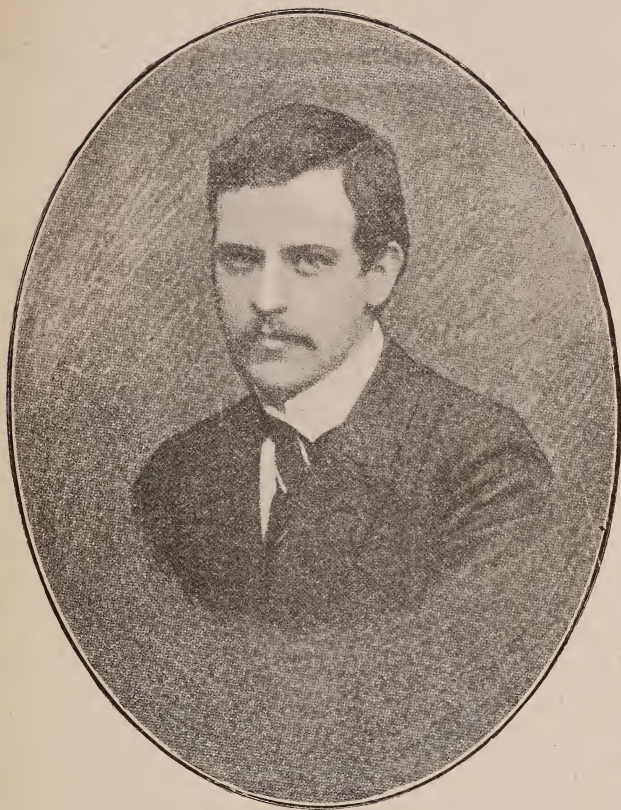
Silent all, with stony gaze, and lips as tightly locked as death,
On we went by flowering thorns through the balmy summer's
 breath,
On, till Ross was close upon us, then a shout resounding rose,
And like ocean's waves in winter in we leaped upon our foes !

For a brief, brief spell they quavered, then their muskets rang
 reply,
And our boys in hundreds falling looked their last upon the
 sky.
But, the empty places filling, still we rallied to the fray,
Till the misty summer morning wore into the dusty day.

But a figure rose before us, 'twas a girl's fragile frame,
And among the fallen soldiers there she walked with eyes
 afame,
And her voice rang o'er the clamour like a trumpet o'er the
 sea :

" Whoso dares to die for Ireland, let him come and follow me !"

Then against the line of soldiers with a gleaming scythe on
 high,
Lo ! she strode, and though their bullets whistled round they
 passed her by,
And, a thousand bosoms throbbing, one wild, surging shout
 we gave,
And we swept them from our pathway like the sand before
 the wave.



WILLIAM ROONEY.

What, though fate frowned on our banners, and the night
 came down in woe,
 Let that maiden's fame be cherished while the Barrow's
 waters flow ;
 Ever be her name a beacon to the true who labour on
 In the faith that clouds for ever cannot cloak the blaze of
 Dawn.

WILLIAM ROONEY.

THE PRIESTS OF NINETY-EIGHT.

The story of our native land, from weary age to age
 Is writ in blood and scalding tears in many a gloomy page ;
 But darkest, saddest page of all is that which tells the fate
 Of Erin's noblest martyr-sons, the Priests of Ninety-Eight.

Leal children of the Church were they, her soldiers brave and
 true,
 Yet Irish hearts within their breasts were beating warmly too ;
 For years of patient, studious toil, of vigil, and of prayer
 Had never quenched the patriot fire which God had kindled
 there.

When sheltered by the stranger's hand among the hills of
 Spain,
 Or where the streams of sunny France roll rapid to the main,
 Their fondest thought in eager flight where'er their feet might
 roam,
 Had sped across the circling seas that girt their island home—

Across the wide and circling seas unto her emerald breast
 Had come like weary ocean birds that seek a place of rest,
 And back unto the exiles borne in far off foreign clime
 Sweet memories of the bygone joys of boyhood's golden time.



V. REV. P. M. CANON FURLONG, P.P.

And many an eve the strangers' halls re-echoed Erin's songs
 That told in fierce or touching strain the story of her wrongs ;
 And many a night beneath the stars that lit the southern skies,
 While hotly throbbed their loving hearts, and big tears filled
 their eyes.

But now again, their exile o'er, they tread their native land,
 Among her leaders and her chiefs anointed priests they stand ;
 Anointed priests, with priestly charge, and bound by priestly
 vow,
 They owe their isle a double meed of love and duty now.

The love of father for his flock of helpless little ones—
 The love a darling mother wins from true and tender sons—
 A love that liveth to the end, defying time and fate—
 With such a love they loved their land, the Priests of Ninety-
 Eight.

The gory track of tyranny has all her hills defiled,
 And ruin riots o'er the scenes where peace and plenty smiled ;
 Her fields lie bare and desolate, her mournful rivers moan
 By blackened hearths, and outraged homes, and altars over-
 thrown.

Through hall and hamlet 'mid the wreck the spoiler's hand
 has made
 Red murder in the name of Law pursues his hellish trade,
 And day and night the gibbets groan, the deadly bullets rain,
 And dusty street and hillside bare are piled with heaps of
 slain !

The good and true and noble fall or find a living tomb,
 Away from home and friend, within the dungeon's lonely
 gloom,
 Or sink beneath the brutal lash, or pitch-cap's maddening
 pang,
 The prey of men with tiger heart and worse than tiger fang.

To heaven in ceaseless dirge ascends the mother's wild despair,
The wail of sorrowing wife and child, the maid's unheeded
prayer ;

The voice of vengeful blood, that cries up from the wreaking
sod—

Ah ! well may ache your Irish hearts, O patient priests of God.

Well may the fire of righteous wrath leap to your watching eyes !
Well may you vow before the God that rules the earth and skies
No more to preach ignoble peace, no more your hands to hold,
While tyrants waste your lands with war, and tigers rend
your fold !

They drew the green old banner forth and flung it to the light,
And Wexford heard the rallying cry and gathered in her might,
And swore, around uplifted cross, unto the latest breath
To follow where her sagarts led—to victory or death !

The sagarts led, the pikemen fought, like lions brought to bay,
And Wexford proved her prowess well in many a bloody fray,
Where wronged and wronger foot to foot in deadly grip were
seen,

And England's hated Red went down before the Irish Green.

And bravest of the brave and true that struck for Ireland's
right—

The wisest at the council board, the boldest in the fight—
All pure from stain or breath of shame through storms of
strife and hate,

They bore the sagarts' honoured name—the Priests of Ninety-
Eight.

But, oh ! those priests, those noble priests, how sad a fate
was theirs,

How full the cup of bitterness the All-wise God prepares
For His own chosen ones marked out in suffering and shame
Anew to consecrate His cause, and glorify His name !

Yes, they were soldiers in His cause—the cause of trampled right—

His cause, wherever o'er the world His trumpet calls to fight—
His cause, though scorned of slavish men, and crushed by
despot heel—

The holiest that ever bared a soldier's fearless steel.

Yes, they were martyrs for His name—for Him and His
they died—

Let cowards scoff, and cynics sneer, and mocking foes deride—
For it is written large and deep on many a gore-stained sod,
“ Who dieth for God's people, he most truly dies for God.”

And radiant shall their memory live, though dark and sad
their doom,

To brighten in our history a page of woe and gloom—
A pillar-fire to guide a nation struggling to be free,
Along the thorny, sunless path that leads to liberty.

Oh, Irish priests ! how proud and grand a heritage is yours !
A priceless love that will not die as long as time endures—
A precious flower of matchless bloom, whose perfume day
by day

Will sweeten every toil and cross that meet you on your way.

Oh ! guard it well against all taint of foul decay and death,
Its holy, hallowed beauty shield from every withering breath ;
And fair and stainless hand it down to those who'll follow you,
And love it with an equal love—as generous, fond, and true.

And honour them—the martyred dead—the fearless, good
and wise—

Who for its sake in evil days made willing sacrifice
Of earthly hope and earthly joy, and dared the felon's fate
To feed it with their own hearts' blood—the Priests of Ninety-
Eight.

DO ÉUALAÓ SCÉAL.

(Ar nḡabáil Airtúir uí Concúbair agur ar marbhad éadubairt
mhe Seapailt.)

Do éuala scéal do réab mo éiríde ionnam
I r'árbuig ḡuair i r'ḡuaim ar m'intinn,
Scéal do léan firi éireann timcheall,
I r'le'ri cuiread fórla i mbrón san rcaoilead.

A Clanna Gaedhal, rin réir ríbh éiríde;
D'iméig buir otreoir, ní'l rpeoir ná bpiḡ ionnab;
Sin é an Seapailtad ceangailte i ngeimleac,
I r'Airtúir uaral uab éar tairde.

Ní'l ríog-flait rēat le rāḡáil 'ran tír reo
Le n-ar mairt buir nḡlar a rcaoilead,
Ná fuil mí-ād i r'óigbáil mhe air
'S an éineamaint dā éiríbhūḡad agur dā élarídeaint.

Ní mionḡad liom-ra búir ḡo naobinn
ḡan baḡal ḡan barcad ḡan mairḡ i ḡríe luirre,
'S ḡur ríbh réin atā, cé nār le hinnrint,
Aḡ brait a éile de éréad na ḡclain-beart.

Iarraim, aitéim, i r'ceadadair ar íora,
I r'ḡo ríbh an ḡeall ar namair ar oirre;
ḡo ríbh baḡal i r'léan i r'lión-ríut
Ar ḡad rpreán cpeacáin éimídeig.

Rí na bflaitear do dealbuiḡ tíorēa,
Rae agur réalta, rprearēa i r'tairde,
ḡo nreimíó cúl ḡo humal d'ár muinntir,
I r'ḡo ríbh an cluitēe reo aca ḡan ríḡnear.

Ó éim an cáir mar atá ag ár muinntir,
 'S go bfuil na búir go dlúit 'n-a dtiméall,
 Pheabrad cum riubail anonn tar taoide
 I r tiocfad anall le Fhanncais lioméa.

Go bpeiceam Éire raor san daoirpe,
 'S an bpatáinn uaithe i n-uadatar rcaoilte,
 Sae tíoránae claoim-éáirdae coimhídeae
 I n-ainm an maabais, i r san Dia dá scuimídeae.

míceál ós ó lonḡáin.

PÁID O'DONOGHUE.

The Yeos were in Dunshaughlin, and the Hessians in Dunreagh,
 And spread thro' fair Moynalty were the Fencibles of Reagh,
 While Roden's godless troopers ranged from Skreen to
 Mullachoo,

When hammered were the pikeheads first by Páid
 O'Donoghue.

Young Páid, he was as brave a boy as ever hammer swung,
 And the finest hurler that you'd find the lads of Meath
 among ;

And when the wrestling match was o'er no man could boast
 he threw

The dark-haired smith of Curroghá, young Páid O'Donoghue.

So Pádraig lived a happy life and gaily sang each day
 Beside his ringing anvil some sweet old Irish lay,
 Or roamed light-heartedly at eve thro' the woods of lone
 Kilbrue,

With her who'd given her pure heart's love to Páid
 O'Donoghue.



PATRICK ARCHER.
("mac finegall.")

But Ninety-Eight's dark season came and Irish hearts were
sore ;

The pitch-cap and triangle the patient folk outwore ;
The blacksmith thought of Ireland and found he'd work to do :
" I'll forge some steel for freedom," said Páid O'Donoghue.

Tho' the Yeos were in Dunshaughlin and the Hessians in
Dunreagh,

Tho' spread thro' fair Moynalty were the Fencibles of Reagh ;
Tho' Roden's godless troopers ranged from Screen to Mullachoo,
The pike-heads keen were hammered out by Páid
O'Donoghue.

And so in Curroghá each night was heard the anvil's ring,
While scouting on the roadways were Hugh and Phelim
King,

With Gillic's Mat, and Duffy's Pat, and Mickey Gilsenan, too,
While in the forge for Ireland worked young Páid
O'Donoghue.

But a traitor crept amongst them, and the secret soon was
sold

To the captain of the Yeomen for the ready Saxon gold ;
And a troop burst out one evening from the woods of dark
Kilbrue,

And soon a rebel prisoner bound, was Páid O'Donoghue.

Now Pádraig Og pray fervently, your earthly course has run ;

The captain he has sworn you'll not see the morrow's sun.
The muskets they are ready, and each yeoman's aim is true ;
Death stands beside thy shoulder, young Páid O'Donoghue.

" Down on your knees, you rebel dog," the yeoman captain
roared,

As high above his helmet's crest he waved his gleaming
sword.

“Down on your knees to meet your doom, such is the rebel’s due;”

But straight as pike shaft ’fore him stood bold Páid O’Donoghue.

And there upon the roadway where in childhood he had played,

Before the cruel yeoman he stood quite undismayed—

“I kneel but to my God above, I ne’er shall bow to you;

You can shoot me as I’m standing,” said Páid O’Donoghue.

The captain gazed in wonder, then lowered his keen-edged blade,

“A rebel bold as this,” he said “’tis fitting to degrade.

Here men!” he cried, “unbind him, my charger needs a shoe;

The King shall have a workman in this Páid O’Donoghue.”

Now to the forge young Páid has gone, the yeomen guard the door,

And soon the ponderous bellows is heard to snort and roar;

The captain stands with reins in hand while Pádraig fits the shoe,

And when ’tis on full short the shrift he’ll give O’Donoghue.

The last strong nail is firmly clenched, the captain’s horse is shod!

Now rebel bold thine hour hath come, prepare to meet thy God!

But why holds he the horse’s hoof there’s no more work to do?

Why clenches he his hammer so, young Páid O’Donoghue?

A leap! a roar! a smothered groan! the captain drops the rein,
And sinks to earth with hammer-head sunk deeply in his brain;

And lightly in the saddle fast racing towards Kilbrue

Upon the captain’s charger sits bold Páid O’Donoghue.

A volley from the pistols, a rush of horses' feet—

He's gone ! and none can capture the captain's charger
fleet ;

And on the night wind backwards comes a mocking loud
" Halloo ! "

That tells the yeomen they have lost young Páid
O'Donoghue.

PATRICK ARCHER.

THE DEATH OF EMMET.

A.D. 1803.

See, there within the heart of Dublin City,

That silent throng of people waiting. Why ?
Because a noble youth—O tale of pity !—

Comes forth to-day for Freedom's cause to die !

He saw his country scourged, and bruised, and beaten,
And trampled down, a butt for brutal scorn,

Because he tried her sorrow-draught to sweeten
In manhood's budding strength he dies this morn.

And gathered closely there, with placid faces,

And fireless gaping eyes, to see him fall,
To see his bright hopes crushed in death's embraces,
Are they the slaves he strove to free from thrall ?

Hush ! here he comes, with steps that do not falter,

With fearless gaze, and proudly-arching brow,
A noble offering he, for Freedom's Altar,—

But ye who watch, where is your manhood now ?

Why tender not your hearts to Anger's leading,

And burst like wind-lashed waves upon that crew,
Who, back and forth like fiends accurst are speeding
In joy because they've hellish work to do.



BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

What matter tho' he's hedged around by foemen,
 A people's will is mightier than the sea ;
 What ! fear ye then those black-souled coward yeomen ?
 Ah ! sad his fate who dies for such as ye !

The neck is bared, the kingly head is bending,
 The longing eyes look wistfully around ;
 Great God ! and shall it come, the cruel ending ?
 And shall he die like this, in fetters bound ?

O, if 'twere where the battle-flame was sweeping
 Above the rush, and roar, and din of strife,
 Where angry men, 'gainst lines of foemen leaping,
 Avenged the wrongs of sire, and maid, and wife.

But here to die, 'mid foes, exultant, jeering,
 'His work undone, his country still in chains.
 Hark ! hears he not the sound of distant cheering !
 He feels the fire of Freedom in his veins !

Mo bhrón ! Mo bhrón ! not so, 'tis fancy only,
 Some woman's wail ; perhaps some pitying moan
 For him, who faces death unarmed and lonely,
 Who fights the last great fight of all—alone.

The hour has come, his star of life is paling ;
 But still, the hope-flush lives upon his cheeks.
 He looks around, that eagle eye unquailing,
 And, as the upraised axe would fall, he speaks :—

“ Not yet,” he says, “ not yet, I am not ready ; ”
 His eager gaze is fixed upon the street ;
 His heart is throbbing now with beat unsteady ;
 He listens for the sound of rushing feet.

“ Not yet, not yet,” once more the words are spoken,
 And while they come upon each gasping breath
 The blow is struck, the brave proud heart is broken,
 The noble spirit stilled in endless death.

A leering brute stoops down a moment later,
And raises up the ghastly bleeding head.
"Behold," he cries, "the fate of every traitor.
Ha ! ha ! the dogs have wine that's rich and red."

And ye who came with hasty footsteps, thronging,
Who, round the block, in rageless silence stood ;
Who knew his heart for Freedom's light was longing,
And saw him die, that dogs might lap his blood !

Go ! hide your heads in guilty shame, unending,
And see that blood-stained form before your eyes.
Nor time, nor change, nor storms the wide earth rending,
Shall stifle in your hearts his anguished cries.

But come it will—the patriot's vindication—
And men shall rise to blot out every stain,
To bring back life and strength to Emmet's Nation ;
To tear from off her limbs the thraldom chain.

Some day guilt receives its own red wages,
And if *we* fail to pay back every debt,
There's One who rules o'er all, thro' all the ages,
And *He* remembers well—if we forget.

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

ROBERT EMMET'S SPEECH FROM THE DOCK.

MY LORDS—I am asked what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law. I have nothing to say that can alter your pre-determination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have laboured to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been

cast upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your mind can be so free from prejudice as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and that is the utmost that I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storms by which it is buffeted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of the law, labour in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe time must determine. A man in my situation has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in the defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man, as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standards—a

government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows it has made.

I appeal to the Immaculate God—I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the conviction which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and I confidently hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest of enterprises. Of this I speak with confidence, of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, or a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

.

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country; and for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradiction? No; I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country, not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? Was it a change of masters? No, but for my

ambition. Oh, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressor. My Country was my Idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up myself, O God! No, my lords; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, from the ignominy existing with an exterior of splendour and a conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-rivettèd despotism—I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world. Connection with France was, indeed, intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require.

I have been charged with that importance in the emancipation of my country, as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as your lordship expressed it, “the life and blood of the conspiracy.” You do me honour over-much; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conception of yourself, my lord—men before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced by shaking your blood-stained hand.

What, my lord, shall you tell me on the passage to the scaffold, which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor

—shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you, too, although if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir your lordship might swim in it.

.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonour; let no man attain my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression and misery of my country. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No; God forbid!

.

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, oh! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism

which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim—it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are now bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be yet patient ! I have but a few more words to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—my race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is—THE CHARITY OF ITS SILENCE. Let no man write my epitaph ; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me rest in obscurity and peace ; and my tomb remain uninscribed, and my memory in oblivion, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

SÍOSMA AN ANMA LEIS AN SCOLAINN.

Éirctigíð a cõmuppa asur inneorad rcéal oib,
 Mar doeirid na huðair muinte léigeanra,
 Ar an ríorma éruaid a beir lá na n-daoir-ùreac
 As an scolainn ir an anam i n-arraid a céile.

An uair réirfeair an triompa go haðbail faobrac,
 Eirceoid i n-a ruide le bpið go héaraid,
 Asur baileoid annrúð gac trúp ran traogal,
 Mar ar céarad Cpiort go fíor ar géar-époir.

An uair éiocfuid an t-anam damanta daor duib
 Aníor ar irpeann ir é uile mar éora,

Raéaró go dtí an éolann lobtha ran seiré ríor
 Cum teangmál' leir an mbeirteam ar mullaé an énuic
 éadtaig.

AN T-ANAM :

Déarparó le fearg is é ag rceardais le plantais :
 Mo mallaét duit, a éolann, com dona 'r is féidir ;
 Is iomtha mallaét do tuillir dom i n-irpeann daoréa,
 Is mo mallaét do'n lá i n-ar éanga ag pléir leat.

AN ÉOLANN :

Créad é do éuir éugam, a lúbaire rcléiréad ?
 Créad fá go bfuilir com cuéad ro im' daorad ?
 Créad a rinnear leat miam a diaabail an éitig
 le n-a mbeiréa ar buile éugam is ag ríormaó le faobair-nim.

AN T-ANAM :

Do meallair cum peaca mé leo' blaobairéad éitig,
 Is do geallair i n-a diaó rin leo' bmaérais bpeige
 Go noéanfa aipige is' peacaib élaontaé',
 Níó ná rinneir no go rinnead tú daorad.

Is iomtha mallaét do tuillir dom i n-irpeann éraorad
 i daorib do éuirpéadé' ó rugad ran traogal tú ;
 Mo éreac, go dóighe, is go rcolleta céarta
 Mar a fuair mé miam tú ó Dia mar céile !

AN ÉOLANN :

Nac agat-ra bí an éiall miam is an éirim,
 Tuigrint agur meabair i rceannta céile ?
 Créad é an éuir ná rinneir mire do rtaonad,
 Is gan leigint doim tura do millead is do éaocad ?

AN T-ANAM :

Do fuair mé éiall ó Dia, ní bréag ran ;
 Acé do bain tura díom i le bpiú do élaonta ;
 Do dallair mo meabair leo' éaim-rúigtib éitig,
 Mo éoil, mo tuigrint do millir-re i n-éirpeadé.

AN CÖLANN:

Éirte, a rcallaire, ir a glamaire béicead,
 Taoi go hiomarcad as déanamh tubairte le héitead;
 Má bíor-ra dall gac am dem' fáogal
 Do bír-re mall cum aicruge déanamh.

Ir fóir ba méara leat beir maectnamh ar d'éirim,
 Ar feabhar d'eolair ir do mhór-cuir péime,
 Ir méir do tuisreana i gcuideactain éisre,
 Cé nár tuisce duit an tuisrin ba naomta.

AN TANNAM:

Éirte-re, a conablaig ir cuir corp leo' béal uaim,
 Ir iomda oíoch-éinnit asat as inrint réal oim:
 Dá ndéanfaínn-re cuir deo' corcail-re do rceirdeactaint,
 Da mhór an marlaó do leanraó i n-a taoib oir.

.

Ní faib truaig asat dómra ir tú go púrcad péacac,
 As imteact go meadrac ir tairbire ar d'éadan,
 Go bailtib móra ió' gugaire rcléirpac,
 As imirte ir as ól ir leir an óise pléirpac.

.

Ir iomda biaó maié blarta do éair leat féimig
 Ir féartairde móra i mearc uairle tréitead,
 Agus mire go fannlas lom fé géar-glár
 Irtaig ió' éabail-re 'r gan beann as éinne oim.

AN CÖLANN:

Stao, a clampaire ir ná labair com' daor ran;
 Má éairinn-re bair i mearc clair na féile,
 Ir go n-ólainn i dtiis an órta mo dáoctain
 Níor rtaonar tura ó cuirdeactain naomta.

AN TANNAM:

Deirim nac mirte a fáó gur tugaire-re t'éitead
 Nuair binn-re ar aigne mo leara do déanamh

Le faoiríoin beataó im' p'eachaib' go léiríeac,
 Ní leigfeá-ra éum cinn mé, a élaóaire an éitig,

Dá ráó san amhar go raib' am mo óaoctain
 Aham-ra go fóil éum iompóda ar naom'taet,
 Ir ó bí Dia trócaireac sur éoir nár baogal dom
 Fuiríeac mar a bíor go críe mo fáogail.

AN COLANN:

Má bíor san tuigrin san éruinnear san érim,
 San fíor na deiríeac aet im' breillice bréasac,
 Cao é an éuir ná pinnir-re mé do rtaonaó,
 Ir san leigint dom éoiróe tura do éaoctó?

AN TALLAM:

Ná tuigead' don duine sur mire do léan tú,
 Ní mé go deimín aet do neam'-fium féiníó,
 San gráó do Dia ná éileam ar naom'taet
 Aet íó' rpaóaire marb' san eagla i n-don éor.

Cé go bruaipir fogluim éum labairt le héiríeac,
 Saédeat' ir laidean ir ana-éuro béarla
 Níor éoir duit éoiróe i gcuiríeactain an traoğail
 Beir aš cáinead' šac n'ouine nár éumann leat féin é.

Deirim le pírinne le briš ir éiríeac,
 Sur maic do tuillir go deimín do óaoctó;
 Mar dúil do leara níor šlacair i n-don éor,
 Aet fuiríeac íó' šaigse sur šearpaó de'n traoğal tú.

Com' fáda ir beiró Dia 'na Dia ar an traoğal
 Beró tura ir mire ar buile san traoctó,
 Aš mallíeactaint go tróm šac am ar a ééile
 I óteintib' íppinn 'mearc tuille tá óaoctá.

Beró rplanncača teine aš pít ar do béal-ra,
 Ir piarctáde nime íó' íte ir íó' píeabaó;

Do éeann no do éloiseann ar fhucaó le tréine,
'Sior inr an scoir ip túb ar buile le plantaió.

AN COLANN:

Mo mallacó le bimib do'n lá pucaó ra traoḡal mé,
Mo mallacó le buile do ḡac nḡuine do éaoó mé,
Im' éarriac 'ran bpeaca de ḡearcaib ḡroó-élaonta,—
Ip mo mallacó duit-re tuḡaim éom' dona 'r ip féirip.

Mo épeacó ḡo dḡiḡte, ip mo bḡón móir péine,
Nac im' éloic no im' máide do éairear mo éearma;
Ní beinn i nḡiu im' éonablaó bḡéan aic
Aḡ iméacó ḡo hippeann 'meapc tuille tá ḡaorpa.

AN TALLAM:

A bḡocair millteac blaḡmannaó rcléipeacó,
Leis doó' éainnt ip éirt lem' rceál-ra;
Níor éuḡir i n-am do éanntia an méio rin,
An peaca do fcaóaint no ḡur leaḡaó túb traoéca.

Ní leompaó moilleacó éum beic aḡ innrint rceál duit;
Caireacó ḡabáil io' fcaoir 'r ip oic liom' féin rin,
Éum dul ḡo ḡleann ḡo mbeicó rliocó éaba ann,
Aic ná faḡair-re ceacó cainnte ann ar don éor.

Taoó leir an nḡleann ro, ḡan ampar d'éinne,
'Seacó ruióiró Cḡiorc ar máoil an tḡléibe,
Éum bḡeic do éabairt ip peacaiḡ do ḡaorpaó
Ip aicriḡiḡ 'ra éeapc ḡo deo do fcaorpaó.

lomprocaó aḡaó ḡo meillteacó faoubpac
Amac ar rliuaiḡtib móra éabairó,
Ip deapraio leo le comacó a naomtaó'
"Cḡeacó é éuḡe 'na iunneap do'n tréac-ro?"

"Épiorceap ḡacacó lá ar fárac rléibe,
ḡan biaó ḡan deocó, ḡo boóc ḡo tréic laḡ;

Ír, tar éir mo éarṫannaḁṫ' éum bup maitear do ṫéanaíṫ,
ṫoiṫ ríḁ an ṫiaḁḁal ír mo maṫṫail-re ṫríéṫ ríḁ.

“Ímṫíṫíḁ ḁr mo maṫḁarc ír leaṫḁḁ ír léan oṫaíḁ,
ḁ ṫṫeam na maṫṫaḁṫ, an ḁicme bṫéan ro ;
ṫeinte írṫinn éom ṫearṫ 'r ír réioir
'Ḃup loṫcaḁ ṫo ṫeo, ṫan fóirṫín ṫan ṫṫaoḁḁḁ.

“Ír ríḁ-re, ḁ ṫṫeam ṫus ṫṫeann ṫo héaṫ ṫom,
ṫus biaḁ ír ṫeoḁ ṫom, ír móṫán éaḁaíṫ,
lóirṫín oíḁḁ,—ír le ṫeaṫ-ḁṫoiḁ ṫéanaḁ
ṫo leor maiteara í ṫcaiteam bup ṫaoṫail ṫom,
ṫṫaírṫíḁ ṫiom, ḁ éṫann ḁoḁṫ éaḁaíḁ,
í réiḁ na ḁṫṫaitear í mearc ḁinṫeal naomṫa
fé ṫlóir ṫíl éaṫíṫíṫ na caṫṫaḁ néata
ḁṫ molaḁ an ḁṫar an íṫic ír an ṫaoim-Sṫioṫaíḁ.”

PATRICK DENN.

THE BOATMEN OF KERRY.

Above the dark waters the sea-gulls are screaming ;
Their wings in the sunlight are glancing and gleaming ;
With keen eyes they're watching the herring in motion,
As onward they come from the wild restless ocean.
Now, praise be to God, for the hope that shines o'er us,
This season, at least, will cast plenty before us ;
When safely returning with our hookers well laden
How gaily will sound the clear laugh of each maiden.
Oh ! light as young fawns will they run down to meet us
With accents of love on the sea-shore to greet us ;
While merrily over the waters we're gliding,
Each wave, as it rolls, with our boat-stems dividing ;
Till high on the beach every black boat is stranded—
Her stout crew in health and in safety all landed,

Near cabins, though humble, from whence they can borrow
Content for the day and new hope for the morrow.

Oh, loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry !
For stalwart and true are the Boatmen of Kerry !
To guide the black hooker, or scull the light wherry,
My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry !

The rich man from feasting may seek his soft pillow—
The plank is our bed, and our home is the billow ;
Our sails may be rent, and our rigging be riven,
Yet know we no fear, for our trust is in Heaven.
To waves at the base of dark Brandon's steep highlands,
To sandbank and rock, near the green Samphire Islands,
The nets that we cast in the night are no strangers—
The nets that we tend in all trials and dangers.
From north, east, and west, though the wild winds be blowing,
Though waves be all madly or placidly flowing,
Those nets get us food when our children are crying—
Those nets give us joy when all sadly we're sighing ;
When signs in the bay be around us and near us,
With thoughts about home to inspire us and cheer us—
When falls over earth the gray shade of the even,
When gleams the first star in the wide vault of Heaven,
Through gloom and through danger each bold boatman urges
With sail, or with oar, his frail boat through the surges.

Oh ! loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry !
For stalwart and true are the Boatmen of Kerry !
To guide the black hooker, or scull the light wherry,
My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry !

Though wealth is not ours, though our fortunes be lowly,
Our hearts are at rest, for our thoughts are all holy.
Oh ! who would deny it, that saw, in fair weather,
Our black boats assembled at anchor together ;

Their crews all on board them, prepared, with devotion,
To list to the Mass we get read on the ocean !
Oh ! there is the faith that of Heaven is surest—
Oh ! there is religion, the highest and purest.
Oh ! could you but view them, with eyes upward roving
To God ever living, to God ever loving—
The deep wave beneath them, the blue Heaven o'er them,
The tall cliffs around them, the altar before them—
You'd say : " 'Tis a sight to remember with pleasure—
A sight that a poet would gloat o'er and treasure.
Oh ! ne'er shall my soul lose the lesson they've taught her,
Those fishermen poor, with their Mass on the water."

Oh, loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry !
Religious and pure are the Boatmen of Kerry !
To guide the black hooker, or scull the light wherry,
My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry !

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

She once was a lady of honour and wealth,
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health,
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold ;
Joy revelled around her—love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride ;
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for the suffering race ;
And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered : " I come !"

She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride ;
Nor wept at the threshold, as onward she moved,
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast,
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But, gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame ;
Forgot all the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barter for Heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet that to music could gracefully move
Now bear her alone on the mission of love ;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them ;
That voice that once echoed the song of the vain
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain,
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet—her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read ;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed,
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crowned head ;
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees,
Her music—the Psalm, or the sigh of disease ;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,
Are the cares of that Heaven-minded virgin confined ;
Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.

She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick ;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity there is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves 'mid the vapour of death ;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace ;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly ! behold her, ye vain !
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain ;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen ;
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid ?

GERALD GRIFFIN.

MINIC A TIG.

Bí fear ann don uair amháin agus bí inínean reamhac aige,
agus bí saé uile dúine i ngrádh léite. B'íod beirt ógánac as
teacht i gcómnuidé faoi n-a déin 'sá cúirteirleadt. Do
tairnig fear aca léite, agus níor tairnig an fear eile.
An fear náir cúir pí ruim ar bit ann, do tigeaó ré go
minic go tig a haóar le hamharc uirte féin agus le beir
i n-a cuideachtain ; áct an fear a faid dúil aici ann ní tigeaó
ré áct go hannam. B'fearu leir an áóar go bpórfad

rí an buacailt a bí aš teac̃t̃ cuici go minic, ašur pinne ré
 oíneir m̃or don lá amáin, ašur cuir pé cuircead̃ ar uile
 duine. Nuair bí na daoine uile c̃puinnig̃te dubairt ré
 le n-a inšin :

“Ól deoc̃ anoir,” ar seirpan, “ar an bfeair ip feair
 leat inr an sc̃uirdeac̃tain reo,” mar šur f̃aoil ré go
 n-ólfaõ rí deoc̃ ar an bfeair buõ m̃ait̃ leir féin. T̃os̃
 rí an šlaine i n-a lám̃, ašur feair rí ruar, ašur deairc̃ rí
 i n-a timceall, ašur annpoin dubairt rí an jann ro :

Ólaim do f̃láinte a m̃inic-a-t̃is,*
 f̃aoi cuairim f̃láinte a' m̃inic-nae-õtis ;
 ip t̃ruaš é nae m̃inic-nae-õtis,
 A t̃isear cõm minic le m̃inic-a-t̃is.

Šur̃ rí r̃ior nuair dubairt rí an ceac̃raim̃a, ašur ñior
 labair rí don f̃ocal eile an t̃rác̃h̃ona poin. Ac̃t̃ ñior
 t̃áinig̃ an feair óš m̃inic-a-t̃is cõm f̃aoa léite ar̃ir, mar
 cuig̃ ré nae f̃aib̃ ré aš teart̃ail, ašur p̃ór rí feair a roša
 féin le toil a hac̃ar. Ñior cuair̃õ mé don nuairdeac̃t̃
 eile d̃a õtaoib̃ ó poin.

[Ar “leab̃ar Sc̃éaluirdeac̃ta” An C̃raoib̃in Aoib̃inn.]

*Seo é an béarla do cuir an C̃raoib̃in féin ar an jann ro f̃uar oúinn :

I drink the good health of Often-who-came,
 Who Often-comes-not I also must name,
 Who Often-comes-not I often must blame
 That he comes not as often as Often-who-came !

Ašur reo é cumaõ t̃á ar an jann i n-áiteannair̃ áir̃ite i šCúige Mum̃an

fé cuairim f̃láinte m̃inic a f̃uir̃o.
 Seo f̃ór pé f̃láinte m̃inic nári f̃uir̃o.
 Mo õit̃ ip mo õois nae é m̃inic nári f̃uir̃o.
 Do f̃uir̃ofoaõ cõm minic le m̃inic do f̃uir̃o.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

The evening star rose beauteous above the fading day,
As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came to pray,
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow
fall ;
But the bank of green where Mary knelt was brightest of
them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters, a gallant barque appeared,
And her joyous crew looked from the deck as to the land
she neared ;
To the calm and sheltered haven she floated like a swan,
And her wings of snow o'er the waves below in pride and beauty
shone.

The master saw our Lady as he stood upon the prow,
And marked the whiteness of her robe—the radiance of her
brow ;
Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast,
And her eyes looked up among the stars to Him her soul
loved best.

He showed her to his sailors, and he hailed her with a cheer,
And on the kneeling Virgin they gazed with laugh and jeer ;
And madly swore, a form so fair they never saw before ;
And they cursed the faint and lagging breeze that kept them
from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,
And up its wrathful billows rose to vindicate their queen,
And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the
land,
And the scoffing crew beheld no more that lady on the strand.

Out burst the pealing thunder and the lightning leaped about ;
 And rushing with his watery war, the tempest gave a shout ;
 And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with
 thundering shock ;
 And her timbers flew like scattered spray on Inshidony's
 rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild and
 high ;
 But the angry surge swept over them, and hushed their
 gurgling cry ;
 And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest passed away,
 And down, still chafing from their strife, th' indignant waters
 lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high
 Dunmore
 Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inshidony's shore ;
 And to this day the fisherman shows where the scoffers sank ;
 And still he calls that hillock green, " the Virgin Mary's
 bank."

J. J. CALLANAN.

GÚGÁN BARRA.

There is a green island in lone Gúgán Barra,
 Where allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow ;
 In deep-valleyed Desmond—a thousand wild fountains
 Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains.
 There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
 Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow ;
 As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
 It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning !

And its zone of dark hills—oh ! to see them all bright'ning
 When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,

And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like the clans from the hills at the voice of the battle ;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullach the eagles are screaming :
Oh ! where is the dwelling in valley, or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island ?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivéra,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
And thought of thy bards, when assembling together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy heather ;
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
And waked their last song by the rush of thy water.

High sons of the lyre, oh ! how proud was the feeling,
To think while alone through that solitude stealing,
Though loftier Minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains
The songs even echo forgot on her mountains ;
And gleaned each grey legend, that darkly was sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty were creeping.

Least bard of the hills ! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to our country has bound
me,
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me :
Still, still in those wilds might young liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley,
The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

I, too, shall be gone—but my name shall be spoken,
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken ;

Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming,
 When freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
 And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
 Where calm Abhann Buidhe seeks the kisses of ocean,
 Or plant a wild wreath from the banks of that river
 O'er the heart, and the harp, that are sleeping for ever.

J. J. CALLANAN.

BEAN NA UTRÍ MBÓ.

So péiró a bean na utrí mbó !

Ar do bólaéct ná bí teann ;

Uo éonnaic mire, san so,

Bean ir ba dá mó a beann.

Ilí máireann raibhpear de gnáct ;

Do neac ná tabair táir so móir ;

Éugat an t-éas ar sac taoib ;

So péiró, a bean na utrí mbó !

Slíocht éogain ilóir ra ilumain,

A n-iméaéct do óin clú óóib

A reolta sup leigeadar ríor :

So péiró, a bean na utrí mbó !

Clann gairce tígearna an élaip

A n-iméaéct ran ba lá leom,

Ir san rúil le n-a oteaéct so bpiáct :

So péiró, a bean na utrí mbó.

Oomnall ó Úún Duíde na long

Ó Súilleabáin nár éim glóir,

Peac sup tuic 'ran Spáinn le claoeann :

So péiró, a bean na utrí mbó !

Ó Ruairc ip Maḡuḡóir do bí
 Lá i nÉirinn 'na lán beoil,
 Féac féin suir mḡis an oír;
 So méir, a bean na tóirí mbó!

Síol ḡCeirḡaill do bí teann
 Le n-a mbeirḡe ḡac ḡeall i nḡlec
 Ní maireann don oíob, mo oíe!
 So méir, a bean na tóirí mbó!

Ó don buin amán de bpeir
 Ar mhnaoi eile ip i a tó
 Do pinnir iomaḡca aréir:
 So méir, a bean na tóirí mbó!

Ip tḡuagḡ maḡ do beir an ḡaoḡal
 Aire ar na boiḡt do élaoró,
 Ní ḡaḡaḡo bean an oá bó féin
 Ceirḡ ná coir ó bean na tóirí.

An ceangal:

Bíor ar m'falamḡ, a amóir ip uaibḡeac ḡnóir,
 Do bíor ḡan oearḡmao ḡearḡnac buan 'ḡan tḡuḡ
 Tḡíro an ḡaḡmaḡ do ḡlaḡair leo' buaib ar tóir
 'S oá bḡaḡamn-ḡe ḡealb a ceatḡir do buaibḡinn tḡ.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

The night was falling dreary in merry Bandon town,
 When in his cottage, weary, an Orangeman lay down,
 The summer sun in splendour had set upon the vale,
 And shouts of "No surrender!" arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters laving the feet of aged trees,
 The Orange banners waving, flew boldly in the breeze—
 In mighty chorus meeting, a hundred voices join,
 And fife and drum were beating The Battle of the Boyne.

Ha! towards his cottage hieing, what form is speeding now
 From yonder thicket flying, with blood upon his brow?
 "Hide—hide me, worthy stranger! though Green my colour be,
 And in the day of danger may Heaven remember thee!

"In yonder vale contending alone against that crew,
My life and limbs defending, an Orangeman I slew.
Hark ! hear that fearful warning, there's death in every tone—
Oh, save my life till morning, and Heaven prolong your own."

The Orange heart was melted in pity to the Green ;
He heard the tale, and felt it his very soul within.
"Dread not that angry warning, though death be in its tone—
I'll save your life till morning, or I will lose my own."

Now, round his lowly dwelling the angry torrent pressed,
A hundred voices swelling, the Orangeman addressed—
"Arise, arise and follow the chase along the plain !
In yonder stony hollow your only son is slain !"

With rising shouts they gather upon the track amain,
And leave the childless father aghast with sudden pain.
He seeks the righted stranger in covert where he lay—
"Arise !" he said, "all danger is gone and passed away !

"I had a son—one only, one loved as my life,
Thy hand has left me lonely in that accursed strife ;
I pledged my word to save thee until the storm should cease ;
I keep the pledge I gave thee—arise, and go in peace !"

The stranger soon departed from that unhappy vale,
The father broken-hearted lay brooding o'er that tale.
Full twenty summers after to silver turned his beard ;
And yet the sound of laughter from him was never heard.

The night was falling dreary, in merry Wexford town,
When in his cabin, weary, a peasant laid him down,
And many a voice was singing along the summer vale,
And Wexford town was ringing with shouts of "Gráinne
Mhaol !"

Beside the waters laving the feet of aged trees,
The green flag, gaily waving, was spread against the breeze ;

In mighty chorus meeting, loud voices filled the town,
And fife and drum were beating, "Down, Orangemen, lie
down!"

Hark! 'mid the stirring clangour, that woke the echoes there,
Loud voices, high in anger, rise on the evening air,
Like billows of the ocean, he sees them hurrying on—
And 'mid the wild commotion, an Orangeman alone.

"My hair," he said, "is hoary, and feeble is my hand,
And I could tell a story would shame your cruel band,
Full twenty years, and over, have changed my heart and brow,
And I am grown a lover of peace and concord now.

"It wasn't thus I greeted your brother of the Green,
When, fainting and defeated, I freely took him in,
I pledged my word to save him from vengeance rushing on,
I kept the pledge I gave him, though he had killed my son!"

That aged peasant heard him, and knew him as he stood;
Remembrance kindly stirred him and tender gratitude.
With gushing tears of pleasure he pierced the listening train—
"I'm here to pay the measure of kindness back again!"

Upon his bosom falling that old man's tears came down,
Deep memory recalling that cot and fatal town.
"The hand that would offend thee my being first shall end,
I'm living to defend thee, my saviour and my friend!"

He said, and slowly turning, addressed the wondering crowd,
With fervent spirit burning, he told the tale aloud.
Now pressed the warm beholders, their aged foe to greet;
They raised him on their shoulders and chaired him through
the street.

As he had saved that stranger from peril scowling dim
So in his day of danger did Heaven remember him.
By joyous crowds attended the worthy pair were seen,
And their flags that day were blended of Orange and of
Green.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

MO LÉAN LE LUAD

Mo léan le luad ip m'áttuirpe
'S ní féar do buaint ar éarceannaib
O'pás céarta buaidéarta m'aigne

Le tréimpe, go tláé;

Áet éigre 'r ruadā an treanúir
I ngéibheann éruarō 'r i n-anacair,
So tréit i otnačaiū leatān' luirpe,

San réim mar ba gñáé.

'S gac lonna-bile boirb-éutaiš tréan-éumair o'pár
De brolla-rtoc na rona-čon do p'reamuiš ó'n Spáim.
So canntlaé faon laš earbairōčeač
Fé Šall-rmačt g'éar aš Oanaraib,
An cam-rpriot claon do fealbuiš
A raor-bailte rtáit.

So fann aréir 'r mé aš mačtnam ar
Šac plannō' de'n Šaebeal-šuil čalma,
An o'ponš ba čréine i šceannar čipt
'S i réim šnre fáil.

Le feall-beairt claon ip šangairō uile
Šac ramairte rméirte Šaranaiš
So fallra féan an tairpeann
Ip raor-rtáit na nšráp.

I n-anacra fé čarcuirne 'r i ng'éar-b'ruirōib gábairō
Aš cama-řliočt na malluiščeačt' an éičiš 'r an řmáit
Tré buairōipt an řčéil řeo čeałš řinn
Šo ouairpe ip léir mar aičuirpeao
Le ruain-b'riočt tréit šur trearcraō mé
Im' čréan-čotlaō řpár.

Trém' néal ar éuairō 'reaō ōearcar-řa
Réilteann uaral taitneamāč,
Šo béarač buacač ceannarač
Aš téarnam im' ōáil;

Da b'fáimpeacá duatac dáite tuig

A cpaob-folt cuacac camappa

As téacá go reubac bacalla

Léi i n-éimpeacá go fáil.

'Na leacain gíl do ceapair o'raoite éigre 'sup fáir

Sup fearainn Cúipio cleacá glie ip gaece 'na láim,

Ar tí gac tréim-fir éalma

Do tigeac 'na gaoir do ceatgao

Cró'ir claoideac na céadta papipe

I n-daoir-éireacáib báir.

Da binne féir a tana-guib

Ná fuinneam méar as rppreacá puipt

'S ná cruic an té do treapair mhu

Cí baot dom a ráo.

'S ba gile a héadan p'neacámail

Ná 'n lile caom no eala ar ppuic,

'S ba p'nuiróte caol a mala puióte

Ar péilt-éapic gan cáim.

A mama cruinne ar feangá-cruic nárléanac le p'páire,

A leabair-époib do beapacá loingear éantair ip blac

Da mionla maopda maireamail

A p'iošar 'r a p'céim 'r a p'earpa-cruic

Do p'p'ioirig mé cum labarca

Inr na b'p'acáib po im' deáir

A p'iošan béapac, aicp'ir dom,

An tú 'n doil-éneir tré n-ar treapacá

Ná mílte 'on féim le gairce Tairc

Mhe Tréim éug an r-ár;

No an b'p'igacá Hélen o aicp'ig

Tar cuinn ó'n n'p'p'ig lé'r caitleacá truipt

I Suigé na Trac mar beapacá o'raoite

I léar-pannaib doán;

An marcalac ó Albain éug laoc leir 'na báire;

An aindir lé'r tuic clann mhuig mar léigtear 'ran cáim.

No an péilteann aepeac cáitneamác,

D'fás raoite Saeðeal i n-anabhuir
 De òruim sup òrèamuis Danair uile
 I réim inre fáil ?

Ir béapaé rtuamóda d'fpeaḡair mé
 'S í aḡ déanaí uail' ir caḡuisḡte :
 Mí ḡaon dár luadair id' rḡarḡaib mé
 Cioḡ léir dom an táin.

Ir mé céile 'r nuadḡair ḡaroluir
 Tá dḡapaé duairc fé ḡarḡuirne,
 San réim ná buaid mar éleáḡḡar-ra
 Mo laoc ó tá ar rán.

Le fḡarḡaib ciḡḡ an araid-míe fuaḡir peannaid ciḡir ir páir
 Beid' rḡaḡpead 'r mḡḡ ar ḡalla-puic do fḡalbuḡḡ ar rḡát ;
 Mí dḡanaid liom an aicme ḡuḡ
 Mo dḡarḡa aḡ rílead láḡḡa tuḡ
 I n-anabhuir fé'n amaḡ aḡ
 Sae rḡaon-bile ráim.

Ir fé mar luadadair fḡan-dḡraoite
 Do dḡeanaḡ tuar ir ḡairḡḡḡeáḡḡ
 Beid' fḡlíc i ḡcuantaid Banban
 Fé féile Sain Séain

'ḡadairḡ rḡeímle 'r muḡḡḡa ar fḡarann Cuḡḡ
 ḡar linnḡib muadḡ na fḡairḡḡe
 Ar ḡaḡ rḡméirle mór-cuḡḡḡ Sapanaiḡ
 'S ní léan liom a bḡrḡáḡainn ;

Beid' ḡarḡḡad claidḡeam ir rḡaḡpead ḡruir ir ḡréim-ḡḡear-
 cairḡ náimad

Ar ḡaḡ ailp aca do éleáḡḡad puinḡ ir fḡarḡa 'ran páir,
 Do b'áite rult na fḡeámair-poc
 Aḡ mḡ 'r aḡ ciḡḡ le heaḡla
 Ná an rḡaḡḡeáḡḡ ro cḡaradair
 Luḡḡ fḡar do leaḡad ar páḡ.

EOḡAN RUAD Ó SÚILLEADḡAIN.

THE SAXON SHILLING.

Hark ! a martial sound is heard—

The march of soldiers, fifing, drumming,
Eyes are staring, hearts are stirred—

For bold recruits the sergeant's coming;
Ribands flaunting, feathers gay—

The sounds and sights are surely thrilling;
Dazzled village youths to-day

Will crowd to take the Saxon Shilling !

Ye, whose spirits will not bow

In peace to parish tyrants longer—

Ye, who wear the villain brow,

And ye, who pine in hopeless hunger—

Fools without the brave man's faith—

All slaves and starvelings who are willing
To sell yourselves to shame and death—

Accept the fatal Saxon Shilling.

Ere you from your mountains go

To feel the scourge of foreign fever,

Swear to serve the faithless foe

That lures you from your land for ever !

Swear, henceforth his tools to be,

To slaughter trained by ceaseless drilling—

Honour, home, and liberty,

Abandoned for a Saxon Shilling.

Go ! to find 'mid crime and toil,

The doom to which such guilt is hurried—

Go ! to leave on Indian soil

Your bones to bleach, accursed, unburied—

Go ! to crush the just and brave,

Whose wrongs with wrath the world are filling—

Go ! to slay each brother slave,

Or—spurn the blood-stained Saxon Shilling.

Irish hearts ! why should you bleed
 To swell the tide of British glory—
 Aiding despots in their need,
 Who've changed our green so oft to gory !
 None, save those who wish to see
 The noblest killed, the meanest killing,
 And true hearts severed from the free,
 Will take again the Saxon Shilling !

Irish youths ! reserve your strength
 Until an hour of glorious duty,
 When freedom's smile shall cheer at length
 The land of bravery and beauty.
 Bribes and threats, oh ! heed no more—
 No more let despots find you willing
 To leave your own dear island shore
 For those who send the Saxon Shilling.

KEVIN T. BUGGY.

TWENTY GOLDEN YEARS AGO.

O, the rain, the weary, dreary rain,
 How it plashes on the window-sill !
 Night, I guess, too, must be on the wane,
 Strass and Gass around are grown so still.
 Here I sit, with coffee in my cup—
 Ah ! 'twas rarely I beheld it flow
 In the tavern where I loved to sup
 Twenty golden years ago !

Twenty years ago, alas !—but stay—
 On my life, 'tis half-past twelve o'clock !
 After all, the hours do slip away—
 Come, here goes to burn another block !

For the night, or morn, is wet and cold ;
And my fire is dwindling rather low—
I had fire enough, when young and bold
Twenty golden years ago.

Dear ! I don't feel well at all somehow ;
Few in Weimar dream how bad I am ;
Floods of tears grow common with me now,
High-Dutch floods, that reason cannot dam.
Doctors think I'll neither live nor thrive,
If I mope at home so—I don't know—
Am I living now ? I was alive
Twenty golden years ago.

Wifeless, friendless, flagonless, alone,
Not quite bookless, though, unless I choose,
Left with nought to do, except to groan,
Not a soul to woo—except the muse—
O ! this is hard for me to bear,
Me, who whilome lived so much *en haut*,
Me, who broke all hearts like china ware
Twenty golden years ago !

Perhaps 'tis better—time's defacing waves,
Long have quenched the radiance of my brow—
They who cursed me nightly from their graves,
Scarce could love me were they living now ;
But my loneliness hath darker ills—
Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought and Co.,
Awful Gorgons ! worse than tailors' bills
Twenty golden years ago.

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
O, how plaintive you would ween I was !
But, I won't, albeit I have a deal
More to wail about than Kerner has !

Kerner's tears are wept for withered flowers,
 Mine, for withered hopes, my scroll of woe
 Dates, alas ! from youth's deserted bowers,
 Twenty golden years ago.

Yet, may Deutschland's bardlings flourish long—
 Me, I tweak no beak among them :—hawks
 Must not pounce on hawks ; besides, in song,
 I could once beat all of them by chalks.
 Though you find me as I near my goal,
 Sentimentalising like Rousseau,
 O ! I had a grand Byronian soul !
 Twenty golden years ago !

Tick-tick, tick-tick—not a sound save Time's,
 And the wind-gust as it drives the rain—
 Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
 Go to bed, and rest thine aching brain !
 Sleep ! no more the dupe of hopes or schemes ;
 Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
 Curious anti-climax to thy dreams
 Twenty golden years ago !

J. C. MANGAN.

DUAN AN ÓLACÁIN.

Seo duan maéḡamḡna, páḡḡais ḡ ḡiobóro, ḡmúḡ fear ba ḡnáḡaḡ i ḡḡiḡ
 an táḡḡḡne ḡo ruaiḡe raob-nóḡaḡ ; aḡur, aḡ n-ól a ḡóḡḡan ḡóib, ḡḡ
 amal a ḡíóir ná fear aca ḡall ḡroḡ-maḡḡḡe, fear eile líḡḡḡḡa
 laḡ-ḡoḡaḡ, aḡur an ḡríḡḡaḡ fear baḡḡeḡḡ buan-balb. Seḡó !

ḡáḡla i luimniḡ le céile
 i n-éinḡeḡḡ i n-aḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ
 ḡmúḡ náḡ ḡ'annam i ḡḡiḡ an táḡḡḡne,
 maéḡamḡan, páḡḡais aḡur ḡiobóro.

maéḡamḡan ! an ḡan ḡ'ibeaḡ a ḡóḡḡan
 ní ḡḡaḡaḡ fear eolaiḡ a ḡuḡḡḡḡḡ
 i mḡeaḡla ná i ḡḡeangḡan a máḡar,
 aḡḡ amḡan : “ ḡibé ar biḡ é ! ”

Conntráirda bíonn tÍOBÓID,
 Ní bíonn aSó 'na foclaib;
 Ní cailleann ball dá éreáctar
 Acé tSur tréit las a cora.

Síó móir rúla pÁORAIṢ,
 Ir iao áluinn le feicint,
 Tar éir plogta na scorpán
 Faid a leat-láim' ní feiceann.

Suiríro ar élar na póite,
 Ir soimro an cáirt 'r an pota,
 Sloṡaro an piúnt 'r an cnaisín
 Mar do bí a taitéige aca.

Ar blairead an leanna do tÍobóid,
 Ir plubós de'n uirce beatao,
 Do-beir pé an Tmuonóid
 Supab i rin beoir ir fearr pa catair.

“Má'r í,” arfa pÁORAIṢ,
 “bimír lán ár scroiceann
 Annró so meadóin oiréce
 'S téirdeao an siúirtir dá érocaó.”

“Mair an cainnt!” arfa Matṡamain,
 “Ir é féin leat-rúṡac poime rin
 Bimír reatao so rúṡac,
 Ir leanaimír dúctar ár rinrii.”

Iúro deoc ar a céile,
 'S ní féirir liom innrint
 Cá méro uair, san reacrán,
 Do ṡaib an corán timceall.

Mar roin doib le cairibar
 'S le haouṡao an píopa;
 Do caiteao leo so ṡáireac
 An lá aṡur cuir de'n oiréce.

Dar liom sup maié an cónhíad
 Aoir an pádánac ra laoiunn:
 Mar a mbíonn rópóit ir rólár
 So mbíonn dólár 'ná n-aice.

Ar a deic de'n élog so trom-éiread
 Tis an dhoiméar so tapaid
 Ir deir: "Sáe duine d'á lóirctín
 No i gcóir-dáib so maidin!"

"Mire millead," arsa Tiobóir,
 "Ir beao fé éimoblóir so maidin;
 Dá bfaḡainn raiðbhear na dúitche
 Ní déanfaínn riuḡal ná airtear."

"Ir meara mire!" arsa páorais,
 "Cé náir liom le n-ínnirint,
 Tar doimar amac ní léir dom
 Don ruo áct oirde."

Do dein Maḡḡamain zeal-ḡáire
 Nuair connac cáir na beirce:
 Duine so laḡ-órac cáinteac,
 Ir duine eile dail le meirce,

Labair Tiobóir so cmaíote:
 "Cao ir fearr dúinn a déanam?
 A Maḡḡamain éiríde na páirce,
 Ir náir dúinn ár rcéalta."

"ḡibé ar bíḡ é, bí ruar ar mo ḡualainn,"
 'S ní déin duanaircact bpeige,
 "Ir mé aḡ rorair fá d'roé-ualaé,
 ḡibé ar bíḡ é, luadar do déanrao."

Do pinnead maírac de Tiobóir,
 'S níor iarri rtoróir ná ḡiorca;
 "Oé, ocón!" arsa páorais,
 "Cá bfaḡair ríḡ mire."

“ Beir síor ar mo éolca,
 No ar íoctar cóta an duine,
 Is lean rinn trío an trráio
 Mar dail san rúil i sclaigeann.”

Mar roin dóibh go páirta
 Go pángadar an geata;
 “Zounds!” ar’ an Sall-pear, “It’s Satan Incarnate,”
 And cries, “A monster, a monster!”

Do labair Tiobóir go héarcaí,
 ‘S ní hé a cúir bhearta bí ar iarrmaí;
 Is Maṭṡamain fí n-a fearaí,
 Is é as fearaí is as fíaraí.

“I am no monster
 Nor counterfeit divil,
 But a country gentleman
 Both honest and civil.

“Who, coming up street
 By chance got a fall
 And broke both my legs,
 O, fortune dismal!”

“Who is he that carrieth thee?”
 Asketh the soldier;
 Dubairt seiréan: “For my money
 I hired the porter.”

“What’s he that follows thee?”
 Instances the sentry.
 “A blind harper,” says he,
 “That plays for the gentry.”

Mar roin dóibh, ar éigin
 Do léigeadh iad tar geata;
 Is díombuirdeac do bí Maṭṡamain
 De cáinnit dhóc-múinte an maircaí;

Mar adubairt san conntabhairt
 Sur porctúir é do ceannuis:
 Do teilg Tiobóir uasal
 Dá gualaimn ra laetais.

Annpoin do gual Tiobóir
 Leat-éoróin mar luac raotair
 Dá mbeiread é d'á lóirtín
 Ir do móiruis rin ar *vade mecum*.

Do glac Maḡamain a ualac
 An uara uair go háimleirc,
 Ir do rug Tiobóir d'á lóirtín
 Ar binn élóicín as pátrais.

Luair do fuid Tiobóir 'na cetaoir
 Ir é san faitcior san doctad,
 Ir maiḡ do éoruis a márcuigeaḡt,
 Ir fear ealaḡan le doctad.

AN CEANḡAL:

Do-éim sur tubairteaḡ turar an óil reo ḡnait;
 Do-éim na hiorcaḡa uirparbaḡ fóir-laḡ tlaḡt;
 Do-éim an duine le daille san treoir ra trpáir,
 'S an trpómaḡ duine san focal 'na beol ar áir.

'S, a Éiríort, cár mirtir rin tuirim le cróḡaḡt lám,
 No le ḡníom oirḡeirc do cuirpéad mé ar nóir an báir?
 Aḡt duine le daille, le iomarca an ólaḡáin,
 San riubal san mipe san fpuotal, ir oirpóil an cár.

O'CONNELL'S SACRIFICES FOR IRELAND.

While Lord Mayor of Dublin, in 1842, Daniel O'Connell was charged in the course of a controversy with the Earl of Shaftesbury, an English Catholic, with various crimes, among them being that he promoted agitation with the object of increasing his own personal income through the means of the " Repeal Rent." O'Connell replied as follows to the misrepresentation in reference to the " Repeal Rent " :—

I will not consent that my claim to " the rent " should be misunderstood. That claim may be rejected ; but it is understood in Ireland ; and it shall not be misstated anywhere without refutation.

My claim is this. For more than twenty years before Emancipation the burthen of the cause was thrown on me. I had to arrange the meetings, to prepare the resolutions, to furnish replies to the correspondence, to examine the case of each person complaining of practical grievances, to rouse the torpid, to animate the lukewarm, to control the violent and the inflammatory, to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law, to guard against multiplied treachery, and at times to oppose at every peril the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause.

To descend to particulars—at a period when my minutes counted by the guinea, when my emoluments were limited only by the extent of my physical and waking powers ; when my meals were shortened to the narrowest space, and my sleep restricted to the earliest hours before dawn ; at that period, and for more than twenty years, there was no day that I did not devote from one to two hours, often much more, to the working out of the Catholic cause. And that without receiving or allowing the offer of any remuneration, even for the personal expenditure incurred in the agitation of the cause itself. For four years I bore the entire expenses of Catholic agitation, without receiving the contributions of others to a greater amount than £74 on the whole. Who shall

repay me for the years of my buoyant youth and cheerful manhood? Who shall repay me for the lost opportunities of acquiring professional celebrity, or for the wealth which such distinction would ensure?

Other honours I could not then enjoy.

Emancipation came. You admit that it was I who brought it about. The year before Emancipation, though wearing a stuff gown, and belonging to the outer bar, my professional emoluments exceeded £8,000; an amount never before realised in Ireland in the same space of time by an outer barrister.

Had I adhered to my profession I must soon have been called within the bar, and obtained the precedence of a silk gown. The severity of my labour would have been at once much mitigated, whilst the emoluments would have been considerably increased. I could have done a much greater variety of business with much less toil, and my professional income must have necessarily been augmented by probably one half.

If I had abandoned politics, even the honours of my profession and its highest stations lay fairly before me.

But I dreamed a day-dream—was it a dream?—that Ireland still wanted me; that although the Catholic aristocracy of Ireland had obtained most valuable advantages from Emancipation, yet the benefits of good government had not reached the great mass of the Irish people, and could not reach them unless the Union should be either made a reality—or unless that hideous measure should be abrogated.

I did not hesitate as to my course. My former success gave me personal advantages which no other man could easily procure. I flung away the profession—I gave its emoluments to the winds—I closed the vista of its honours and dignities—I embraced the cause of country! and—come weal or come woe—I have made a choice at which I have never repined, nor ever shall repent.

An event occurred which I could not have foreseen. Once

more high professional promotion was placed within my reach. The office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer became vacant. I was offered it. Or, had I preferred the office of Master of the Rolls, the alternative was proposed to me. It was a tempting offer. Its value was enhanced by the manner in which it was made ; and pre-eminently so by the person through whom it was made—the best Englishman that Ireland ever saw—the Marquis of Normandy.

But I dreamed again a day-dream—was it a dream ?—and I refused the offer. And here am I now taunted, even by you, with mean and sordid motives.

I do not think I am guilty of the least vanity when I assert that no man ever made greater sacrifices to what he deemed the cause of his country than I have done. I care not how I may be ridiculed or maligned. I feel the proud consciousness that no public man has made more, or greater, or more ready sacrifices.

Still there lingers behind one source of vexation and sorrow ; one evil, perhaps greater than all the rest ; one claim, I believe higher than any other, upon the gratitude of my countrymen. It consists in the bitter, the virulent, the mercenary, and therefore the more envenomed hostility towards me, which my love for Ireland and for liberty has provoked. What taunts, what reproaches, what calumnies, have I not sustained ? What modes of abuse, what vituperation, what slander have been exhausted against me ! What vials of bitterness have been poured on my head ! What coarseness of language has not been used, abused, and worn out in assailing me ? What derogatory appellation has been spared ? What treasures of malevolence have been expended ? What follies have not been imputed ? in fact, what crimes have I not been charged with ?

I do not believe that I ever had in private life an enemy. I know that I had and have many, very many, warm, cordial, affectionate, attached friends. Yet here I stand, beyond controversy, the most and the best abused man in the

universal world ! And, to cap the climax of calumny, you come with a lath at your side instead of the sword of a Talbot, and you throw Peel's scurrility along with your own into my cup of bitterness.

All this have I done and suffered for Ireland. And, let her be grateful or ungrateful, solvent or insolvent, he who insults me for taking her pay wants the vulgar elements of morality which teach that the labourer is worthy of his hire ; he wants the higher sensations of the soul, which enable one to perceive that there are services which bear no comparison with money, and can never be recompensed by pecuniary rewards.

Yes, I am—I say it proudly—the hired servant of Ireland, and I glory in my servitude.

THE DYING MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Oh God, it is a dreadful night—how fierce the dark winds blow,
It howls like mourning *bean sidhe*, its breathings speak of woe ;
'Twill rouse my slumbering orphans—blow gently, oh wild
blast,

My wearied hungry darlings are hushed in peace at last.

And how the cold rain tumbles down in torrents from the skies,
Down, down, upon our stiffened limbs, into my children's
eyes :—

Oh, God of Heaven, stop your hand until the dawn of day,
And out upon the weary world again we'll take our way.

But, ah ! my prayers are worthless—oh ! louder roars the
blast,

And darker from the pitchy clouds, the rain falls still more
fast ;

Oh God, if you be merciful, have mercy now, I pray—

Oh, God forgive my wicked words—I know not what I say.

To see my ghastly babies—my babes so meek and fair—
To see them huddled in that ditch, like wild beasts in their
lair :

Like wild beasts ! No ! the vixen cubs that sport on yonder
hill

Lie warm this hour, and, I'll engage, of food they've had their
fill.

Oh blessed Queen of Mercy, look down from that black sky—
You've felt a mother's misery, then hear a mother's cry ;
I mourn not my own wretchedness, but let my children rest,
Oh, watch and guard them this wild night, and then I shall be
blest !

Thus prayed the wanderer, but in vain !—in vain her mournful
cry ;

God did not hush that piercing wind, nor brighten that dark
sky :

But when the ghastly winter's dawn its sickly radiance shed
The mother and her wretched babes lay stiffened, grim, and
dead !

J. KEEGAN.

AN PAIÖRÍN PÁIRTEAC.

STADAIÖ IR PCÉITFEAD PCÉAL NA PCATAIÖE

AN MÄOÖM AR MAILÍR SÁTAIN,

AR ŞANGAIÖ AR ŞÉAR-ŞOIN ŞAOÖA AN ŞADAIÖE

IR AR ÉLÄON-ÉUR ÉATAIÖE AN ÉNEÁÖAIPE ;

ÖO MEALLAÖ LEIR CÉAO TAP CÉAÖTAIB 1 ŞCAÖAIH,

ÖO LEIŞEAD ŞO ŞLAN ÖIOÖAÖT NEÁMÖA ;

IR PREABAIÖ-RI Ö'N BPÉIRT FÁ ŞÉAŞAIB ŞEANMNAIÖE

PÉARLA AN PÁIÖRÍN PÁIRTIŞ.

SEACNAIÖ, RÉANAIO RÉALA AN TPLAÖAIÖE,

A BPÉAŞA, A BEAPTUÖEACÖT BÁIÖTE ;

ÖALLAIÖ AN ÖAOL LE ÖÉAPAIÖ AIÖPIŞE,

IR TPÉIŞIÖ TAIÖIŞE AN TÁÖAIPE ;

Leanair an péilteann déaraeac deas-éirítheac
 Šmanua geal-špinn špárac,
 'S fá ceapmann réinne a réite tagair,
 A éire an páirín páirtis.

Aiteanta Dé ná réabaó neac oib,
 Déanuigró, learuigró láirpeac
 Bui mbearta go béarac caomnac cneap-caoim
 Tréiteac cair-binn tábaéac;
 Raemar an traogail, reléir ir fleao-šion,
 Féac sup neam-níó a mbláť ran:
 Ní maiprio ať tréimre taoó leu' taitimhe,
 A péarta an páirín páirtis.

Fala gan féile, cpaor ir calaor,
 Cléite ir cleapuiréacť cáinte,
 Malluigťeacť méinne, tréan-toil teapairde,
 Taorcaó cannaide ir cáirta,
 Blandaireacť, blaomann, baot-bpuiro, bpauiģeacť
 Ppéim na bpeacairde éráio rinn;
 'r banaltia an don-mhic glaoóao mar' éaparo,
 Péarta an páirín páirtis.

Domuigim féin do'n traogail sup péacuiģear.
 Ir o' don-mac geal-éioć máire,
 Sealao dom' paogail i ġlaontať rtauiģeacť
 Aģ réabaó ceapť-óliģe an pápa;
 Munabar béil, gan ppéir i n-aicģiģe,
 Lem' déine ní altuigim ráp-mait,
 Ať aģ magao 'r aģ reléir fé éreao an páirín
 Naomťa ainglióe páirtis.

ģac tuine ġup mian leir éirteacť real tinn,
 'S le tréitib ár bpairín páirtis,
 Seacnaó béite, cpaor, ir mailp,
 Bpéaģa, bnaoaiģe, ir cáineao

Aifreann Dé ná léigead le faillige,
 I r' dearc le deas-éiríde deáiríad;
 I r' maítríó Mac Dé go léir na peacairde
 Tar éir na haítríge táinig.

I r' cuma liom féin cá taoib 'na leasfaídear
 I bpeín no i n-aicíó báir mé,
 Aót go mbead duine de'n éleir ann gléarfaó m' aibíó,
 I r' céir do larrfaíde ar clár dom;
 An fiolar an gé i r' féice i gcannabí,
 'S mo éreádaó as maóraib ríáíde
 Ó glacadaí mé fá rcéit a mbraicairde
 As éirteáót an b'airíín b'airtí.

TAÓS SAETHALAC Ó SÚILLEADÁIN.

THE GATHERING OF THE NATION.

Those scalding tears—those scalding tears
 Too long have fallen in vain—
 Up with the banners and the spears,
 And let the gathered grief of years
 Show sterner stuff than rain.
 The lightning in that stormy hour
 When forth defiance rolls,
 Shall flash to scathe the Saxon power,
 But melt the links our long, long shower
 Had rusted round our souls.

To bear the wrongs we can redress
 To make a thing of time—
 The tyranny we can repress—
 Eternal by our dastardness
 Were crime—or worse than crime :

And we, whose best and worse was shame,
From first to last alike,
May take, at length, a loftier aim,
And struggle, since it is the same
To suffer—or to strike.

What hatred of perverted might
The cruel hand inspires,
That robs the linnet's eye of sight
To make it sing both day and night !
Yet, thus they robbed our sires.
By blotting out the ancient lore
Where every loss was shown—
Up with the flag ! We stand before
The Saxons of the days of yore
In Saxons of our own.

Denial met our just demands,
And hatred met our love ;
Till now, by Heaven ! for grasp of hands,
We'll give them clash of battle-brands,
And gauntlet 'stead of glove.
And may the Saxon stamp his heel
Upon the coward's front,
Who sheaths his own unbroken steel,
Until for mercy tyrants kneel,
Who forced us to the brunt !

J. D. FRAZER.

THE FELONS.

{Thomas Francis Meagher, and a couple of other outlawed 'Forty-Eight men, when wandering in Tipperary with a price on their heads, came upon a poor peasant at the close of a distressing and anxious day. Their meeting forms the subject of the following lines.}

“ Good peasant, we are strangers here
And night is gathering fast ;
The stars scarce glimmer in the sky,
And moans the mountain blast ;
Can'st tell us of a place to rest ?
We're wearied with the road ;
No churl the peasant used to be
With homely couch and food.”

“ I cannot help myself, nor know
Where ye may rest or stay ;
A few more hours the moon will shine,
And light you on your way.”

“ But, peasant, can you let a man
Appeal to you in vain,
Here, at your very cabin door,
And 'mid the pelting rain—
Here, in the dark and in the night,
Where one scarce sees a span ?
What ! close your heart ! and close your door
And be an Irishman ! ”

“ No, no—go on—the moon will rise
In a short hour or two ;
What can a peaceful labourer say
Or a poor toiler do ? ”

“ You're poor ? Well here's a golden chance
To make you rich and great !
Five hundred pounds are on our heads !
The gibbet is our fate !

Fly, raise the cry, and win the gold
 Or some may cheat you soon ;
 And we'll abide by the roadside,
 And wait the rising moon."

What ails the peasant ? Does he flush
 At the wild greed of gold ?
 Why seizes he the wanderers' hands ?
 Hark to his accents bold :

" Ho ! I have a heart for you, neighbours—
 Aye, and a hearth and a home—
 Ay, and a help for you, neighbours :
 God bless ye and prosper ye—Come !
 Come—out of the light of the soldiers ;
 Come in 'mongst the children and all ;
 And I'll guard ye for sake of old Ireland
 Till Connall himself gets a fall.

" To the demons with all their gold guineas ;
 Come in—everything is your own ;
 And I'll kneel at your feet, friends of Ireland !
 What I wouldn't for King on his throne.
 God bless ye that stood in the danger
 In the midst of the country's mishap,
 That stood up to meet the big famine—
 Och ! ye are the men in the gap !

" Come in—with a céad míle fáilte ;
 Sit down, and don't make any noise,
 Till I come with more comforts to crown ye—
 Till I gladden the hearts of the boys.
 Arra ! shake hands again—noble fellows
 That left your own homes for the poor !
 Not a man in the land could betray you
 Or against you shut his heart or his door."

ΤΑΥΤΟΣ ΔΕΥΣ Δ ΜΑΤΑΙΡ.

(A picture of the proselytising methods of the Famine period.)

‘Οο βεατα δβαίτε,’ ταυτός! Thank you kindly, mother.
 Cionnur tá do íláinte, ‘taυτός? Finely, finely, mother.
 Διηύ, cá μαβαίρ, Δ ταυτός? I’ll tell you the whole truth,
 mother,

In troth, I went to school to learn the rules of Grammar.

One day I was at home, with a pain that wasn’t merry,
 I walked and went astray, and found my way to Castlederry
 The master spoke so fine, he placed me right in clover;
 I said their prayers in rhyme, and spelt the Bible over.

Δγυρ εαο Δ ευαίρ, Δ ταυτός? A finely shawley, mother.
 Σοιρόε αν πόρτ ε, ‘ταυτός? Every kind of colour.
 I thought that all was right, that mate would be on the table,
 For they kil’t a cow that died; but it was all a fable.

The master was a rogue, his name was Darby Coggage,
 He ate the mate himself, we only got the cabbage;
 The mistress, too, was sly, which no one ever doubted,
 She was mighty fond of wine, and left the sick without it.

We were honoured there one day by bonnets they call cottage.
 And when they went away we called them ladies’ porridge;
 But, mother, wait awhile, we’ll try to trate them civil,
 Νυαιρ páppaio ná ppátaioe nuaða, we’ll pitch ‘em to the
 divil.

αν ταταίρ τομήναι ο súilleabáin.

THE EMIGRANTS.

Behold ! a troop of travellers descending to the shore—
Strong, stalwart youths and maidens, mixed with those in
years, and hoar ;

With stealth they glide towards the tide like walkers in their
sleep :

Where are ye going, lonely ones, that thus ye walk and weep ?

No answer : but the lip compressed argues a tale to tell—

A studied silence seems to hold them bound as if a spell ;

They passed me by abstractedly, their gaze where, near at
hand,

Rolls through the shade the heavy wave upon the sullen
strand. .

Stop—whither go ye ? See, behind, e'en yet the landscape
smiles—

The broad sunset illumines yet these pleasant western isles—

Why, why is it that none will turn and take one look behind,

But rather face the billows there, to light and counsel blind ?

Peace ! questioner—we know the sun upon our soil doth
rest—

Though Emigrants, we have not cast all feeling from our
breast ;

But still, we go—for through that shade hope gilds the distant
plain,

While round the homes we've left we look for nourishment in
vain !

Well, thou art strong ; thy stubborn strength may make the
desert do ;

But, see ! a weeping woman here—some shivering children
too :

Deluded female, stop ! for thee what hope beyond the tide ?

For me ?—and seest thou not I have my husband by my side ?

And thou, too, parting ! thou, my friend, that loved thy home
and ease ?

Ay—see my brothers—sisters here—what's country without
these ?

But then, thy hands for toil unfit—thy frame to labour new ?
What then ? I work beside my friends—come thou and join
our crew.

Yes, come ! exclaims a reverend man—glad will we be of
thee—

We go in Christian fellowship our mission o'er the sea—
I've left a large and happy flock, that loved me, too, full well ;
Yet I take heart, as I depart where godless heathens dwell.

Alas ! and is it needful then that from this ancient soil
Where wealth and honour crowned so long the hardy yeoman's
toil,
The goodliest of its offspring thus should bid the canvass swell,
And to the parent earth in troops wave their last sad farewell ?

I'm answered from the swarming ports, the ever-streaming
tide

That pours on board a thousand ships my country's hope and
pride—

I'm answered by the fruitless toil of many a neighbour's hand,
And the gladsome shouts of prosperous men in many a distant
land.

Stay, countrymen !—e'en yet there's time—we'll settle all
your score—

We cannot spare such honoured men—'twould grieve our
hearts too sore ;

Things will go smooth—why quit the scene a thousand things
made dear.

That wealth may deck ye in the spoils torn from affection
here ?

Torn is the last embrace apart—the vessel quits the shore—
They're waving hands from off the deck—we hear their voice
no more—

God bless ye, friends ! I honour ye, adventurous, noble band !
Farewell ! I would not call ye now back to this wretched land !

Why not myself among ye, loved associates of my day ?
Why not with you embarked to share the perils of your way ?
Because, though hope may be *your* sun, remembrance is *my*
star—

Farewell—I'll die a watcher where my father's ashes are.

DIGBY PILOT STARKEY, M.R.I.A.

GOD'S SECOND PRIEST : THE TEACHER.

In that dark time of cruel wrong, when on our country's
breast

A dreary load, a ruthless Code, with wasting terrors prest—
Our gentry stripped of land and clan, sent exiles o'er the main
To turn the scale on foreign fields for foreign monarch's gain—
Our people trod like vermin down, all 'fenceless flung to sate
Extortion, lust, and brutal whim, and rancorous bigot hate—
Our priesthood tracked from cave to hut, like felons chased
and lashed,

And from their ministering hands the lifted chalice dashed ;
In that black time of law-wrought crime, of stifling woe and
thrall,

There stood supreme one foul device, one engine worse than
all.

Him whom they wished to keep a slave, they sought to make
a brute—

They banned the light of heaven—they bade instruction's
voice be mute.

God's second priest—the Teacher—sent to feed men's minds
with lore—

They marked a price upon his head, as on the priests' before.
Well—well they knew that never, face to face beneath the
sky,

Could tyranny and knowledge meet, but one of them must
die ;

That lettered slaves will link their might until their murmurs
grow

To that imperious thunder-peal which despots quail to know !
That men who learn will learn their strength—the weakness
of their lords—

Till all the bonds that gird them round are snapped like
Samson's cords.

This well they knew, and called the power of ignorance to aid ;
So might, they deemed, an abject race of soulless slaves be
made—

When Irish memories, hopes, and thoughts were withered,
branch and stem—

A race of abject, soulless serfs, to hew and draw for them.

Ah, God is good and nature strong—they let not thus decay
The seeds that deep in Irish breasts of Irish feeling lay ;
Still sun and rain made emerald green the loveliest fields on
earth,

And gave the type of deathless hope, the little shamrock,
birth ;

Still faithful to their holy Church, her direst straits among,
To one another faithful still, the priests and people clung.
And Christ was worshipped and received with trembling haste
and fear,

In field and shed, with posted scouts to warn of bloodhounds
near ;

Still crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge, or stretched on
mountain fern

The teacher and his pupils met feloniously—to learn ;

Still round the peasant's heart of hearts his darling music
twined,

A fount of Irish sobs or smiles in every note enshrined
And still beside the smouldering turf were fond traditions told
Of heavenly saints and princely chiefs—the power and faith
of old.

Deep lay the seeds, yet rankest weeds sprang mingled—could
they fail ?

For what were freedom's blessed worth if slavery wrought
not bale ?

As thrall, and want, and ignorance still deep and deeper grew,
What marvel weakness, gloom, and strife fell dark amidst us
too.

And servile thoughts that measure not the inborn worth of
man—

And servile cringe and subterfuge to 'scape our masters' ban—
And drunkenness—our sense of woe a little while to steep—
And aimless feud, and murderous plot—oh ! one could pause
and weep !

'Mid all the darkness, faith in heaven still shone, a saving ray,
And heaven o'er our redemption watched, and chose its own
good day.

Two men were sent us—one for years, with Titan strength of
soul,

To beard our foes, to peal our wrongs, to band us and control ;
The other, at a later time, on gentler mission came :

To make our noblest glory spring from out our saddest shame !
On all our wondrous upward course hath heaven its finger set,
And we—but, oh ! my countrymen, there's much before us
yet.

How sorrowful the useless powers our glorious island yields—
Our countless havens desolate, our waste of barren fields,
The all-unused mechanic might our rushing streams afford,
The buried treasures of our mines, our sea's unvalued hoard !

But, oh ! there is one piteous waste whence all the rest have grown,

One worse neglect—the mind of man left desert and unsown.
Send Knowledge forth to scatter wide, and deep to cast its seeds,

The nurse of energy, and hope, of manly thoughts and deeds.
Let it go forth ; right soon will spring those forces in its train
That vanquish Nature's stubborn strength, that rifle earth
and main—

Itself a nobler harvest far than Autumn tints with gold,
A higher wealth, a surer gain, than wave and mine enfold.
Let it go forth unstained, and purged from Pride's unholy
heaven,

With fearless forehead raised to man, but humbly bent to
heaven ;

And press upon us one by one, the fruits of English sway,
And blend the wrongs of bygone times with this our fight
to-day ;

And show our fathers' constancy, but truest instinct led
To loathe and battle with the power that on their substance
fed ;

And let it place beside our own the world's vast page to tell
That never lived the nation yet could rule another well.
Thus, thus our cause shall gather strength ; no feeling vague
and blind,

But stamped by passion on the heart, by reason on the mind.
Let it go forth—a mightier foe to England's power than all
The rifles of America, the armaments of Gaul !

It shall go forth, and woe to them that bar or thwart its way—
'Tis God's own light, all heavenly bright—we care not who
says nay.

JOHN O'HAGAN.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

With the Sign of the Cross on my forehead, as I kneel on the
cold dungeon floor,

As I kneel at your feet, Rev. Father, with no one but God to
the fore—

With my heart opened out for your reading, and no hope or
thought of rel'ase

From the death that, at daybreak to-morrow, is staring me
straight in the face.

I have told you the faults of my boyhood—the follies and
sins of my youth—

And now of this crime of my manhood I'll speak with the
same open truth.

You see, sir, the land was our people's for ninety good years ;
and their toil

What first was a bare bit of mountain brought into good fruit-
bearing soil ;

'Twas their hands raised the walls of the cabin, where our
children were born and bred,

Where our weddings and christenings were merry, where we
waked and keened over our dead.

We were honest and fair to the landlord, we paid him the rent
to the day—

And it wasn't our fault if our hard sweat he wasted and
squandered away

On the cards, and the dice, and the racecourse, and often in
deeper disgrace,

That no tongue could relate without bringing a blush to an
honest man's face.

But the day came at last that they worked for, when the
castles, the mansions, the lands

They should hold but in trust for the people, to their shame
passed away from their hands ;

And our place, sir, too, went to auction—by many the acres
were sought,
And what cared the stranger—that purchased—who made
them the good soil he bought ?
The old folk were gone—thank God for 'it—where trouble or
care can't pursue ;
But the wife and the childre'—oh, Father in Heaven !—what
was I to do ?
So I thought I'll go speak to the new man—I'll tell him of me
and of mine ;
The trifle I've gathered together I'll place in his hands for a
fine—
The estate is worth six times the money, and maybe his heart
isn't cold ;
But the scoundrel who bought the “ thief's pen'orth ” was
worse than the pauper that sold—
I chased him to house and to office, wherever I thought he'd
be met ;
I offered him all he'd put on it—but no ! 'twas the land he
should get ;
I prayed as men only to God pray—my prayer was spurned
and denied,
And what matter how just my poor right was, when *he* had
the *law* on his side !

I was young, and but few years was married to one with a
voice like a bird—
When she sang the old songs of our country every feeling
within me was stirred.
Oh ! I see her this minute before me with a foot 'wouldn't
bend a croneen,
Her laughing lips lifted to kiss me—my darling, my bright-
eyed Eibhlin !
'Twas often with pride that I watched her, her soft arms
fondling our boy,
Until *he* chased the smile from her red lip, and silenced the
song of her joy--

Whist, Father, have patience a minute let me wipe the big drops from my brow—

Whist, Father, I'll try not to curse him ; but, I tell you, don't preach to me now.

Exciting myself ! Yes, I know it ; but the story is now nearly done,

And, Father, your own breast is heaving—I see the tears down from you run.

Well, he threatened—he coaxed—he ejected, for we tried to cling to the place

That was mine—yes, far more than 'twas his, sir—I told him so up to his face.

But the little I had melted from me in making a fight for my own,

And a beggar with three helpless childre', out on the world I was thrown.

And Eibhlin would soon have another—another that never drew breath—

The neighbours were good to us always—but what could they do against death ?

For my wife and my infant before me lay dead, and by him they were kil't,

As sure as I'm kneeling before you to own to my share of the guilt.

I laughed all consoling to scorn, I didn't mind much what I said,

With Eibhlin a corpse in a barn, on a bundle of straw for a bed ;
But the blood in my veins boiled to madness—do they think that a man is a log ?

I tracked him once more—'twas the last time—and I shot him that night like a dog.

Yes, I did it—I shot him ! but, Father, let them who make laws for the land

Look to it when they come to judgment for the blood that lies red on my hand.

If I drew the piece, 'twas they primed it, that left him stretched cold on the sod ;

And from their bar where I got my sentence I appeal to the
 bar of my God
 For the justice I never got from them, for the right in their
 hands that's unknown ;
 Still, at last, sir—I'll say it—I'm sorry I took the law into my
 own—
 That I stole out that night in the darkness while mad with my
 grief and despair,
 And drove the black soul from his body, without giving him
 time for a prayer.
 Well, 'tis told, sir, you have the whole story ; God forgive him
 and me for our sins ;
 My life is now ending—but, Father, the young ones ! for them
 life begins.
 You'll look to poor Eibhlin's young orphans ? God bless you !
 And now I'm at p'ace
 And resigned to the death that to-morrow is staring me
 straight in the face.

“ BRIGID ” OF THE *Nation*.

AICÉIRÍGE SEÁIN DE NÓRÓD.

A mhic Mhuiré na ngráir do cuireadh cum báir,
 Ir t'fúlaimís an páir peanaídeas,
 Do ceannuis ríol ádhaim le allur do énam,
 Fuil aghur cneada deapda ;
 Freagair mé, a grádh ; beir m'anam i tcríac
 So parraídar lán-gradamac,
 As caiteam an trólaíir fáda gíl breagha
 Ioir apptail ir árd-aingeallaid.

Freagair mé, a Críort, a éirí mo éiríde,
 An éiríais reo im' éirí, corruis i
 Ir óm' deapcaid leis ríor ríochá aicéiríge,
 Do béapfar go críe flaitíir mé ;

Maṛ ip peacaḁ mé b́i peannalaḁ f́ioṛ,
 Oṛioic-beapṫaḁ f́ioṛ-mallaiḡṫe,
 Ip ná taḡaiṛ-pe baoiṛ beapṫaḁ an tṛaoiḡil
 Aṛ m'anam le linn peapṫa liom.

Sepeadaim ip éiḡim, aicéim ḡo f́eim
 Aṛ muiṛe 'r a haon m'ac calma
 Teacṫ pealaḁ f́e oéin m'anma pléiró,
 Ip a córaint ó'n maor malluiḡṫe.
 Deirciobail Oé 'r a ḡcapaṛḁ ḡo léir;
 Im' ṫarṫainḡ 'ran f́eim beannuiḡṫe
 Mo beapṫa aṛ an raḡḡal cealḡaḁ claon
 ḡanḡaiṛdeḁ baot do m'aitéaḁ dom.

A Oia aṫá f́uar, f́eaḁ oṛm anuar
 Ip f́eiróciḡ mo ḡuaiṛ anṫaṛ,
 Aḁṫ leiḡ me ḡo ruannaiṛ f́árṫa iḁ' éuan
 ḡléiḡeal buan-tṛeaṫm'ac.
 A ṫiḡeapna na mbuaḁ, oéin oṛm tṛuaḡ
 Aṛ téaḁṫ do'n uaiṛ m'arḁṫa
 Ip ná leiḡ mipe uait f́eimró le f́uaḁ
 I bpéin le rluaḡ aḁapoin.

Ip deocaiṛ dom laḁaiṛṫ leaṫṛa ḡan oabṫ,
 Aḡ taḡaiṛṫ do éabaiṛ éalma;
 Ip ḡuṛ f́aḁa mé aḡ tṛeaḁaḁ tṛeaṫna le f́onn
 I ḡcoinne do móúmail-aicéanta.
 Ní'l inṛ an doíman f́aiṛṫing, mo lom!
 Peacaḁ le toḡaḁ ip meapṫa loiṫ
 Ná mipe tá boḁaiṛ balḁ im' loḁaiṛ
 Ceangailṫe aḡ an noṛeam malluiḡṫe.

Ní lia le f́aḁ ḡainim aṛ ṫṛáiḡ,
 Ná oṛpúḁṫ aṛ baṛṛ ḡlaṫṫaḁ,
 Ná peaca le ruiḡeam aṛ m'anam, f́óiríoiṛ!
 Ceangailṫe im' éṛioiḁ éalcaḡṫe.

1r móir liom a dtuair póimam 'ran tSliab,
 ádt ní fógnann eiaé easla;
 1r sur mó iad le léigeanh grápa mic Dé
 ná a nbeáina an raoḡal d'ainbhíor.

Molaim-re Dia éar a bpeaca mé mianh,
 1r Muire bain-tigearna aicim-re;
 Peardar 1r pól, 1r na naoim eile leo,
 1r tura san ḡó, a ádair d'il;
 Domuigim doib, do mhíceál aḡur d'eoin,
 1r do na hAptalaib pó-beannuighe,
 Sur peacuigear dom' deoin im' rmaointib go móir,
 Im' ḡníomhairéib 'r im' ḡlóir labhairéa.

An t-uabair ar dtúir, an traint 1r an tprúir,
 An cpaor 1r an plún fearḡadé,
 Formao an traoḡail 1r a leirce go léir
 Ní fearann liom féin aḡa ar bit:
 Náe mairḡ do'n té mairéar mar mé
 Inr na reádt bpeacaidé claona marbhéad',
 1r náe dána an ḡnó do dhuine dem' pórct
 Tagairt ar éoróin flaitir d'fáḡail.

Ádt, féac mar do féan Peardar mac Dé,
 An tan laḡaiḡ an tréao mallaiḡte é,
 1r nuair d'airtuirḡ ré i ḡcpeadéib aibbéil
 Sur ḡlacao 'ran réim beannuighe é.
 Dob' fearad do'n traoḡal fairringḡ go léir,
 Sur peacac bí ar rtrae Maḡdailín,
 1r dá cuirpéadé é a beata le léigeanh,
 Go dtuḡ pileao na mbraon flaitéar di.

Ar n-Ádair adá inr na flaitir go háro,
 Go naomhuighear trád t'aimn-re,
 Go dtigib do píoḡadé, do éoil ar an raoigéal,
 Mar deintéar i ḡcríé parratair:

Ár n-áran laeteamail taðair-Se dúinn
 Ír maič dúinn ár scionnta ainbhir,
 Mar mairmíó do éac, ír ná leis rinn i tclár
 Acé raor rinn ó báir anabuir.

A Muire tá lán de tuile na ngrár,
 Tá'n Tigearna, a grád, i maille leat;
 Ír beannuighe tá tú i bflaitéar tar mnáib
 So naomhuighear trác t'ainm-re.
 Ír taitneamác an raðarc torad do bpoinn,
 Íosa do poinn eadpáinn;
 Anoir asur maí, ír i n-am ár brian,
 So raðair, a Dia, as fearam dúinn!

SEÁN DE hÓRÓD.

THE ANCIENT RACE.

What shall become of the ancient race,
 The noble Gaelic island race?
 Like cloud on cloud o'er the azure sky,
 When winter's storms are loud and high,
 Their dark ships shadow the ocean's face—
 What shall become of the Gaelic race?

What shall befall the ancient race
 The poor, unfriended, faithful race?
 Where ploughman's song made the hamlet ring,
 The hawk and the owlet flap their wing;
 The village homes, oh, who can trace—
 God of our persecuted race?

What shall befall the ancient race?
 Is treason's stigma on their face?
 Be they cowards or traitors? Go—
 Ask the shade of England's foe;
 See the gems her crown that grace;
 They tell a tale of the ancient race.

They tell a tale of the ancient race—
Of matchless deeds in danger's face ;
They speak of Britain's glory fed
With blood of Gaels, right bravely shed ;
Of India's spoil and Frank's disgrace—
Such tale they tell of the ancient race.

Then why cast out the ancient race ?
Grim want dwelt with the ancient race ;
And hell-born laws, with prison jaws,
And greedy lords, with tiger maws,
Have swallowed—swallow still apace—
The limbs and blood of the ancient race.

Will no one shield the ancient race ?
They fly their fathers' burial place ;
The proud lords with the heavy purse,
Their fathers' shame—their people's curse—
Demons in heart, nobles in face,
They dig a grave for the ancient race !

What shall befall the ancient race ?
Shall all forsake their dear birth-place,
Without one struggle strong to keep
The old soil where their fathers sleep ?
The dearest land on earth's wide space—
Why leave it so, O, ancient race ?

What shall befall the ancient race ?
Light up one hope for the ancient race ;
Oh, priest of God—sagart a run !
Lead but the way, we'll go full soon ;
Is there a danger we'll not face
To keep old homes for the Irish race ?

They shall not go, the ancient race—
They must not go, the ancient race !

Come, gallant Gaels, and take your stand—
 And form a league to save the land :
 The land of faith, the land of grace,
 The land of Erin's ancient race !

They must not go, the ancient race !
 They shall not go, the ancient race ;
 The cry swells loud from shore to shore,
 From emerald vale to mountain hoar,
 From altar high to market-place—
 THEY SHALL NOT GO, the Gaelic race !

REV. M. TORMEY.

DUBLIN CASTLE.

Dublin Castle is in the city of Dublin, and it stands on the South side of the River Liffey. It is called a castle because it has a great many windows and a portico to the principal entrance. If you weren't told it was Dublin Castle you wouldn't think it was Dublin Castle at all. When I saw it first I took it for a militia-barrack or a poorhouse for gaugers. When a man showed me where the Lord Lieutenant lived when he's at home I began to think that all Lords Lieutenant must be very low-sized men, not in the least particular about their lodgings. The Castle, as it is generally called, is built on Cork Hill. Many ignorant people, such as Members of Parliament and Lords, think that Cork Hill is in the city of that name. Those who have learned geography and the use of the globes know that Cork Hill has for many centuries been in the city of Dublin. The Castle surrounds a square called the Upper Castle Yard, in the centre of which there is a beautiful tub for holding flags. There is also a policeman in the Upper Castle Yard, but he is not worth looking at, although his face is generally clean, and he wears a silver Albert chain.

There are soldiers walking up and down at the gate to keep themselves warm. They always carry their guns, because, if they put them out of their hands, Fenians, or newspaper boys, or the policemen might run away with them. This makes the soldiers short-tempered and chew tobacco. There is a statue of Justice over the gateway. This statue fell out of the sky during a thunderstorm, to where it stands, and only that it is red hot the Government would get men to take it down, for it has no business there, and looking at it only makes the people who live in the Castle uncomfortable.

You can go from the Upper Castle Yard to the Lower Castle Yard under an arched gateway. There are policemen in the Lower Yard, but they don't wear Albert chains or pare their nails. The Lower Castle Yard is not a yard in the least, but makes me always think of a street with a broken back. There are a few towers in it. These towers are very strong. A man once told me that if you fired a horse-pistol at one of them all day you would not be able to make a hole in it! A great number of small boys play marbles and ball here. The Lord Lieutenant loves to see innocent children amusing themselves, and he often sends them out presents of nuts and clay pipes to blow soap-bubbles. When there isn't a Cattle Show or a militia regiment to be inspected, or a Knight to be made, he himself often comes out in disguise and blows soap-bubbles. It is always remarked that the Lord Lieutenant's soap-bubbles are the largest and of the most beautiful colours. A man once told me that it is because the Lord Lieutenant puts a lot of soft soap into the water which he uses.

There is nothing connected with the Castle about which there are so many wrong notions as about the Castle Hack. Some are under the belief that it is a man; others think it to be an attorney; and there are those who go so far as to assert that it is a member of Parliament. Of all the people who indulge in such extravagances, I venture to say, not one has seen, or even had the curiosity to inquire particularly about

it. Now, I have seen the Hack, and learned all that is to be known concerning it, and am, therefore, well qualified to give correct information and a faithful description of it. I gave a decent man at the Castle half-a-crown, and he showed it to me and supplied me with all the particulars I needed. The Castle Hack is a poor, lean, wretched old horse. He is spavined and broken-winded, and his bones are sharply visible through his faded and withered hide. He is wholly unequal to the performance of any honest work in the fields, and he is one of the meanest and most wretched objects which can offend the sight of a humane and worthy man. Of all the noble attributes possessed by his species, none remain to him; and of all the useful qualities of his fellows, he retains but one, that of abject servility to the rein, for he has neither the generosity nor the pride, the strength nor the swiftness which makes his race fit to be the companions of men. There is ever in his eye the expression of hunger for the corn-bins of the Castle, and dreads lest he should be worried to death by those of his own race in their rage at seeing so obscene a creature wearing and dishonouring their form. His employment is in keeping with his appearance. It is he who fetches meat for the Castle kennel, and brings the soiled linen of the Castle to the laundry to be cleansed. Although he is docile to his driver, he is spurned and despised. It is not his to swell the pageant, but to feed darkly at the Castle manger, to fear the light, and to crawl and shudder in the noisome ways. Poor brute, if he could only have one month's grazing on a hillside in the sunlight he might pluck up some spirit and lose at once his taste for Castle oats, and his indifference to the nature of the work which he performed.

The oldest part of the Castle now standing is the Back Stairs. The entrance to this celebrated staircase is in the Castle Garden. After going up a few steps a passage is reached, which leads by a kind of bridge over the Lower Castle Yard into the Castle. The steps of the stairs are iron; for so many people go up and down that if they were

made of any softer substance they would have been worn away long ago. The people who go up this stairs carry bags full of things and wear their hats very low over their faces. They generally have turnips and gum-arabic, and steel pens, and penny packages of stationery in their bags. A man once told me that they sometimes bring the heads of people, and sell them at the Castle. He also said that they often sell their country. Who could believe this? I had heard so many stories about this Back Stairs that I made up my mind to go and see it for myself. Before setting out I resolved to humour the people in the Castle whatever they might say to me. I got a bag, filled it with artichokes, and, having pulled my hat low over my eyes, went up. When I got to the top I met a man who asked me "if I came about that affair." I said, "Yes," and he led me into a small room where another man was eating the end of a large quill, and reading a large blue paper with writing on it, and having a large stamp in the corner. I sat down.

"Did you come about that affair?" said he.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well," said he, "did you see him?"

"I did," I answered.

"What did he say?" he asked.

"I don't know," said I, feeling just as if he would order me to be shot on the spot.

"Good," he said; "I see you've been reading the Tichborne case, and have learned caution from it. What have you in the bag?"

"Artichokes."

"How many?"

"Twenty-five."

"Were there really so many?"

"Yes."

"And 'choke him' were the words, were they?"

"Yes."

"On the night of the 15th?"

" Yes."

" How much do you want for the artichokes ? "

" One hundred pounds."

" Say two."

" Two."

" Gold or notes ? "

" Gold."

" Very good ! There you are," said he handing me two small bags of sovereigns. " Your information is most important. I shall forward it to the chief to-night. Good afternoon." And off I went with my two hundred sovereigns.

The Castle is the best place in the world for selling artichokes and lies. I would go with another bag of each now only the artichokes are out of season. Can you understand what information I gave ? I can't. I hope it wasn't against a Royal Residence or asphaltting the streets of the city.

RICHARD DOWLING IN *Zozimus*.

THE LAST REQUEST.

You're going away, a leanbh, over the stormy sea,
And never more I'll see you—Oh, never, a stoir mo chroidhe !
Mo bhron ! I'm sick with sorrow—sorrow as black as night :
Mo bhuachaill goes to-morrow by the blessed morning's light

Oh ! once I thought, a leanbh, you'd bear me to the grave,
By the side of your angel sisters, before you crossed the wave :
Down to the green old churchyard, where the trees' dark
shadows fall—

But now, a chara ! you're going, you'll not be there at all.

The strangers' hands must lay me down to my silent sleep,
And, Séamus, you'll not know it beyond the rolling deep,

Oh, Dia linn ! Dia linn ! a mhúirnín, why do you go away,
Till you'll see the poor old mother stretched in the churchyard
clay ?

My heart is breaking, a leanbh, but I mustn't tell you so,
For I see by your dark, dark sorrow that your own poor heart
is low.

I thought I'd bear it better, to cheer you on your way ;
But, a chara ! a chara ! you're going, and I'll soon be in the
clay !

God's blessing be with you, Séamus—sure, you'll come back
again,

When your curls of brown are snowy, to rest with your mother
then ;

Down in the green old churchyard where the trees' dark
shadows fall—

A storach ! in the strangers' land you couldn't sleep at all.

WILLIAM KENEALY

DUAM CUMHNE AN ACHAR TIOBÓIR MATHAÍ.

I gCorcais tráic ba éilic a bítear,
An meirce shánda as fáir ar ódoinib
'S an treib ba shádaic láidir shroide mear
Sáirte i ndaoirre tréic las ;
Ráig ir bhuigean gac lae ada,
Ó éal na tige gan faiceam ;
Imir ir ól,
Duite 'sur móro,
Mionna gan éoir ir earcaine
Ir tuille náir meoin liom labairt air
Sur peolaó eadairc
Seóllaó anacraic
Dóighe, ir dealbar déirce.

Ua mímé i lár na ppáirde éirí
 Cuirleannaé áirí san reáé na maoile air,
 Slubipe máná 'n-a 'deáiró 'á ppaioileadó
 A lánna san mige 'r a héadóan
 Ál 'n-a 'otimcéall, féadóiró
 I nḡábadó ḡo fíoir aḡ béiciró,
 San oipeadó na mb;óḡ
 Dá ḡcopaint ar reoó,
 Ir ḡiobaili 'n-a ḡcótairde rcpacaité,
 Ir pluḡadḡ an bótair leatḡa oḡḡa;
 Cóir san aitear
 San bóiró de 'dearcaib
 An óil aḡ rḡealladó na 'dearca.

B'i tuine amáin ḡur náipe cpoirde leir
 Fír ir mná 'dā 'otnāé 'ran rḡuḡe reo,
 'Do ḡoileadó ḡo háiró de bair na nḡníomairḡa
 D'fáḡadó mílte i nḡéibinn
 Fé bḡáca an épaoir 'duib éadóirḡ
 Sáir-fear naoiróeanta naomḡa
 An tAdair Tiobóiró
 Do labair fé leo
 D'atcuir cpaor óil a reáénaó
 Ir éeḡairc 'do fíóirḡe mḡearapḡóáéé'
 A éómairle leanaó
 B'i cómairle a leara i
 D'fóir ar éailm-fíóééé Éipeann.

Ua ḡairó an ppár ḡo 'otáirḡ ríé éuḡainn,
 Stadóadó de'n ráirḡ, níoir ḡnāéáé bḡuḡeanta,
 B'i mḡearapḡóáéé mánla ḡpáóḡair ḡnaoi-ḡil
 Ar fáircaó i ḡcpoirde ḡad éinne
 Cpáibḡeáéé oirleáéé 'daonḡáéé
 Ir ḡpárḡa ó Épíorḡ i nḡaeóealair
 Ó Éorcarḡ an éoil
 ḡo Doiré na reol

Mí fearcátaí gileo ná ácaíann
 Ue óearcaib an óil mar éleácaátaí
 Ácá rónnúr acínn
 I r treoir dá raíad
 Ár ílóigíte fearantaí éibí.

Seo cuirte hupá go háir, a óaoine,
 Ár rón an éir óreá go óáil an mór reo,
 Moltaí an Úrádaí Cápaínead
 Go dána ár tígead a lae éuáinn;
 Tá san reíor san éaluing
 I n-áirde ár líon na naoim ngeal,
 I r a acéuinge, fóir
 Ár rpreádaí 'ran ngleo
 Cum Meaparaáca gileoíte as leatán-éur
 I utalaí Eoáin Míoir ír Calm-éinn;
 Tógaí, aicéim,
 Úur nglóiré, a áraí,
 “A Comácaí, beannuig ár raótaí.”

ΤΑΥΤΟ Ο ΤΟΝΝΕΑΘΑ.

EXILES, FAR AWAY.

When round the festive Christmas board, or by the Christmas
 hearth,
 That glorious mingled draught is poured—wine, melody, and
 mirth !
 When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and
 sorrows o'er,
 And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once
 more—
 Oh ! in that hour 'twere kindly done, some woman's voice
 would say—
 “Forget not those who're sad to-night—poor exiles, far
 away !”

Alas, for them ! this morning's sun saw many a moist eye
pour

Its gushing love, with longings vain, the waste Atlantic o'er,
And when he turned his lion-eye this evening from the West.
The Indian shores were lined with those who watched his
couchèd crest ;

But not to share his glory, then, or gladden in his ray,
They bent their gaze upon his path—those exiles, far away !

It was—oh ! how the heart will cheat ! because they thought
beyond

His glowing couch lay that Green Isle of which their hearts
were fond ;

And fancy brought old scenes of home into each welling eye,
And through each breast poured many a thought that filled it
like a sigh !

'Twas then—'twas then, all warm with love, they knelt them
down to pray

For Irish homes and kith and kin—poor exiles, far away !

And then the mother blest her son, the lover blest the maid,
And then the soldier was a child, and wept the while he prayed,
And then the student's pallid cheek flushed red as summer
rose,

And patriot souls forgot their grief to weep for Erin's woes ;
And, oh ! but then warm vows were breathed, that come what
might or may,

They'd right the suffering isle they loved—those exiles, far
away !

And some there were around the board, like loving brothers
met,

The few and fond and joyous hearts that never can forget ;
They pledged—" the girls we left at home, God bless them ! "
and they gave

" The memory of our absent friends, the tender and the
brave ! "

Then up, erect, with nine times nine—hip, hip, hip, hip—
hurrah !

Drank—"Erin ! sláinte gheal go brath !" those exiles far away.

Then, oh ! to hear the sweet old strains of Irish music rise
Like blushing memories of home, beneath far foreign skies,
Beneath the spreading calabash, beneath the trellised vine,
The bright Italian myrtle bower, or like Canadian pine—
Oh ! don't those old familiar tones—now sad, and now so gay—
Speak out your very, very hearts—poor exiles, far away !

But, Heavens ! how many sleep afar, all heedless of these
strains,

Tired wanderers ! who sought repose through Europe's battle
plains—

In strong, fierce, headlong flight they fell—as ships go down
in storms—

They fell—and human whirlwinds swept across their shattered
forms !

No shroud, but glory, wrapt them round ; nor prayer nor
tear had they—

Save the wandering winds and the heavy clouds—poor exiles,
far away !

And might the singer claim a sigh, he, too, could tell how, tost
Upon the stranger's dreary shore, his heart's best hopes were
lost ;

How he, too, pined to hear the tones of friendship greet his ear,
And pined to walk the river side, to youthful musing dear,
And pined, with yearning silent love, amongst his own to
stay—

Alas ! it is so sad to be an exile far away !

Then, oh ! when round the Christmas board, or by the
Christmas hearth,

That glorious mingled draught is poured—wine, melody, and
mirth !

When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and sorrows o'er,

And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once more—

In that bright hour, perhaps—perhaps, some woman's voice would say—

“Think—think on those who weep to-night, poor exiles, far away!”

MARTIN MACDERMOTT.

MAḠAIRṪ LÁIRṪR.

Seo ṫaoibṫ rṫáinte mḡairṫ lárṫrṫ

Le'ṫ mian ḡráṫ a cṫíce !

Iṫ ní fṫuil áit ó'n Rút ḡo Máisḡ

Náe fṫuil ra trṫáinte éeáona ;

Má mianairṫ páirt an fial-balcáin

Ṫiaṫaisḡ bṫráitṫisḡ bṫríḡmairṫ

Iṫ fṫuáṫar trṫáṫ ḡáe fṫuar-iomráṫ

Ar éuallaeṫ bṫreaḡ na tíre.

Sláinte Uí Néill, Uí Ṫómhnaill éleibṫ,

Iṫ rṫioeṫ na hÉirne ríḡṫṫ

Iṫ ḡáe a bṫuil beo ra mṫumáin móirṫ

Ṫe rṫioeṫ an ríó-míe mṫíleaṫ ;

ḡáe a bṫuil i ṫcalam áicme mṫáine,

Slán tré fṫearc ṫó'n ṫaoibṫ rin,

Iṫ Láigean na Lann ḡo bṫríḡmairṫ ṫeann

I maoin, i ḡclainn, 'ṫ i noíḡṫlaṫ.

Líon an mṫeáṫairṫ ṫó'n Áirṫearboḡ,

ḡráṫ iṫ fṫearc na noáoine ;

Líon an mṫeáṫairṫ ṫó'n Áṫairṫ Deáṫar,

Seo an ṫeaḡarc píre ;

'Dá éuaicé, trí éopáin, do'n Achar Tomáir,
 I r binn a éomrádó dílis;
 Stiall i r cana do'n Achar Ceallaig,
 Dia dá teagairc éiríche!

Lion an rcála, reo d'aoib pláinte!
 Ultais dána 'r Muinínig;
 Sláinte laigheac, an luét meadórac,
 I r Connaét na maighean rciamac!
 Lion an cápta leir an rcála,
 A mbreall go háir ar d'aoib
 Le' r mian éire claoib go héisceairt!
 A Dia, bí tréan le Saeódealaib.

Sae neac nac óirad, claoib i r bhrón air,
 Sláinte cóir na héireann!
 Míle gráin, rcian 'na gáiradó,
 Rian i r plága éisirt!
 'S sae neac nac iarrad an aire céadna,
 Go maib na piarta as créim air,
 I r é ar mircé ó caol-uircé
 I ndólar bhuir' i r péine!

Muc, im, balcán, rós sae poládair,
 Óig-fir iomlána Saeódeac',
 Féarta fíre clainne Míleac
 I r féarta cpoirde na féile,
 Fleac do fáruig fleacó na n-áirad
 I r uile d'áim na n'óirde,
 Fleac na n-uairt 'r a mol-éuallaét,
 Féarta buan ímléiruir.

Déanam gáirdear, cora i n-áirde,
 Dar n'Domnac, táim-pe ar mircé!
 Damrad Maíneac,—fá gcuirte—tuir pinn
 Seo an t-aoibnear clirte!

Féac-ra úna 'r bhuíro rúgac,
 Mór a sclú ra' munnceat!
 Feargal, Dúnlainn, Neac-tan clúiteac,
 So raib a rúgac cinnce!

A Úiamuir, sluair, 'r, a Tarús, ar tuar!
 Seo an ruaircear doibinn!
 A Cátail móir, a Dóinnaitl óis,
 Seo pléir ír rporc, dar m'fírinne!
 Caitríona ann so bhríogáir teann,
 Mór ír Meabú ír Déibean;
 Tá Rór as munnceat, cóir 'na timéall—
 Ól! ól! ír compáin éleib ro!

A Donguir óis, a Maoghuir buirde
 A Máible binn, 'r, a Sígle,
 Le ceol a mbéal cuir ceois ar éad,
 San bhrón, san éad a ndaoine!
 Seinn d'úinn rteanncán, píob ír tiompán—
 Seo an éomháir glórac!
 Siúro ort, a cáirdear! Dia gac lá leat!
 Dar fiaó! ír bpeas an rporc ro!

Seo ort, a Céin! ír binn do véal—
 Tá an balcán bpeas bhríogáir,
 Do'n balb beir géim, do'n bacac léim,—
 M'anam éleib! ír bhuigean ro!
 Leas an rtróimre! ríor fá'n mbóro leir!
 Ba ro an rógáir ríocháirde
 Ír mire féin mac fíre Uí Néill
 Do bí ar Éirinn as ríogad.

MacCarraig Mór, Ó Buiain na ríog,
 Mo gac slán do ceois na tréim-fíir,
 Mac Donguir lúbar, Maslúir na rún
 Ó Inip éleib Éirne;

Ó Ceallaigh cléib Ó Concubair tnean,
 Sliocht Dhranóir an Ruair Stéibe;
 Ó Duinn an fear, Ó Mórda mear,
 Mo shaoil ar fad na d'éig-fir!

seán ó neachtain.

SLIABH NA mBAN

Two thousand men for Ireland upon the mountain top!
 With such a harvest Freedom's arm might glean a glorious
 crop—
 A crop of seed to cast abroad, through village, town, and
 home,
 And to the children of the land across th' Atlantic's foam.

Two thousand men for Ireland on splendid Sliabh na mBan!
 Two thousand voices asking Heaven how Ireland may be
 won—
 Won from her sick'ning thraldom, from the serpent's
 thick'ning coil—
 From the poison of its slaving tongue, its trail upon the
 soil.

No puny arm, nor limb, nor lung, could clamber such a
 height—
 A red deer's wild and rocky road, an eagle's kingly flight!
 No craven breast could brave that mount, upon its crest to
 breathe
 A prayer to God—to save, to spare the beauteous land beneath.

Two thousand men for Ireland upon that altar high—
 Its broad base Tipperary! its canopy the sky!
 Two thousand hearts, ennobled by place, and cause, and all—
 Two thousand Patriots pondering on their country's rise and
 fall.

Yes, raise the pile, and feed the blaze, on every mountain's side,

And, to the blushless recreant's shame, ring out the voice of pride—

A true man's pride, his country's pride, the link that binds in one

The Irishmen of every clime with those on Sliabh na mBan.

Sure some must tend the sacred fire that feeds the nation's life,

And though of high or low degree, in torpid peace or strife,

A gallant soul he still must be, who gives his aiding breath

To rouse the dark'ning slumbry spark from an untimely death.

Then, hail ! brave men of Ireland, upon the mountain top—
With such a harvest Freedom's arm might glean a glorious crop.

Be you of cheer, though foemen sneer, and fearlessly push on,
Till every mountain in the land be manned like Sliabh na mBan !

J. T. CAMPION.

THE WINDING BANKS OF ERNE.

Adieu to Ballyshannon ! where I was bred and born ;

Go where I may, I'll think of you as sure as night and morn ;

The kindly spot, the friendly town where everyone is known,

And not a face in all the place but partly seems my own.

There's not a house or window, there's not a field or hill,

But, east or west, in foreign lands, I'll recollect them still.

I leave my warm heart with you, though my back I'm forced
to turn—

So, adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne.

No more on pleasant evenings we'll saunter down the Mall,
When the trout is rising to the fly, the salmon to the fall,

The boat comes straining on her net and heavily she creeps,
 Cast off, cast off!—she feels the oars, and to her berth she
 sweeps ;

Now fore and aft keep hauling and gathering up the clue,
 Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among the crew.

Then they may sit, with pipes a-lit, and many a joke and
 “ yarn ”—

Adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne !

Farewell to you, Kildoney lads, and them that pull an oar,
 A lug-sail set, or haul a net from the Point to Mullachmore,
 From Killybegs to bold Sliabhleague that ocean-mountain
 steep,

Six hundred yards in air aloft, six hundred in the deep.

From Dooran to the Fairy Bridge, and round by Tullin's
 strand,

Level and long, and white with waves, where gull and curlew
 stand ;

Head out to sea when on your lee the breakers you discern ;
 Adieu to all the billowy coast and winding banks of Erne !

.

Farewell to every white cascade from the harbour to Beleek,
 And every pool where fins may rest, and ivy-shaded creek ;
 The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash and holly grow,
 The one split yew-tree gazing on the curving flood below ;
 The Loch that winds through islands under Turaw mountain
 green ;

And Castle Caldwell's stretching woods, with tranquil bays
 between ;

And Breezy Hill, and many a pond among the heath and fern—
 For I must say adieu—adieu to the winding banks of Erne !

The thrush will call through Camlin groves the live-long
 summer day ;

The waters run by mossy cliff, and bank with wild flowers gay,

The girls will bring their work and sing beneath a twisted thorn,

Or stray with sweethearts down the path among the growing corn ;

Along the river-side they go, where I have often been—

Oh, never shall I see again the days that I have seen !

A thousand chances are to one I never may return—

Adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne !

Adieu to evening dances when merry neighbours meet,

And the fiddle says to boys and girls : “ get up and shake your feet ! ”

To seanchus and wise old talk of Erin’s days gone by—

Who trenched the rath on such a hill, and where the bones may lie

Of saint, or king, or warrior chief ; with tales of fairy power,

And tender ditties sweetly sung to pass the twilight hour,

The mournful song of exile is now for me to learn—

Adieu, my dear companions on the winding banks of Erne !

Now measure from the Commons down to each end of the Port,

Round the Abbey, Moy, and Knather—I wish no one any hurt ;

The Main Street, Back Street, College Lane, the Mall, and Portnasun,

If any foes of mine are there, I pardon every one.

I hope that man and womankind will do the same by me ;

For my heart is sore and heavy at voyaging the sea.

My loving friends I’ll bear in mind, and often fondly turn,

To think of Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne.

If ever I’m a monied man, I mean, please God, to cast

My golden anchor in the place where youthful years were past ;

Though heads that now are black and brown must meanwhile gather grey ;

New faces rise by every hearth, and old ones drop away—

Yet dearer still that Irish hill than all the world beside ;
It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam, through lands and
waters wide.

And if the Lord allows me I surely will return
To my native Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

AN SCOLÁIRE.

Doibinn beata an scoláire
Óior ag déanaí léiginn
Is follur díb, a d'aoine,
Súrab dó is doibne i nÉirinn.

San rmaét níos ná muiré air,
Ná tigearna dá tpeire,
San éirí óra ag Cairbrí
San moiceirge san meirre.

Moiceirge ná do-daireadé
Ní éadair uairé éiríce,
'S ní mó do-beir ar a aire
Fear na fairé 'ran oiríce.

Is maíe bíreac a feirre
Ag teacé coirig an eairraí :
Is ead is eirraí ná feirre
Lán a glaise de peannaib !

Do-beir ré gheir ar éiríleir
'S ar éiríleir go mbinne,
Gheir eile ar éiríleir
'S ar éiríleir éiríleir uime.

THE FAIRY CHILD.

The summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow ;
It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
And his loose locks' of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly
And his song was sad and tender ;
And my little boy's eyes while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet soft splendour.

My little boy lay on my bosom
While his soul the song was quaffing,
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sate alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying ;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying !

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning ;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed—
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted !

Oh ! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow,
My little boy is gone—is gone,
And his mother soon will follow.

The dirge of the dead will be sung for me,
 And the Mass be chanted meetly,
 And I shall sleep with my little boy
 In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

DR. ANSTER.

DÁIBÍO DE DARRA AR LORG DEIRCE.

AS reo mar do éuaíó Dáibíó de Darra agus duine de
 éleipeadaibh Gobnaites as iomáiró cum déirce d'iarrpaíó
 lá ar donac leapa súil. Dubhairt an éleipead le Dáibíó
 corpuíad ar easla don éoda dá óráiró féin d'fásáil do
 meabhair agus do corpuis go héarcairó le boisricíteoir
 do bí ór a éoinne anonn ar an modh ro :

Go mbeannuisítear dúit, a síúr na ruad ir a gaoil ná
 ráirféar, a ainneir éuim tair, agus a éuilfionn máoróda
 agus a géilfionn brollaig síl. Do pítreálar agus do
 puinnceálar agus do buairear ciann oir, a éailín óis,
 reodh gac n-aon eile dá bfuil ra éirídeactam, ar feabhar
 do élóda, agus ar éatneamaige do rcéime, agus léipe
 do mín-épocta, i ndócar go **bpeácairó** tú le époide truaig-
 méilead agus le haigne déirceamail agus le síl trócairig
 ar an ainneireoir lag-époidead ro do ruíad agus do
 éainig ar an raogal go beo boét gan riubal gan éainne
 gan raódar, gan luac éoirplinge dá éirí féin i n-a féilb
 agus gan i n-a éumar dul éar d'orar a d'iarrpaíó a éoda
 ná a éar do éur i n-uimail. Leir rinmá éionn Dia ná Muire
 ná Miceál ná éinne der na trí ceatpapaibh leicéiginn ná
 pígin i gcúil do doirín no i gcúinne do póca do-beirum
 a éior do Dia agus do Muire nac iunnir miam déaric ba
 mó agus nar b'féidir leat i éur níor fearr ná i éabairt
 dóimra; mar ná ppárálpaó aimpear, agus ní éearnócaó
 trooblóiró aet de éior as gairde ar do fon.

Tadarrpaíó mé tuar as loc dearg agus tuar as Sceilt
 mícíl, tuar as Áirí Macla agus tuar as Oileán na mBeo,
 tuar as Tobair páorais agus tuar as Tobair Colmáin, tuar

as Tobair Eoin Dairte agus tuar as Tobair Gobnaite, tuar as Tobair Laiétín agus tuar as Tobair Ruaineos, agus ní l lá díob ran ná go ndéarfaió mé Coróin Múipe agus Coróin Íora, cúis míndiamra na Saltiaé Múipe agus Sciat Lúipeac na Maigóine. Agus ir bliarta cnearta deas-éirídeac deas-aigeanta deas-coinriarac adéarfaió mé Sailbe Régina cum Dé agus na Maigóine ar ron t'anma agus do leapa, agus dá iarfaió ar Dia ponuacair éugac, a éalín óis.

Ir iomda boctán tar-íreac agus baintreabac éalaoireac agus díoc-rcolós reallaioideac agus cú gearr ream-níneac agus cat corrr-reíobac agus cloctán cam rleamain fluic rmearta do éiríear-ra díom i n-a cóircéimib boga trioma lagsa as teact le beannaect ó Ruaineois as iarfaió do ríginne. Ir córa dúit i tábairt dom de bhuig ná iarfarr miam déaric agus náir noctar mo éar agus nac rinnear crioúrcaioleac ar m'aindeire i láctair don liobair ná léibre ná rítreora ná cirtleoisge ná rean-éaille ná malpáire breac-luirgnisge do rcoíob an gorta agus do leis do'n amplac, do fuair an aindeire mar oisneact, agus do'fógluim gac ealaða ceirnim, do déanfaó dá leic de'n ppráta lá breas ramfaió cum a poinnte, agus do leanfaó an ppréacán trearna trí páirceann as iarfaió a bainte de.

Díod a fíor agac nac i rin an rórc do'a n-iarfarrinn-re déaric ná do'a noctrainn mo éar ná do'a leactrainn aránacac mo éró i n-a fiaðnaire. Act do tuigeacó dom nuair do connac maire agus meóir, muiunn agus mórdact, seal-ghé, rcéim, agus ciot na rteac-aindeire géir-ghile cneac-áilne glan-ghúirige ná heiteocacó rí ar ron a cneirim agus a gnaoim agus a gnaóda Dé agus a hoimig a bar barr-seal agus a lám fáda leabair dáctamail glan-éroicinn mearcumta do ríneacó le déiric cum an donáin buict ro do-béarfaió uair le luar a bfaigaió pé de beannaectair; agus má'r oic do'iarfarr ir ró-mait do'altóacac, má'r ríu a bfaigacó é.

Do labair an cléireac Gobnaite agus ir é adubairt:

Náir beirto Dia ar an raogal go bract tú go mbeóir i maectanar do éoda do lois, ó taoi com mait rin éisge!

A NATIONAL FLAG.

[From Thomas Francis Meagher's Recruiting speech at Music Hall, Boston, U.S.A., June 23rd, 1863.]

This day I stood on Bunker Hill, and, casting my eye along the stately shaft, I saw it there, with nothing between it and God's own sun, and I thought as those glorious hues reflected the favouring sunshine that there burst from it memories which would kindle the dullest into heroism. Let no one, however practical he may be, however sensible or sagacious he may be, sneer at a nation's flag. A national flag is the most sacred thing that a nation can possess. Libraries, museums, exchequers, tombs, and statues of great men—all are inferior to it. It is the illuminated diploma to its authority; it is the imperishable epitomisation of its history. As I cast my eye along the shaft of granite, what did I see there? I saw Cornwallis deliver up his sword. I saw the British troops evacuating the city of New York. I saw George Washington inaugurated as the first President of the United States. I saw the lofty brow and gaunt frame of Andrew Jackson. I saw the veterans of the Peninsular War reeling before the fire of Tennessee rifles in the swamps of Louisiana. I saw the thunders and lightning of Lake Erie, when Perry commanded them to go forth and sweep the friend of the South and the enemy of the North from its waters. I saw the American sailor pursuing his desolate and heroic way up the interminable stream of the Amazon, disclosing a new world even within the New World, to the industry and avarice of the age. I saw, in the Bay of Smyrna, the hunted prey of Austria rescued beneath the Stars and Stripes. I saw the towers of Mexico and Causeway over which Cortez went. I saw those towers and that causeway glistening in a glory greater than even Cortez brought to Spain. I saw the white bird floating, when the explorers stood upon the shore of the land which

the human eye had never before seen mirrored. These and a throng of other grand incidents passed like a vision over those Stars as I stood beneath them this day. Oh, may that flag never incur another disaster ! May the troops who carry it into action die where they receive the fatal fire rather than yield one inch of the soil over which it has a right to float ! May the troops who carry it into action henceforth have this motto written upon its folds—"Death if you will, victory if God will give it to us, but no defeat and no retreat !" Oh, if this is not worth fighting for, if that flag is not worth fighting for, if the country which it typifies and over which it has the right to expand its folds, if the principles which it symbolises—if these are not worth fighting for—if the country which Mirabeau, with his superb diction, spoke of flowingly even during its infancy, which De Tocqueville recommended with such calm wisdom and accurate philosophy to the acceptance and respect of the statesmen of the Old World, which Burke with the magnificence of his mind pictured in its development, even when there was but the "seminal principle," as he said himself, of its magnitude upon the earth—if this and these are not worth fighting for—ininitely better worth fighting for than all the Kings and Queens, than all the Gibaltars and Seraglios, than all the jungles and pagodas which Irishmen have fought for under European flags, then I stand in the minority. But it is not so. If in a minority I stand to night uttering these words and this invocation, it is in a minority of twenty millions against ten. This, too, I know—that every Irishman this side of Mason and Dixon's line is with me. If there is one who is not let him take the next Galway steamer and go home. And, I believe this—that he will not only have his expenses paid, but something left in his pocket to enable him to praise England when he gets there.

A SHAMROCK FROM THE IRISH SHORE.

On receiving a shamrock in a letter from Ireland, March 17th, 1865.

O, postman! speed thy tardy gait—
Go quicker round from door to door;
For thee I watch, for thee I wait,
Like many a weary wanderer more.
Thou bringest news of bale and bliss—
Some life begun, some life well o'er.
He stops—he rings! O, Heaven! what's this?
A shamrock from the Irish shore!

Dear emblem of my native land,
By fresh fond words kept fresh and green;
The pressure of an unfelt hand—
The kisses of a lip unseen;
A throb from my dead mother's heart—
My father's smile revived once more.
Oh, youth! Oh, love! Oh, hope! thou art,
Sweet Shamrock from the Irish shore!

Enchanter, with thy wand of power,
Thou makest the past be present still:
The emerald lawn—the lime-leaved bower—
The circling shore—the sunlit hill:
The grass, in winter's wintriest hours,
By dewy daisies dimpled o'er,
Half hiding, 'neath their trembling flowers,
The Shamrock of the Irish shore!

And thus, where'er my footsteps strayed,
By queenly Florence, kingly Rome—
By Padua's long and lone arcade—
By Ischia's fires and Adria's foam—

By Spezzia's fatal waves that kissed
 " My Poet " calmly sailing o'er :
 By all, by each, I mourned and missed
 The Shamrock of the Irish shore !

I saw the palm-tree stand aloof
 Irresolute 'twixt sand and sea ;
 I saw upon the trellised roof,
 Outspread, the wine that was to be.
 A giant-flowered and glorious tree,
 I saw the tall magnolia soar ;
 But there, even there, I longed for thee,
 Poor Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Now on the ramparts of Boulogne
 As lately by the lonely Rance
 At evening as I watched the sun,
 I look !—I dream ! Can this be France ?
 Not Albion's cliffs—how near they be !—
 He seems to love to linger o'er
 But gilds, by a remoter sea
 The Shamrock on the Irish shore !

I'm with him in that wholesome clime—
 That fruitful soil, that verdurous sod—
 Where hearts unstained by vulgar crime
 Have still a simple faith in God,
 Hearts that in pleasure and in pain,
 The more they're trod rebound the more,
 Like thee, when wet with Heaven's own rain,
 O, Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Here on the tawny fields of France,
 Or in the rank, red English clay,
 Thou show'st a stronger form, perchance :
 A bolder front thou may'st display,

More able to resist the scythe
That cuts so keen, so sharp before :
But then, thou art no more the blithe
Bright Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Ah ! me, to think thy scorns, thy slights,
Thy trampled tears, thy nameless grave
On Fredericksburgh's ensanguined heights,
Or by Potomac's purple wave !
Ah ! me, to think that power malign
Thus turns thy sweet green sap to gore—
And what calm rapture might be thine,
Sweet Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Struggling, and yet for strife unmeet,
True type of trustful love thou art ;
Thou liest the whole year at my feet,
To live but one day at my heart.
One day a festal pride to lie
Upon the loved one's heart—what more ?
Upon the loved one's heart to die,
O, Shamrock of the Irish shore !

And shall I not return thy love ?
And shalt thou not, as thou should'st be
Placed on thy son's proud heart, above
The red rose or the fleur-de-lis ?
Yes, from these heights the waters beat,
I vowed to press thy cheek once more,
And lie for ever at thy feet,
O, Shamrock of the Irish shore !

D. F. M'CARTHY.

reo tá aḡ veipiuḡaḡ mo éionnaisḡte ! Féac ar an mbéal
ro nac fuil aét 'n-a éab gan éuma gan dealb gan épué !
Nac deap an dá pur atá aḡam aḡur iao go bpurte méir-
cpeac gan daé ná comarḡta na fola ionnta ! Féac ar an
lám ḡmánda reo aḡur i go corḡmac cpeaḡac cam ! Nac
i an lám áluinn i gan meapḡtal le n-a cuio méap palac nár
blair éan-uirce ó'n oirḡce úo ḡur fáḡ tú mé faoi'n ḡclaiḡe.
Ué mo éoinḡar ! Ir ionḡantaḡ an éolann i reo ar fao
atá aḡam, aḡur a éapa ir duic re amáin ba éuḡta mo bui-
deacár mar ḡeall ar an ḡcuma atá uirḡe.

A bíteamḡnaisḡ duib ó'r amḡlaid atáir ór mo éómair amac
anoir ní rḡaḡfaid mé de mo cuio cainnte io' éaoib go
oḡi go mbéir mo lán-tráit páirḡte aḡam. Ir maic ir cuimḡn
liom an éaḡ uair ar éuir tú ar meirce mé. Dao go deimḡn
go deo na vóleann deamḡan deapḡmaro a déanḡaid mé ar
an taom oḡisḡte do bí oim aḡur mé aḡ dúirḡeacḡ ar mo
éorlaḡ lá ar na báḡac. Ir maic ir cuimḡn liom é mar go
pail tinnear aḡur pian aḡ rcoilḡeao mo éloisinn, aḡur bí
clabair aḡur múnlaḡ an bóḡair tḡiomuisḡte ar mo cuio
éaoaisḡ go mba oḡic le héinne ḡur épaín muice bí n-a luḡe
i lár an tiḡe. Ir iomḡ uair ó'n oirḡce rin ar imir tú an
clear éaḡna oim aḡ baic mo éille aḡur mo meabḡac
óiom go oḡi ḡur fáḡ tú im' pleibirḡte amuirḡeac rinḡe ar
éaoib na rḡáirḡe mé, go bḡoirḡo Dia oim. Ir cuimḡn liom
rḡeirḡn an oirḡce rḡḡac úo i n-ar póraḡ mo deirḡbḡrḡr bóḡ
Róirḡn. Nioirḡ faḡa ḡur éuir tú diabal irḡeac 'mo éoirḡe
ḡur éuḡar iarpacḡ fá rcoḡnac mo óreirḡbḡráḡar do ḡearḡao
aḡur éobair nar marḡbuisḡear é. Do bḡirḡar éoirḡe mo
máḡar boicḡe ar do rḡon-ra a buirḡil bḡéin, aḡur b'i an
máḡair ba mionla aḡur ba éannra, aḡur ba épaibḡḡe
daḡ pail aḡ mac i piam i. 'Seao a diabal gan tḡócairḡe gan
tḡuaisḡméil, ir tḡra do éuir o'fíacail oim a éoirḡe do
bḡirḡao de báir mo cuio cuirḡḡeacḡa aḡur meirḡeamḡacḡa
go oḡi go bḡuair rí báir faoi deirḡao, beannaḡt vilir Dé
le n-a hanam ḡlan. Ruḡ eile de, a élaḡairḡe malluisḡte,
ir tḡra do éuir go minic fá ḡlar inr an bḡpiorḡn doḡca

mé, cum go mbeaó pé d'uain agus d'onaó agam beic ag cur agus ag cúiteam go ceann tamail ar an rlabraó do bí curta agat timcheall mo mhúinéil. Is iomróa uair ar iarriar reapaíaint leat, aét bí tú ró-láiríu d'am. Nár éusar bhuí an póirtúir i láiríu an áiríu Antoini,—beannaét Dé ar a ceann liaé-bán!—aét ní túirce éonnaic mé do éab dub agus balaó na uige ag éirge aníor ar do goile ná cuirir fá d'raoídeacé mé gur bhuiríar mo mionna arírt? 'Seao muir'! Is doibinn mar éirge an raoíal liom ó roin! Do cuiríacé mé ar m'obair lae. Do cuir tú mé ag tairteal na tíre im' bheallán díomaoim d'roé-ghóacé dona. Cao é mar íasgar fir nó feicirí mé anoir? Ní deocair é rin 'innirint! Leibíoe leirceamail agus lomairíe reairte gan áiríu atá ionnam. Ní féiríu mo leicéiríoe de beacac pótaríe ná de meirceoirí meacéa d'íasáil ra tír. Bíonn na daoine ag reigíacé agus ag rceallacé miasaíó fúm agus mé ag íamailíge agus ag bailiríeacé ar fuo an baile móir go dtí go scuipíeacé fúm féin ra' b'ploíuagí!

Aét a buiríelín táir go bfuil balaó d'ahála mar beaó gal írinn ag múrcaile an diaúail ionnam, táim beag nac cuiríeacé tñáiríoe tabaríe curta ó beic dom' írír-bualacé írír go talam agat, agus le congnaí Dé agus Muiríe tá veiríeacé íáiríoe agam de'n turur ro. Béaríaró mé iarriacé eile fá tú do éreigean. Béirí mé íeirí leat go fóill! Má tá féin go bfuil buairíoe agat oim go dtí ro ní mar rin a béar an rceal fearra. Is goiríe cabair Dé ná an roirí! Raíarí me an nóimíro ro ar loirí an áiríu Antoini arírt. Fear ceannra geannamail go bfuil truaíge aige do'n beacac las, 'reao é. Ní díe go n-eiteo' pé mé raoi n-a beannaét do éabairíe d'am, agus gan ionnam aét ruaríacán. Sé a cuiríeacé ar bealacé mo leara mé. Éiríe' mé arat a buiríelín íráiríoe, agus nár feicirí mé do mairíamail de íatuiríoe mí-náiríeacé arírt an íarí d'r beo mo ceann! Slán agat!

(iméigean pé go taparíoe.)

an buacailín buiríoe (i mbanba).

THE RETURNED PICTURE.

[Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, while her husband was imprisoned at Portland in 1866, sent him a likeness of herself and her baby, born a week after Rossa's conviction and accordingly never seen by him. The picture was returned accompanied by a note from the Governor to the effect that the Regulations did not allow such things to prisoners.]

Refused admission ! Baby, Baby, .
Don't you feel a little pain ?
See, your picture with your mother's
From the prison back again.
They are cruel, cruel jailers—
They are heartless, heartless men.

Ah, you laugh, my little Flax-Hair !
But my eyes are full of tears ;
And my heart is sorely troubled
With old voices in my ears :
With the lingering disappointment
That is shadowing my years !

Was it much to ask them, Baby—
These rough menials of the Queen—
Was it much to ask to give him
This poor picture, form, and mien
Of the wife he loved, the little son
He never yet had seen ?

Ah, they're cruel, cruel jailers ;
They are heartless, heartless men ;
To bar the last poor comfort from
Your father's prison pen ;
To shut our picture from the gates, .
And send it home again !

MRS. O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

MARTYRED

November 23rd, 1867.

There are three graves in England newly dug ;
In England there are three men less to-day—
Allen, O'Brien, Larkin—their brief sun has set,
To rise in God's clear day.

I saw them, the unconquerable Three,
Mount the black gallows for their country's faith,
As with the high, heroic scorn of life they kissed
The frozen lips of death.

Earth reeled in darkness, as, one after one,
Knitted like steel, passed up the sloping stair,
And in their eyes and in their faces shone
The hope that shames despair.

Below, the turbulent, fierce multitude
Glared at the martyrs wildly ; but they stood,
Willing for Ireland and her trampled cause
To shed their heart's last blood.

The thick November fog came up and rolled
A livid light round each defiant head ;
Ah, not at Marathon or Bannockburn,
Have braver soldiers bled !

The thin, pale face of Allen, O'Brien's gaze,
And Larkin, fainting from the press of doom,
Seemed like the Trinity of Ireland's trust,
In that foul morning's gloom.

'Twas over, and they fell ; one little pause,
And the sun, battling with the mist, broke out,
And with a glory, to November new,
He hemmed them round about.

Even the passionate pallor of the crowd
Crimsoned into a pity, as the Three,
Smitten by the Empire's sword of rope,
Passed to Eternity.

And there rose wailings from the living mass
Of Irish voices, trebly multiplied ;
But through the torrent of the funeral cry
There swept a certain pride.

For who, of ours, compassionating them,
With tears o'erburthening his aching eyes,
Could stop the pulses of his heart that leaped
At that brave sacrifice ?

The worst was done that vengeance could achieve,
Or centuries of hatred fashion forth ;
And England glared down from the scaffold rail,
The Hangman of the Earth.

Three strangled corpses at her blood-stained feet,
Our darlings, they had laid down life's worst load.
Three corpses at her feet, and in the air,
Ours, and the Wrath of God !

So the vile tragedy, from act to act
Accumulating infamy, was done ;
The Revolution perished on the tree,
The Empire's arm had won.

O, fellow toilers, in this blinding night,
Of desperate and utter ignorance,
Trust me, the people's cause cannot so die,
Their flag has still a chance.

For fortune has our bleeding hostages,
The red print of their blood will bloom at length ;
Forget not the Apostle who exclaimed :
Weakness is future strength.

Ireland can spare a hundred thousand more
 Like them, and shrine their ashes in her tears,
 And still keep eyes upon her destiny
 Through multiplying years.

Sooner or later from the catacombs
 Of that cursed prison, where they sleep to-day,
 A nation, in the dazzling mail of might,
 Will lift their sacred clay.

And write their names upon the temple front
 Of our Pain-purchased Freedom, as of men,
 Who, could they rise from out their narrow beds,
 Would die for us again.

Therefore, keep hope, whilst unavailing tears
 Make women's cheeks and strong men's eyelids wet,
 By the All-seeing and Eternal Lord
 The cause shall triumph yet.

JOHN F. O'DONNELL.

bean na cleite caoile.

Níor tásair liom ceart, beart, ná briathar doibhir.
 Leabhar ná ceacht, ná rann 'na d'eile d'irig;
 Níor caitead mé 'r fad go teacht im' fheirbiread,
 I r im' neachtair ceart as Bean na Cleite Caoile!

Do cáitear-ra real fé naé ar leirg laoite,
 I scairdeam fear i r flat i r creidim fóra.
 Dirgead seail im' glaic san doirb-níó ar bit,
 Cé doilb mo méar as Bean na Cleite Caoile.

I r é lagsaíó mo méar, do méad, do méirb m'intinn
 Ná mairdeann na flata lean an creideam díreac,
 Do canaó na ranna rcannaó tpead a rinnear
 'S do bainfead an fáil do Bean na Cleite Caoile!

Ír fearaó náir éleáctar teaóct i nbeireadó coimearcar
 aó ceapáóct 'r aó cairmíur caillíge ceirníge cinnnte ;
 ná 'n t-aómann am i bpaó ó bpeit an éir-éir,
 So nbeaóca pé rmaóct aó bean na Cleite Caoile.

Cé pado mé 's cairteal tpeaó ír tigíte taoireadó,
 Ír so bpeaca óaó peadóct ír aóct ar fuio na míoóadta
 níor b'fearaó mé ar éleapaidó ppara feill-óníomac
 So " ppeabairpe an óaio " tá aó bean na Cleite Caoile.

Aitóim an mac do ceap na ceitpe roillpe,
 flaitear, fairpge fearmann ír beilb daoine
 So ngabaid m'anam fearpa 'na feilb dílip,
 Ír mé pcaraimaint pé blar le bean na Cleite Caoile.

SEÁN UA TUAMA.

THE PRIESTS OF IRELAND.

[The time has arrived when the interests of our country require from us, as priests and as Irishmen, a public pronouncement on the vital question of Home Rule. . . We suggest the holding of an aggregate meeting in Dublin, of the representatives of all interested in this great question—and they are the entire people, without distinction of creed or class—for the purpose of placing, by constitutional means, on a broad and definite basis, the nation's demand for the restoration of its plundered rights.—*Extract from the Declaration of the Bishop and Priests of the Diocese of Cloyne, made on Sept. 15th, 1873.*]

You have waited, Priests of Ireland, until the hour was late ;
 You have stood with folded arms until 'twas asked—Why do
 they wait ?

By the fever and the famine you have seen your flocks grow
 thin,

Till the whisper hissed through Ireland that your silence was
 a sin.

You have looked with tearless eyes on fleets of exile-laden
 ships,

And the hands that stretched toward Ireland brought no
 tremor to your lips ;

In the sacred cause of freedom you have seen your people
band,

And they looked to you for sympathy: you never stirred a
hand;

But you stood upon the altar, with their blood within your
veins,

And you bade the pale-faced people to be patient in their
chains!

Ah, you told them—it was cruel—but you said they were not
true

To the holy faith of Patrick, if they were not ruled by you;

Yes, you told them from the altar—they, the vanguard of the
Faith—

With your eyes like flint against them—that their banding
was a death—

Was a death to something holy: till the heart-wrung people
cried

That their priests had turned against them—that they had
no more a pride—

That the English gold had bought you—yes, they said it—
but they lied!

Yea, they lied, they sinned, not knowing you—they had not
gauged your love:

Heaven bless you, Priests of Ireland, for the wisdom from
above,

For the strength that made you, loving them, crush back the
tears that rose

When your country's heart was quiv'ring 'neath the states-
man's muffled blows:

You saw clearer far than they did, and you grieved for
Ireland's pain;

But you did not rouse the people—and your silence was their
gain;

For too often has the peasant dared to dash his naked arm

'Gainst the sabre of the soldier: but you shielded him from
harm,

And your face was set against him—though your heart was
with his hand

When it flung aside the plough to snatch a pike for fatherland!

O, God bless you, Priests of Ireland! you were waiting with a will,
You were waiting with a purpose when you bade your flocks
be still;

And you preached from off your altars not alone the Word
Sublime,

But your silence preached to Irishmen:—"Be patient, bide
your time!"

And they heard you, and obeyed, as well as outraged men
could do:

Only some who loved poor Ireland, but who erred in doubting
you,

Doubting you, who could not tell them why you spake the
strange behest—

You, who saw the day was coming when the moral strength
was best—

You, whose hearts were sore with looking on your country's
quick decay—

You, whose chapel seats were empty and your people fled
away—

You, who marked amid the fields where once the peasant
cabin stood—

You, who saw your kith and kindred swell the emigration
flood—

You, the *sagart* in the famine, and the helper in the frost—

You, whose shadow was a sunshine when all other hope was
lost—

Yes, they doubted—and you knew it, but you never said a word,
Only preached, "Be still; be patient!" and, thank God,
your voice was heard.

Now, the day foreseen is breaking—it has dawned upon the land,
And the priests still preach in Ireland: do they bid their
flocks disband?

Do they tell them still to suffer and be silent ? No ! their words
Flash from Dublin Bay to Connacht, brighter than the gleam
of swords !

Flash from Donegal to Kerry, and from Waterford to Clare,
And the nationhood awaking thrills the sorrow-laden air.
Well they judged their time—they waited till the bar was
glowing white

Then they flung it on the anvil, striking down with earnest
might ;

And the burning sparks that scatter lose no lustre on the way,
Till five million hearts in Ireland and ten millions far away
Feel the first good blow, and answer ; and they will not rest
with one :

Now the first is struck, the anvil shows the labor well begun ;
Swing them in with lusty sinew, and the work will soon be done !
Let them sound from hoary Cashel ; Kerry, Meath, and Ross
stand forth ;

Let them ring from Cloyne and Tuam and the Primate of the
North ;

Ask not class or creed : let “ Ireland ! ” be the talismanic word ;
Let the blessed sound of unity from North to South be heard ;
Carve the words : “ No creed distinctions ! ” on O’Connell’s
granite tomb,

And his dust will feel their meaning and rekindle in the gloom.
Priest to priest, to sound the summons—and the answer, man
to man ;

With the people round the standard, and the prelates in the van.
Let the hearts of Ireland’s hoping keep this golden rule of
Cloyne

Till the Orange fades from Derry and the shadow from the
Boyne.

Let the words be carried outward till the farthest lands they
reach !

“ After Christ, their country’s freedom do the Irish prelates
preach ! ”

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

HOLD THE HARVEST.

Now, are you men, or are you kine, ye tillers of the soil ?
Would you be free, or evermore the rich man's cattle toil ?
The shadow on the dial hangs, that points the fatal hour—
Now, *hold your own !* or branded slaves, for ever cringe and
cower.

The serpent's curse upon you lies—ye writhe within the dust,
Ye fill your mouths with beggars' swill, ye grovel for a crust ;
Your lords have set their blood-stained heels upon your
shameful heads,
Yet, they are kind—they leave you still their ditches for your
beds !

Oh, by the God who made us all—the seignior and the serf—
Rise up ! and swear this day to hold your own green Irish
turf !

Rise up ! and plant your feet as men where now you crawl
as slaves,

And make your harvest fields your camps, or make of them
your graves.

The birds of prey are hovering 'round, the vultures wheel and
swoop—

They come, the coronetted *ghouls !* with drum-beat and with
troop—

They come, to fatten on your flesh, your children's and your
wives' ;

Ye die but once—hold fast your lands, and, if ye can, your
lives.

Let go the trembling emigrant—not such as he ye need ;
Let go the lucre-loving wretch that flies his land for greed ;
Let not one coward stay to clog your manhood's waking
power ;
Let not one sordid churl pollute the nation's natal hour.

Yes, let them go!—the caitiff rout, that shirk the struggle
now—

The light that crowns your victory shall scorch each recreant
brow,

And, in the annals of your race, black parallels in shame,
Shall stand, by traitors' and by spies', the base deserter's
name.

Three hundred years your crops have sprung, by murdered
corpses fed—

Your butchered sires, your famished sires, for ghastly com-
post spread ;

Their bones have fertilised your fields, their blood has fallen
like rain ;

They died that ye might eat and live—God ! have they died
in vain ?

The yellow corn starts blithely up ; beneath it lies a grave—
Your father died in " Forty-eight "—his life for yours he
gave—

He died, that you, his son, might learn there is no helper nigh
Except for him who, save in fight, has sworn he will not die.

The hour has struck, Fate holds the dice, we stand with bated
breath ;

Now who shall have our harvest fair ?—'tis Life that plays
with Death ;

Now who shall have our Motherland ?—'tis Right that plays
with Might ;

The peasants' arms were weak indeed in such unequal fight !

But God is on the peasants' side, the God that loves the poor,
His angels stand with flaming swords on every mountain
moor,

They guard the poor man's flocks and herds, they guard his
ripening grain,

The robber sinks beneath their curse beside his ill-got gain.

O, pallid serfs ! whose groans and prayers have wearied
 Heaven full long,
 Look up ! there is a law above, beyond all legal wrong ;
 Rise up ! the answer to your prayers shall come, tornado
 borne,
 And ye shall hold your homesteads dear, and ye shall reap
 the corn !

But your own hands upraised to guard shall draw the answer
 down,
 And bold and stern the deeds must be that oath and prayer
 shall crown ;
 God only fights for them who fight—now hush the useless
 moan,
 And set your faces as a flint and swear to Hold Your Own !

FANNY PARNELL.

‘ARAOIR IS MÉ IM’ AONAR.

Araoir ir mé im’ aonar coir taoibé an gaoiteair
 fá díon duille géas-ghair’ im’ luige,
 Lem’ taoib sup fuit rreirbean ba trí-binne réir gúib
 ná caoi éruit, sué éantait ir píob ;
 Dá coimheact bí caoc-ghíolla céar mé ’r do míll
 le raigeaduib, dá léar-cuir trém’ taoib deir go cruinn,
 Do claoir mé gan fáeream le díoghair do’n réitceann
 Do b’aoibne rceim agus gnaoi.

Litir ir caora bí as coimearcar ’r as pléirheact
 So píocmar ’na réim-leacain gúinn,
 I gcéir glain a déir mion, dob’ píor-dear a béal tana,
 A bhaite, ’r a claon-porc gan teimeal ;
 A caoin-mama géara gan claoclaó ar a cli,
 A píob ir a haol-corp mar géir ar an tuinn,
 Ba éinnheac tair néamhac ciug buirde carpa péarlac
 A claoi-folt go caol-trois ar bíp.

Ba túirpeac mé im' ódor-pppear nuair imúinear trém'
néaltaið

Ar cúrraib an traoḡail éleapais élaoin,
An trád múrclap do léimear le rúin-pearc do'n réilteann
I lúib éoilte b'aepeac san teimeal:

Bí lonnrað ó péabur i nḡeasail ḡac cpainn,
Bí lonnrað ba néamhac ar ḡac don bapir as luḡe,
Bí lonnrað ó'n bpéapla ḡo ḡtaḡaprað mac Séamuir
San éunntar fí réim éirt 'na ríḡaḡt.

A rúin óil mo éleib, t'ainm taḡair dom leḡ' rapor-éoil,
I r múrcail dom paéream san moill;
An tú lúnó no ḡeanur 'nar umlaḡ an laoc meap
An t-uball oi san pléir tar ḡac mnaoi;
Innir dom an tú Héilein éuḡ léir-rcmuor na Traoi,
No plúr na mban Déirḡe raiḡ gér-pearc do ḡaoir;
An tú Minéapba no an éúilríonn do tréis Tailc,
Lé'r túrnað na céadta san bpiḡ.

I r búaḡac blapta béapac umal ḡ'ppearḡair an béit mé,
I r túbairt: I r mé éire san tím
Éuḡat-ra le rcéaltaið ar éunntar mo laoc meap
Do túrnað le tréimre tar tuinn.
I r rúḡac éiocpaíḡ Séapuir 'na réim éirt apír
'S ḡac rpionnra ḡ'fuit éibir 'na rapor-bailtib ríḡeac',
Úirḡo binne i r cléir éeapc 'na noúḡcar san éicliap
I r búpa an ḡeapla san bpiḡ.

I r rúḡac beirḡ ḡaeḡeala 'na noún-bpḡail aolḡa
Le congnaim an éin-mic san moill,
ḡo rionn plearpac péapac meap-trúirpeac caitréimeac,
'S ḡ'a bpionnra ceapc ḡeillirḡ ḡac rí.
Beirḡ múcaḡ ḡur traoḡaḡ 'ca ar béapail an ríll,
Suocḡ lúḡair na ḡclaon-beapc ná ḡeileann do éprioḡ,
ḡá ḡtúrnað tar tréan-muir ní túbac liom a rcéalta,
San lionnta, san péapta, san ríon.

TAḡḡ ḡAEḡEALAC Ó SÚILLEABÁIN

CUI BONO ?

If all the wrath of England ran
To fill the land with ruin-fires,
If all her bloodiest hounds began
To tear us as they tore our sires :

If every cabin felt the flame,
And all the fields were waste and red,
Till silence o'er our highways came—
Such silence as will bless the dead :

If blood were spilled in thunder-showers,
Where'er the hunted came to bay
And all the grass and all the flowers
Were stained and sickened day by day :

If once again the maidens cried
To all the hills to hide their heads,
And babes and mothers side by side
Lay butchered in their bloody beds :

If all the love that lit the land,
When priests knew well how hunger kills,
Flashed out again, when bruised and banned,
The priests were with us on the hills :

If in the lonely mountain cave
We heard how Jude and Macchabee
Cried God's great curse to smite the slave
Who e'er forgot God made him free :

If all the tears our fathers shed
Came back to us, and all the groans ;
And wives and sons and daughters dead
Lay, with no priest to bless their bones :

All, all were vain to quench the fires
 That burn within our veins to-day;
 So help us, God, that helped our sires,
 We cannot give the land away!

REV. J. J. MURPHY (FIONN BARRA.)

THE EXILE OF THE GAEL.

[Read at the 150th Anniversary of the Irish Charitable Society, Boston,
 March 17th, 1887.]

It is sweet to rejoice for a day—
 For a day that is reached at last!
 It is well for wanderers in new lands,
 Slow climbers towards a lofty mountain pass,
 Yearning with hearts and eyes strained ever upward,
 To pause and rest on the summit—
 To stand between two limitless outlooks—
 Behind them, a winding path through familiar pains and
 ventures;
 Before them, the streams unbridged and the vales untravelled.

What shall they do nobler than mark their passage
 With kindly hearts, mayhap, for kindred to follow?
 What shall they do wiser than pile a cairn
 With stones from the wayside, that their tracks and names
 Be not blown from the hills like sand, and their story be lost
 for ever?

“Hither,” the cairn shall tell, “Hither they came and
 rested!”

“Whither?” the searcher shall ask with questioning
 eyes on their future.

Hither and Whither ! O Maker of Nations ! Hither and
 Whither the sea speaks,
 Heaving ; the forest speaks, dying ; the Summer whispers,
 Like a sentry giving up the watchword, to the muffled Winter
 Hither and Whither ! the Earth calls wheeling to the Sun ;
 And like ships on the deep at night, the stars interflash the
 signal.

Hither and Whither, the exiles' cairn on the hill speaks—
 Yea, as loudly as the sea and the earth and the stars.
 The heart is earth's exile : the soul is heaven's ;
 And God has made no higher mystery for stars.

Hither—from home ! sobs the torn flower on the river :
 Wails the river itself as it enters the bitter ocean ;
 Moans the iron in the furnace at the premonition of melting ;
 Cries the scattered grain in Spring at the passage of the
 harrow.
 In the iceberg is frozen the rain's dream of exile from the
 fields ;
 The shower falls sighing for the opaline hills of cloud ;
 And the clouds on the bare mountains weep their daughter-
 love for the sea.

Exile is God's alchemy ! Nations He forms like metals -
 Mixing their strength and their tenderness ;
 Tempering pride with shame and victory with affliction ;
 Meting their courage, their faith, and their fortitude—
 Timing their genesis to the world's needs !

“ What have ye brought to our Nation-building, Sons of the
 Gael ?

What is your burden or guerdon from old Inisfail ?
 Here build we higher and deeper than men ever built before ;
 And we raise no Shinar tower, but a temple for evermore.

What have ye brought from Erin your hapless land could spare ?
 Her tears, defeats, and miseries ? Are these, indeed, your share ?
 Are the mother's *cáoine* and the *bean sídhe's* cry your music
 for our song ?

Have ye joined our feast with a withered wreath and a
 memory of wrong ?

With a broken sword and treason-flag from your Banba of
 the seas ?

O, where in our House of Triumph shall hang such gifts as
 these ? ”

O, soul, wing forth ! what answer across the main is heard ?
 From burdened ships and exiled lips—write down, write down
 the word !

“ No treason we bring from Erin—nor bring we shame nor
 guilt !

The sword we hold may be broken, but we have not dropped
 the hilt !

The wreath we bear to Columbia is twisted of thorns, not
 bays ;

And the songs we sing are saddened by thoughts of desolate
 days.

But the hearts we bring for Freedom are washed in the surge
 of tears ;

And we claim our right by a People's fight outliving a thousand
 years ! ”

“ What bring ye else to the Building ?

“ O, willing hands to toil

Strong natures tuned to the harvest-song, and bound to the
 kindly soil ;

Bold pioneers for the wilderness, defenders in the field—

The sons of a race of soldiers who never learned to yield.

Young hearts with duty brimming—as faith makes sweet the
 due ;

Their truth to me their witness they cannot be false to you ! ”

“ What send ye else, old Mother, to raise our mighty wall,
For we must build against Kings and Wrongs a fortress never
to fall ? ”

“ I send you in cradle and bosom, wise brain and eloquent
tongue,
Whose crowns shall engild my crowning, whose songs for me
shall be sung.
O, flowers unblown, from lonely fields, my daughters with
hearts aglow,
With pulses warm with sympathies, with bosoms pure as
snow—
I smile through tears as the clouds unroll—my widening river
that runs !
My lost ones grown in radiant growth—proud mothers of
free-born sons !
My seed of sacrifice ripens apace ! The Tyrant's cure is
disease :
My strength that was dead like forest is spread beyond the
distant seas ! ”

“ It is well, aye well, old Erin ! The sons you give to me
Are symbolled long in flag and song—your Sunburst on the
Sea !
All mine by the chrism of Freedom, still yours by their love's
belief ;
And truest to me shall the tenderest be in a suffering mother's
grief.
Their loss is the change of the wave to the cloud, of the dew
to the river and main ;
Their hope shall persist through the sea, and the mist, and
thy streams shall be filled again.
As the smolt of the salmon go down to the sea, and as surely
come back to the river,
Their love shall be yours while your sorrow endures, for God
guardeth His Right for ever !

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE REVEL OF THE WEE FOLK.

(AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY).

Come closer still, ἄ τεανῶ, let me whisper in your ear,
There is something I would tell you, and I want none else to
hear :

They were back last night, ἄ εἰς, they were full a thousand
strong ;

I watched them on the green beyond, so busy all night long.

There were some from Aughawinny ; there were some from
Knockabrin ;

They were there, too, from Knockalla, from Κηλαδῶν and
from Bunlinn ;

And the princely ones from Διτεῶς brought some bards their
Court among,

And from Ξημανῶν little dancers and wee pipers came along.

And a hundred fairy millers brought a flat stone from the
shore,

And they set their mill upon it over there fornenst the door ;
Then a hundred little waggoners brought each his store of corn,
And every little waggon held its load of meal at morn.

But, ὤ, ἄ τεανῶ φίλῃ, sure 'twas I was ill content
To be there alone among them, though a merry night we
spent,

For so sick was I and weary that I scarce could heed the play
Of the wee red jovial revellers, so merry-voiced and gay.

It was wearing on to morning when the milling all was done,
And the millers and the waggoners were joining in the fun,
When above the din and music a "discordant note" was
heard,

'Twas the crowing of the bantam out behind there in the yard

Well, a éiríodé, such helter-skelter I had never seen before,
Such running here, and running there, confusion and uproar ;
And in less time than I tell it, I was back in bed again,
With the voices of "the wee folk" making music in my brain.

CATAL MACSARBAIS.

maċtnam an duine doilġeasais.

Oíóce dom go doilġ duairc,
Coir fáirrige na dtonn dtréan,
As léar-rmaoineam, ir as luad,
Ar coraib cnuada an traosail.

Uí an mae 'r na réalta ruar,
Níor élor fuaim tuinne na tráġa
Ir ní mab ġal ann de'n ġaoit
Do croctrað barr crainn ná blá.

Do ġluairéar amac liom féin
ġan aipe 'ġam ar maon mo fíubail
Dorap cille ġur deap mé
'San ġconair féir ór mo éionn.

Do rtað mé 'ran ndorap rean
'Nar ġnát almpanna ir doirdeáct
Dá ndáil do'n loðar aġur do'n laġ
An tráct do máir luét an tiġe.

Uí forað fíar ar a éaoib
Ir cian ó cuiréad i ġclóð
Ar a fuidéad raoite 'r cliar
Ir tairtealais ġrialta an róir.

ġuir mé ríor le maċtnam lán
Do leigear mo lám fém' ġruad
ġur éuit fíara diana deap
Óm' deapcaib ar an bfeap anuap.

Aduabairt mé annroin fé 't
 Agus mé as caoi go cumáe :
 'Do bí aimpeari ann 'na maib
 An tís ro go roib rubáe.

Ir ann 'do bí cluis ir cliair,
 Orléacta dialáctá dá léigeanh.
 Corairde ceatal agus ceol
 As molaó mórláctá Dé.

Fótrac folam san áir
 An t-áruir ro ir árra túir
 Ir iomda earḡal agus ḡaoḡ
 'Do buail fé málaláib 'do mhúir.

Ir iomda fearḡainn agus fuaḡt
 Ir rḡuirm éuain 'do éuir 'dóit,
 Ó tiorḡalcead tú ar 'dtúir
 'Do Rís na n'Dúl mar tígear.

A mhúir naomḡa na mbeann nḡlar,
 'Do b'órnáid 'do'n tír reo tráḡ ;
 Díombáid 'dian liom 'do rḡuoir
 Agus cur 'do naom ar fán.

Ir uaisnead ataoir anoir,
 Ní'l ionat corairde ná ceol,
 Áct rḡléadad na ḡceann ḡcat
 I n-ionad na ralm roḡail !

Aíoneán as earcar ór 'do rḡuaisḡ
 Neanntóḡ maó id' uirlár úr
 Tarann caol na rionnác reang
 Ir crónán na n-ea id' éúir.

Mar a nḡlaoḡad an fúireos móe
 'Do éleir as canad na 'dtráḡ
 Ní'l teangas as corruirde anoir
 Áct teangas ḡliogair na ḡcás.

Δεῖ το ῥοιμντεᾶς ἡαν βιαῶ
 Το ῥυαμ-λιος ἡαν λεαβα βλαῖτ,
 Το ἑαρμωιμν ἡαν ιοῦβαιμτ εἰεῖρ
 Ἠά αῖρρεανν το Ὀια τᾶ μᾶθ.

Ὁ'ιμῑς το λυαμ αἡυρ το μᾶσαι
 Ἦρ το εὐαλλαῖτ πέ εἰαν ἐράτῳ ;
 Οἷ ! ἡί ῑωνναιμ ανοῖρ πέτ' ιαῶαῶ
 Δῖτ εαμνᾶν εμᾶῶτα εἰνᾶν.

Οἷ ! ἀνῑοτλανν Ἦρ ἀνυαλλ,
 Ἀνῑοιτ ἀνυαῖρ Ἦρ ἀινῶλιξε ;
 ῑῑρνεαρτ ναῖαῶ Ἦρ ερεᾶαῶ εμᾶῖτ,
 Ὁ'ῑᾶς ἡο ηυαῖςνεᾶς τῷ μαῖ τᾶοι !

Το βῑορ-ρα ῑῑν ϑοῖα ϑεᾶ,
 ῑῑμιορ ! το ελαοῖτοῖτ μο εἰῶῶ ;
 Ἐᾶιμς τῶιρ ἀν τῑαῶσαι ἡμ' αἡᾶῶ,
 Ἦρ ἡί'λ ῑεῖῶμ οῖμν ἀῖτ βῑῶν.

Ὁ'ιμῑς μο λυᾶῶαλλ αἡυρ μο λῑῖ,
 Ρᾶῶαρε μο ῑῑλ, αἡυρ μο ἑρεοῖμ,
 Δτᾶῶ μο εᾶῖρτε 'ἡυρ μο εἰαν
 'ἡαν ἡεἰλλ ϑεο ἡο ῑανν αἡ ῑρεῶᾶῶ !

Δτᾶ ῑυαῖρρεαρ ἀρ μο ὑρεᾶς,
 Τᾶ μο ἐρῑῶτε 'ἡα ἐρῑῶταλ εἰῶ ;
 Τᾶ βῑῑρρεᾶῶ οῖμν ἀν βᾶρ
 Βᾶ ὑεᾶῖτ μ'ῑᾶἑτε πέ ἡ-α εῶμᾶρ.

σεᾶν ὁ κοἑλεᾶν.

ONLY A DYIN' CROW.

" 'Tis only a thievin' crow," he said, as he pointed to where
it lay,

Shot-shattered and torn, with wings outspread on the rich
brown fresh-ploughed clay ;

" Sure you needn't be sad 'cause a wounded crow has fluttered
down here to die "—

But a sorrowful look clouds the old man's brow as he huskily
makes reply—

" Yis, 'tis only wan that you've shot, me boy, of a thievin'
thribe, as you say ;

But the fluttherin' fall that to you gave joy lies sore on my
heart to-day ;

For that dyin' bird is the link of a chain which binds me to
times long past ;

An' I grieve to see his red life-blood drain, an' th' ould wings
stilled at last.

" Ah, many a year has now gone past since wance on a March
morn bright

I riz the *feerins**, an' *hunkeens*† cast, an' whistled in sperits
light,

While close at me heels kem the noisy crows pickin' worms
from the fresh brown clay,

As I ploughed up the sods in straight, close rows in the field
where we stand to-day.

* *Feerin*.—The first or middle sod in a ridge. Probably a corruption of *féinne*, as upon this sod all the others depend with regard to running in a straight or *true* line. A ploughman always says to "*raise a feerin*," and to "*cast a hunkeen*."

† *Hunkeen*.—The last, or closing sod of a ridge, ploughed from the furrow.

“ An’ wan foolish bird—I suppose he was young—got wedged
in a slow-fallin’ sod ;
The aichoes aroun’ with his frightened cries rung, as he
sthuggled in undher the clod ;
But his hoarse cawin’ stopped as I kem to his aid, an’ he
c’ased in his fluttherin’ strife—
Thinks I, the poor craithur is sorely afraid I’m comin’ to rob
him of life !

“ But he looked in me face wid a confident eye, as I lifted the
sod where he lay,
An’ his harsh voice was glad as he soared far on high : thank
you kindly, his caws seemed to say.
An’ I’d aisly know him again, I said, as he sailed thro’ the
clear air away,
For tho’ black was his body from tail-tip to head, his wings
wor a whitish grey.

“ An’ e’er since that March morn long years ago he looked
upon me as his friend,
An’ I found him to be a daicent good crow, that never to
maneness would bend ;
An’ when in the rich fields for miles all around the ’shares
turned up stubble or lay,
To follow my plough he thought himself bound, so he hopped
at me heels every day.

“ So both of us kem to be comrades in toil in the same fields
our daily work lay,
An’ we gethered our livin’ from out the same soil, thro’ many
a long wairy day ;
An’ I larned all the ways of that curious ould crow, from the
mornin’ me hand set him free ;
An’ he studied too, as I’ve raison to know ; for he found out
a lot about me.

" At laste—ah, the memory gladdens me now—when I walked
 with my Kate down yon lane,
 Ould Grey Wings sat perched on that big elm bough glancin'
 knowin'ly down on us twain ;
 An' when I was happy with her as my bride he joyously cawed
 from on high,
 As we rambled together in love side by side, in the summer
 eves long since gone by.

" An' our sunny-haired boy—Heaven rest him, I pray—who
 grew up so clane, strong, and tall,
 I mind how he kem to th' fields wan warm day with tay for
 the haymakers all ;
 An' he wandered away to that tree there below, where he
 stretched his young limbs in the shade ;
 On a bough o'er his head sat that ould grey-winged crow
 lookin' sober, an' solemn, an' staid.

" An' the cunnin' ould fella soon saw that the boy was
 munchin' some fresh griddle-bread,
 So he dropped from his perch with a loud caw of joy, an'
 hopped on th' ground 'ithout dread ;
 An' my boy laughed in glee as he threw the sweet crumbs to
 the crow hoppin' round where he lay—
 Ah, that pickcher full oft to my heavy heart comes an' I feel
 how I'm lonesome to-day.

" Mo bhuachaillin bán ! —you've heard how he fell in the
 land o' the west far away,
 When Ireland's brave sons faced the fierce shot and shell on
 Fred'ricksburg's terrible day,
 They tould me he charged, as he rushed long ago when he
 hurled on his own native plain ;
 But he died near the guns, with his face to the foe, in that
 land far away o'er the main.

“ An’ the mother—God rest her—the news broke her heart,
they say throubles come not alone ;
For death, that spares none, rudely pushed us apart, an’
claimed my loved wife as his own—
Let who will explain—I could swear that that crow, wept wid
me in me sorrowful days,
For he moped roun’ the place wid his head hangin’ low, an’
solemn an’ sad wor his ways.

“ But it’s all over now an’ me friend’s goin’ fast, the rough
baik is crimson wid gore ;
The hoarse voice is hushed an’ his flights are all past—he’ll
sail o’er the green fields no more.
The brown clay is soakin’ his red ebbin’ blood the knowin’
ould eyes are growin’ dim ;
Their last look reprov’in’ seems sayin’ I should a-watched wid
more care over him.

“ An’ now, boy, you know why I’m sorry to-day, tho’ ’twas
only an ould dyin’ crow—
Can you wonder I’m sad when there dead on the clay lies the
comrade of times long ago ?
An’ I shame not to mourn for the sad bloody fate of my
feathered friend honest and true,
The last link is snapped an’ I’ve not long to wait till I sleep
the cowl’d lonesome sleep too.”

PATRICK ARCHER.

MY INVER BAY.

Och ! Inver Bay of a harvest day,
And the sun goin’ down the sky ;
When with many’s a laugh the boats put off,
And many’s the merry cry !

To Cork's own Cove though one may rove,
 He will not find, *mo chroidhe*,
 A rarer bay, a fairer bay,
 A sweeter bay nor thee.
 For the Kaiser's rod and his realms so broad,
 I wouldn't swap, not I,
 My Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky.

A purtier boat there's not afloat
 Than Pathrick Rose's "Nan,"
 A boulder crew, nor boys more true
 Is not in wide Irelan'—
 A long, long pull, a sthrong, sthrong pull,
 And one right hearty cheer,
 Our "Nan" so brave she tops the wave,
 And our comrade-boats we clear;
 We lead the throng, we sthrike a song,
 We rise it loud and high,
 On Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky.

Till we reach away where the herrin's play
 There's neither slack nor slow;
 As quick as thought our nets are shot,
 On the thafts then we lie low,
 And many's the stave rolls o'er the wave,
 And many the yarn is told—
 The sea all white with silver bright,
 The air all filled with gold—
 A scene more grand, God's good right hand
 It ne'er reached from on high,
 Than Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky.

O'er far Norway it's give me sway,
 With a palace wide and broad,
 With silks, and wine, and jewels fine,
 And hundreds at my nod—



ETHNA CARBERY AND SEUMAS MACMANUS.

In robes all gay with golden spray
 It's dress me you might do ;
 But I'd loathe your wine, your jewels fine,
 Your gold, and your kingdom, too ;
 For a ragged coat, in Pathrick's boat,
 It's I'd lament and sigh,
 And for Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 With the sun goin' down the sky.

Our bravest sons, our stoutest ones,
 Have rushed across the sae,
 And, God, He knows, each wind that blows
 Is waftin' more away !
 It's sore disthress does them hard press,
 They dhrop their heads and go—
 Och, Sorrow's Queen, it's you has seen
 Their hearts big swelled with woe !
 Though gold they make, their hearts they break,
 And they oft sit down and cry
 For Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky.

Och ! Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky ;
 When with many's the laugh the boats put off,
 And many's the merry cry.
 To Cork's own Cove though one may rove,
 He will not find, *mo chroidhe*,
 A rarer bay, a fairer bay,
 A sweeter bay nor thee.
 For the Kaiser's rod and his realms so broad,
 I wouldn't swap, not I,
 My Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky.

éire fé bhrat uaine as caoineadh a cloinne
ó cōp na ndeor!

Míle go leith bliadhán, a Dá! I r fada an pé! i r mór
an aimpear é. Níor b'iongnadh dá mbeinn cpmēa, corēa,
caitte, liaē. Aēt, féad an mar roin atá. Tá mo sruas
dualaē cōm flúirpead páinnead i r mar bíod fadó; asur
tá mo fēan-cpoidē cōm mīrneamail meannmaē, dar liom,
i r mar bí fé maím. Ní'l na peoda glé as taitneam óm'
brághar fé mar bíod, ámtaē! fuaduiḡeadh mo fēoda-ra
go mion minic, a cáirde éleib. Na peoda luacmāra do
bain liom-ra atáid as lonnraō ar brollaē i r ar bačar
na namāo anoir, asur táim-re anho asur san luid umam
aēt an bhrat uaine do leis an Tigearna anuar oim asur
an raoḡal i n-a óige. Aēt táim pártā leir an mbrat ro:
bí peoda go leor air trāē, asur ca brior d'éinne ná go
mbeadh arí?

Bíod a frior, leir, asaid ná fuilim-re as páire ó'n tcráig
reo ó coraē an traoḡail. Bí cúiam asur oileamaint asur
órouḡadh cloinne oim-ra leir. Coṡuiḡear, cōmairliḡear,
d'órouḡear mo élan péin nuair ba fuaiaē le ráō na
píoḡanta i r mó comāēt ar doimā inoiu. Ba beas le ráō
iad nuair fíleas-ra na deora ar fēorainn Dúin na nḡall
an lá rcar Colm Cille liom. Ba beas le ráō iad ar feadh
míle go leith bliadhán i n-a dáō ran nuair a bí mo élan
ra as cairteal na hEorpa le lán mo éola. Baidḡ mo
élan ra leo i n-a pluaidtib čar mui anonn. Čpior-
tuḡeasdar na mílte, na deas-mílte. Čornuḡeasdar easlair.
asur peadā Dē. Dībuiḡeasdar aineolar asur ainveire
pōmpa. Scaipeasdar léiḡeann fé mar rcaiptear rolar na
sreine no dpuēt na rpēire. D'fáḡasdar mainirtpeadā
asur rcpíbeanna asur iarrmaidē i n-a noiaō, a deas-
buiḡeann do'n traoḡal go maḡasdar ann trāē. Aēt bíodas
fém' maiaō féin an taca ran. B'iad a mbrāēra mo briaēra

féin. U'iað a mbéara mo béara féin. U'iað a utréite mo tréite féin. Ní maðamair as bpað ar éinne aét orainn féin!

Á! aét bíor-ra mó-bos, mó-leandaidhe, mó-baoitchéreomheac ar fað. Céaraí nár mirté dom mo élaínn do rcaoiléaú uaim, cé sup táinig na Danair asur sup reuiofaðar an tóútaig reo aír asur aír eile ór cómaí mo fúl. Cuip brian bóirne deiread le n-a pé fúo, ámtac. Maire, nár b'é brian an deas-mac, asur nár b'é fiúo an deas-faozal nuair o'fágaímír bóirre na sceall ar dearg-leacáð, asur nuair a bíod foðain ir fáilte roim an scoigheic, ba éuma cao ar so tóainig pé. Asur b'ole an díozal ar éur aca é. Tángaðar so maííreac nuair ba deas é mo éoinne leo. Tógaðar mo éuram oréa féin. Márluigeaðar, márbuigeaðar, dírbuigeaðar mo élaínn! Ba duibhónac an uain asam í as faíre ó imeall loéa Suilíng ar uairlíb Ulað asur iað as tuiall pé feol a bpað i sceín. Asur b'uaigníge fór mé ar bpuac na Sionann as féacaint ar na Séirdeannab fiaðaine as reinnnead toim so macaírib gaircío na heorpa. Ó, na mílte cloinne liom do éroio so dúémacac ar fuio na heorpa asur gan de éuairre le faíal oréa féin ná ar a bpór inoiu aét an oiread ir mar atá ar flioét na nDanair annro ar bóirdeab glé na laoi! Mo éreac asur mo éeao míle éreac!

Asur cá meara ran féin ná na mílte míle de poza mo éoinne do feolað Cór Corcaige amac i longab éasruair asur oíoc-aicíde, asur na céadta céad o'áruigeaú cum riubail pé glaraib géara nime toirc dian-gháð do beic aca oim-ra? Ocón! mo éeao ócón! ir iað do leonað, ir iað do bapcað, ir iað do marluigeaú, ir iað do bácað, ir iað do márbuigeaú, ir iað do cailleaú so duibhónac ainveir; ir iað a ghenáma tá as feoðad ar fuio na cruinne, ar leacain pléibe asur i n-íoctar faíirge, so noéanfaíó Dia trócaire ar a n-anamnaib uile! Asur mar bairi ar gac donar aca feolað bainríozan iapaéta an cuan irteaé i scorp-lár an éreacéa; asur tugad ainm iapaéta

ar Cóir na nDeor anro de bair a turair, u'fonn ir mo
 éaraoir-re do bhréaghuagáó mar ir gnat, ir dóca. Tugáó
 baile bainríogha Sárana ar Cóir Córcaige pé mar tugáó
 baile Ríog Sárana ar Úin Laochair tamall poime rin.
 As ro mar cuirtear Gaili agus Gailloácar i n-ionao
 Gaedéal agus a reanúir. Ar an gcuma ro mealltar
 pinn; mar reo, leir, ir ead do múcfaide pinn dá bhréa-
 faide é!

Agus i n-a ainveoin reo, i n-ainveoin an éreácta, i n-ain-
 veoin an éitig, i n-ainveoin mo úubróin-re agus m'ainveire,
 féac na mílte cloinne liom inoiu agus inoé, agus anuraid
 agus áirugáó anuraid, féac as teicead uaim beal an éuin
 amac iad gan rtaonaó gan por. Féac as imteáct iad
 riap riap, agus as ríi-imteáct; cuir aca éum an donair,
 cé nac móirde gur eol dóib é; cuir aca éum tíoréa na
 cruinne áct aindin a dtíri glar féin do éur ar bealaó a
 leara; cuir aca, ir baoglaó, éum aicmíde agus daoine
 nár óein éasóirí uam oim-ra do éur i ngeibeann ar pon
 na Sáranaó, mo míle bhrón!

A élann, a élann, cad éuige go nveineann rib ro? Cad
 éuige bui mátair díir féin do éréigeann do péir mar
 eirgeann rib ruar? Cad éuige raochar bui rean do réanaó?
 Cad éuige ainmneáca bui rínreap agus bui noútaige do
 rcaoitead ar ceal? Cad éuige bui gcúl do tabairt ar
 ruairceap agus bui n-ágaib do tabairt ar díabluideáct
 an traošail? Níl gábtar ná cruadcan ná fóiréigean
 o'buir noibirt inoiu. Fanad, a élann, i bpochar bui mátar,
 mar roin: tá gábad inoiu agus géar-gábad le raochar gac
 duine aguib coir baile. Fan, a élann, á, fan! Claoróir
 le céile, cuiróir le céile, cabruigir le céile! Tabair
 cúl láime le gac ragar Gailloácar dá oteangmócair oiaib!
 Deinir fan, á, dein! agus geallaim dóib, le congnam an
 doin-mic, go mbeir an riac oiaib féin agus a rian ar
 rean-éirinn.

sceilg na sceol.

THE RISING OF THE MOON.

Oh ! then tell me, Seán O'Farrell,
 Tell me why you hurry so ?
 " Hush, mo buacáil, hush and listen,"
 And his cheeks were all aglow.
 " I bear orders from the Captain,
 Get you ready quick and soon
 For the pikes must be together
 By the rising of the moon."

Oh ! then tell me, Seán O'Farrell,
 Where the gathering is to be ?
 " In the old spot by the river
 Right well known to you and me.
 One word more—for signal token,
 Whistle up the marching tune,
 With your pike upon your shoulder,
 By the rising of the moon."

Out from many a mud-wall cabin
 Eyes were watching through the night ;
 Many a manly chest was throbbing
 For the blessed warning light.
 Murmurs passed along the valleys
 Like the Banshee's lonely croon,
 And a thousand blades were flashing
 At the rising of the moon.

There beside the singing river
 That dark mass of men were seen ;
 Far above the shining weapons
 Hung their own beloved green.
 " Death to every foe and traitor !
 Forward ! strike the marching tune,
 And hurrah, my boys, for freedom !
 'Tis the rising of the moon."

Well they fought for poor old Ireland,
And full bitter was their fate—
Oh ! what glorious pride and sorrow
Fill the name of 'Ninety-eight !—
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating
Hearts in manhood's burning noon,
Who would follow in their footsteps
At the rising of the moon !

J. KEEGAN CASEY.

CATS AT SCHOOL.

Through the damp and blustery nightfall, under the dripping woods, splashing through the road mud, tramp two boys and two men. Each of the boys carries a cat under his arm. Each of the men carries hot anger in his heart, and is giving voice to it with a wealth of emphasis which is entirely picturesque and convincing. The boys have been so late in returning from school that the men, who are their respective fathers, have gone to the school-house to seek them.

"It's the frightfullest tomfoolery ever I heard of in all me born days," says one indignant head of a family, "to make the gossoons bring cats to school. It's a shame—that's what it is !"

"Yes, and it's a frightfuller shame to slap them if they go without a cat," says the other outraged parent. "It's no schoolin' to give children. The master that says it is isn't fit for a school. The man is cracked. That's what I say."

And the whole parish is more or less of the same opinion.

There is much excitement over this cat trouble at the local school, and feeling is running high. An unbiassed enquirer after truth meets an indignant parent on the road next day and asks him about it.

"It's a fret!" says the parent, "that's what it is. The master made a law on Monday that every gossoon in the school was to bring a cat with him on Friday. And every gossoon that didn't bring a cat was-slapped, except Neddy Downey's Pat, and he'd have got the switch, too, only he could prove an *alibi* that they had no cat."

"And," asks the unbiassed enquirer aforesaid, "what did the master want with the cats?"

"An object lesson—that's what he wanted. It's a new invention, I thank you."

"How does it work?"

"Oh, like a coal of fire in a haycock. That's nice schoolin', isn't it?"

"But can you explain how this object lesson is taught?"

"Of course I can. The gossoons ketch their cats and, by hook or crook, get them to the school. The master asks them if they have their cats, and after slappin' any boy that hasn't one, he says, 'go on, now, with your object lesson.' Then every gossoon holds his cat in one hand as well as he can and draws him down on a slate with the other. What do you think of that?"

It sounded queer, and yet it was the simple truth. Further enquiry brought out the fact that there had been a most sanguinary cat-fight during school hours. "It was shockin'." That is what most people said when telling of it, and a craving for the details took possession of me. I found them, and here they are, truthfully set down.

When the object lesson was finished the cats were enclosed in the school turf-house. Their nerves were all raw from education, and new experiences, and were too highly strung for social intercourse. They disagreed about one thing and another until, on general principles, they were all mad through and through and lusting for battle. So they fought.

When the fight began évery cat of them went into action, and the howls and shrieks and screeches which arose from that congested district can never be adequately described

in human language. All the work of the school came to a standstill for the master was powerless to keep order. When he opened the door of the turf-house the air was thick with fur, and terror and acrimony; and all his efforts to cool down the hectic circumstances were unavailing. The situation was aflame and the conflagration was impressive. The cats were submerged in the rupture of mutual assassination, and were deaf to "haha's" and "be-offs" and "cutch's" and threats of every description. All the amenities garnered by countless generations of domesticity had fallen away from them, and they were whirling through the vibrating atmosphere in the desperate savagery of feline nature in its primordial state.

The combat ended only when the fighters were out of breath. When they recovered themselves the call of civilisation brought them back out of the abyss, and they felt ashamed. They fled in all directions in remorse, and the school broke up into a cat-hunt. The boys were hurriedly despatched to head off the fugitives, and round them up. But they were only partially successful. Many cats broke away, and are likely going yet.

Well, let them go. What remains? The problem of primary education in Ireland. That is what remains. This cat crisis, this uprising against the innovation of the object lesson, this pottering with vital issues—what of it all, my brothers? Where is it to end, and when? When are the children to have justice! Here is a question for us to ponder? We fought for our farms until we succeeded in rooting ourselves upon them. The land is a great thing, but it is not everything. Mind and character are greater things. Manhood and a sense of citizenship are greater things. Knowledge and culture are greater things. Let us fight for them, too.

WILLIAM BULFIN.

CIREOCHMAOID PEASTA!

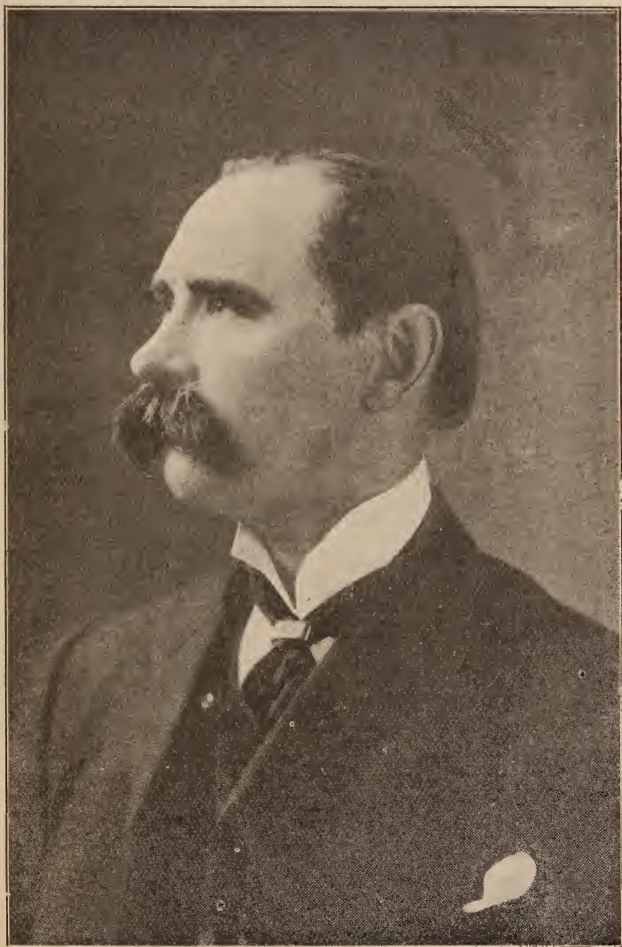
AN CRAOIBÍN DOIBINN.

Eireochaimíó feartha, tá'n lá seal as teacht,
 Is ní beimíó fá rmaect mar atáimíó
 As rméirle san bpuig no luect béarla san éiríde,
 Aect béarpamaoid aghair ar an nánair.
 A élaóaire an béarla, luig ríor go deo!
 Ta an ríor-rpíoraio beo i rna dáoinib;
 Níl mear ar do ríort, ar do élear ná do rpóirt
 As óghánaib chearta na tíre.

Bí an béarla mar rmúro ar an rpéir inr sac clúro,
 Agus óall ré na héireannais ríora,
 Aect tá ríob annro go bríoghmar 'r go beo,
 Go ríoghraio ríob ceo duib na tíre.
 Inr an áro-teangair bí as báro agus raoi
 Cuirim ríomair-re na naoi míle fáilte,
 Roim móir agus beas roim ós agus rean,
 Roim fear agus bean agus páirte.

Tá cláirpeac na héireann le fada fá bpon
 Agus lonnroub, ocon! ar a téaduib,
 An cláirpeac do bí 'na lútgáire do'n éiríde,
 Atá rí san bpuig, is i réabta.
 Aect rígeiríó rí ceol ann rna rpéaríuib go fóil,
 Beiró gut inr sac téio do bí bpurte
 Imteoiríó ríoirí-fíon, roillíreoiríó an grian
 Ar ríoiríuib na bfiann a bí ríuiríora.

Do fuair an focal ó éan ar an gcuán
 Agus ríuiríó ré nac buan is nac ríoiríuiríde
 An ríuiríuirídeact o'fás ar rean-máirí fá éráó
 Is go bpuigimíó a bpuilimíó o'iaríaríó.
 As fearóis an ríuiríde do éularíó mé ríéal
 Go gcuiríuirídear an gaeíeal i n-áiríde,
 Luect béarla fá ceo is fá náire go deo,
 Atur ronar is ríós ar ár gáiríuib.



DR. DOUGLAS HYDE.
(An Chaoibín Aoiúinn.)

Cā bfuil na daoine de muintir Uí Néill
 Naé seampadó a béal leir an mbéarla?
 De fhuict na míos móir Clann Conaill, Clann Coşam
 'S Seapóro bí i laigimó 'na lairla?
 Ó Concubair do bí i nÉiminn 'na míş,
 Ar éiriseadair teanga a mátar?
 Ar éiriseadair díob an diallaio dá nDruim.
 Le dul san don truíim fá an trrátar!
 Árdócamaoio teanga na héireann le bpoó,
 Ár ronar, ár reor ir ár bpéarla,
 Ir cuipiró rí ruais asur béarparó rí buairó
 Ar glaparnais éruairó an béarla.
 Mí bfuigiró rí báir, áct beiró rí as fáir
 I n-a crann breas craobamail áluinn,
 Asur reaparó an reéal ó béal so béal,
 So mbeiró raoirre 'sur réan le faşáil ann.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of 'Ninety-eight?
 Who blushes at the name?
 When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
 Who hangs his head for shame?
 He's all a knave, or half a slave,
 Who slights his country thus:
 But a *true* man, like you, man,
 Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful and the few—
 Some lie far off beyond the wave,
 Some sleep in Ireland, too;
 All—all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died;
 All true men, like you, men,
 Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made.
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam—
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth ;
Among their own they rest ;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast.
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land ;
They kindled there a living blaze
That nothing can withstand.
Alas ! that Might can vanquish Right---
They fell and passed away ;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite.
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as their's your fate ;
And true men, be you, men,
Like those of 'Ninety-eight.

JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

THE DUBLIN POLICE.

April 25th, 1789.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

Advantage had been taken of some disturbances in 1784 to enslave the Capital by a police. A watch of old men at fourpence per night was naturally ineffectual. They had not youth, nor strength, nor pay ; their imperfection should have been removed by choosing proper persons, and paying them reasonably. The present system does more—it pays them too much. It appears by the report that for actual protection we pay £9,500 per annum ; but, added to that, you pay £10,500 for patronage, that is, for corruption. Instead of £10,000 which the old watch would have cost in two years and a half, the present plan has stood the city in £51,000. Let any man lay his hand to his heart, and when he considers how this sum is produced—that it is extracted from the little means of comfortable support that are left to the labourer and tradesman, let him say if such an extraction is not a grievous exaction upon this city. But it is not merely the expense that the city complains of ; you had your floor covered last session with petitions from the citizens of the most reputable description ; you heard their case ; you heard it moved at your bar ; often heard uncontroverted evidence that, instead of protection, they had derived only insolence and exaction from this system, and then, what did you do ? You turned your face another way and you did nothing. When the enormity and the shamefulness of this petty system of tyranny and oppression stared you in the face, what did you do ? You turned your face another way, and you did nothing ; still, however, the rankness of the measure had forced itself again upon you. You ordered a committee—and when was that committee ordered ? When the Viceroy was in his humiliation—at the time that he was canonised on the records of both houses. As he declined, economy began to appear ; as he recovers, economy declines. What kind of measure is it that he is now forcing us to support ?

It is an act for enslaving the population ; it is not like the carnal profusion that arises from a general wastefulness of administration ; it is not the dole that is thrown to those who are paid for calling " question " ; nor to those whose talents are shown in observing in what corner of the house a gasping orator may want the critical aid of a " hear him ! "—those ventriloquists of the treasury bench. It is not the pay that allures a mechanic from his shop, and stations him in our gallery to make speeches for one side and suppress them for another—to extol his feeders, and vilify the characters who feel for, and speak for the rights of their country. No, Sir, this bill enacts a permanent system, on a principle that makes it immortal ; it enacts a grievance into a battery—and gives the command of it to some unhappy wretch who must defend the post or starve. Let me ask, is there a man in this house that does not know that by the police board, with a very little aid from another of the same description, a certain majority of the Aldermen are gagged. . . . I feel for the unhappy situation of a worthy man, who must be desperate to be honest ; who, instead of uttering the sentiments of a great and enlightened body of constituents, must sit mute and frozen to his seat, till the Secretary, or the prompter to the Secretary (if his ignorance should require a prompter) shall give him the signal to move. I should feel still more for him, if I did not feel so much for those constituents whose dignity, whose rights, whose wrongs, whose complaints are all sunk and lost in his personal calamity. It is these wrongs that are now forced upon your attention, and stare you in the face once again.

Read the report of your committee. Is there an item that would not rouse the indignation of any man that hears it ? £150 for looking-glasses for those midnight Adonises to admire themselves ; Wilton carpets for those delicate gentlemen to walk upon ; hundreds of pounds for gilt paper and sealing wax ; a library, not of spelling books, but of geography, of morality, of tactics. They would not have

ventured on such bare-faced, insolent dissipation of the money of the city if they did not expect as barefaced a protection in another place. Whether they were right or wrong in the honourable opinion they conceived of us must be this night decided; we cannot evade it—you cannot blink it. As to the objections, I am sorry they have been made by gentlemen at the other side; they would act a part of more spirit by saying boldly—this is a job of government; we do not wish to have the city of Dublin unbound or ungagged—than by offering unfounded objections that require only to be stated to appear ridiculous. One gentleman says the report is garbled. On what evidence does he say so? None; the only answer such an observation deserves is that it is as unjust as it is illiberal. But, says another honourable member [the Attorney-General] we have not the evidence on which the report was founded. And how does he prove this charge? Why, by producing the minutes in his hand! Give me leave, Sir, to say that we are not treating that committee in a decent or Parliamentary way; they are not to be talked to as a gang of invaders, making an attack on a fortress of corruption that we are resolved to defend; they acted under our order—they are yet subject to our authority. If you want a special report send them back—they will make it; if you want their minutes, call for them; but do not hope, if you are determined to screen an odious set of delinquents—if you are determined to stifle the complaints of the city—do not expect that such arguments can impose on its understanding; the charge has been proved upon them. If you acquit them you must do it in defiance of proof, in face of the fact and of your own conviction; your resolution in their favour will be a ridiculous outrage on demonstration, not unlike the verdict of a Welsh jury that said to the judge—“My Lord, we find the man that stole the horse, not guilty.”

I must now notice a new ground that has been, I fear rather indiscreetly, taken by a learned gentleman [Mr. Sergeant Toler] that it is not safe to come to any harsh

resolution against the police. I desire to know if the honourable gentleman spoke the sentiments of administration, when he sought to intimidate the house from doing their duty to the public? The learned gentleman would have us silent, not because they are innocent, but because they are formidable. Does the learned member perceive that he is unluckily putting the conduct of administration on the most odious ground he could possibly find? I will agree with the honourable member that his argument is as tenable as those of others, but scarcely as discreet. I ask, do gentlemen sincerely wish to let their conduct stand on so despicable a defence? If they do, they hope to have it believed by the people that they acted under the influence of a panic, equally mean and incredible, rather than of an unpardonable connivance at unconstitutional patronage and unbounded rapacity, of which the nation has had so many examples. But, why do I fatigue you or myself with this subject? Is it to tire the public eye with a miserable and disgusting picture? Is it with the hope of making proselytes to my opinion? No, Sir, but the desertion of public duty, or the trampling on public rights, I recoil from with that indignation and abhorrence which you ought to feel—and as to converting, I am not so vain. With nothing to rely upon but truth and justice, I feel the imbecility of my allies. I may refute gentlemen's arguments; I may expose their positions, but I cannot hope to weaken their motives. The motives to giving countenance to rapacity and extortion, the motives that can induce us to deliver up the metropolis to be enslaved by an unfeeling administration, or plundered by a legalised banditti, are impregnable to exposure or refutation. They may be counterpoised, but I am too poor to balance the weight of arguments that depend, not on reason, but arithmetic. I speak at least to redeem myself from the imputation of concurring in principles that I detest; and that, however they may triumph for a season, cannot fail, at length, of meeting the reprobation they deserve.

“MAC RAICÍN” LE SEATRÚN CÉITINN.

A Úaoine muinnteartha:—“IS IONTUISCTE NAC FUIL
AÉT AOITHÉAÉT NO ÓSTÓIREAÉT AR AN SAOĞAL
AĞAINN.”

Ağur meapaim, dā péir rin, supab ionann dāl do şac
aon pé noul do’n doıman ro, ağur do’n éiteapınac allta
aineolać ar iarćar İmıman do ćuarō : luing ćoğarō d’iar-
ıarō éarāla ar fairıge, ağur do cuıpeadō i dćir i Sacıaıb
ıadō ; ağur an ćeado baile i n-a dćarpla i dćir ıadō, ćanğadar
lućt an baile do d’eanam lúćğara mımpa, ağur dā mbıeıć
leo dā dćığćıb féin ćum órća do ćadbairć d’óıb ; óir ba
lućt órća do ćoımeadō an méıo do bı ağ dćıuğarō ’ran
mbaile rin ; ağur ba mıongnarō leir an şceıteapınac ıadō ağ
a cuıpeadō féin, ağur şan aıćne ağ aon duıne d’ıob aıı.
Do ćuarō féin ağur d’ıong d’e’n mııntııı do bı maraon
leir i dćığ duıne aca ar órća ; ağur do bıodar mııntear an
tıge şo mı-maıć leir ar feadō feadćmııne ; ionnur şur
řam leir an şceıteapınac an t-ıneall mar a ıaıb pé féin, ar
ğlaine an árıur i n-a dćarpla é, ağur ar feadar a leabćan
ağur a bıō ağur a d’ıge. Şıreao, ar mbıeıć d’ó féin ağur
dā ćııreaoćııı ağ şadbıl a şceado, do şaııı an t-órtóııı
an fear ćıntar do bı aıge ağ a mıō leıř : Make reckoning.
.ı. d’em ćıntar. Leir rin ćamığ fear an ćıntar, ağur do
ğaıb ağ feannarō an éiteapınaiğ ıı na mııntıııe do bı
maılle leir, no şur d’éisın d’óıb uıle d’ıolurdeaoć ıomlın
do ćadbairć uadā i nğac uıle nıō d’ar ćaıteadar ’ran dćığ
an řarō ıı bıodar anı, ionnur şo řabadar řolam ağ ııteaoć
d’óıb. Ağur ćamığ d’e rin, cıon a ıaıb d’e řólár ağur d’e
ıeanmaıı órća, le lııı şac řearcaııeaoćta dā bııaııeadar
i dćığ an órća, şo ıaıb pé d’e d’ólár órća tıé bıeıć řolam
ağ ııteaoć. Do d’ıongnarō, mı-mııı, leir an şceıteapınac,
eıeao an řac pé’ı feannarō é féin ağur eac ; óir mııı eıeaoć
pé bıad nā d’eoć do ćeannac řıam mııııı rin. Ağur ar
d’eoaoć şo n’ııııı d’ó, do şabadar a eııııe ağ řıarřıııge

tuamargabála na Sacran de. “Do gairb reirean as innrint
 reéil dóib, agus adubairt trá, naé fáca ré niam talam
 do b’feairi biaó agus deoc, teine agus leaba, agus ba
 foilbire daoine. “Agus loét ar bit,” ar reirean, “ní
 aicnío dom uirce, aét an tan bío na deoiriúite as ceileabrad
 do’n dhuing do beir doirdeac dóib, tiz trú duaidbreac
 deamínade dá ngoirdear Mac Raicín anuar, agus lámuiſ-
 eann go hearadontac na deoiriúite agus feannann agus
 foſann iad.” Go fátaé, ir í an éiríoc úo na Sacran an
 doimhan; na hórtóirí, an diahal an raogal ir an éolann;
 an ceitearínac, na daoine i ſcoitcínne; agus Mac Raicín,
 an báir. Óir, amail ir báineann fear an cúntair díol
 de’n deoiriúite mar a céile báineann fear cúntair na n-
 órtóirí úo .i. an báir, cúntair daor-dálaé de rna daoinib
 a blairear a beas no a mhór de corcáib na n-órtóirí do
 luaidreamair.

WAR ODE TO OSCAR, THE SON OF OISIN, IN THE FRONT OF THE BATTLE OF GABHRA

(Translated from the original Irish by Miss Charlotte Brooke).

Rise, might of Erin! rise!

O! Oscar of the generous soul!

Now, on the foe’s astonished eyes,

Let thy proud ensigns wave dismay!

Now let the thunder of thy battle roll,

And bear the palm of strength and victory away!

Son of the sire, whose stroke is fate,

Be thou in might supreme!

Let conquest on thy arm await,

In each conflicting hour.

Slight let the force of adverse numbers seem

Till, o’er their prostrate ranks, thy shouting squadrons pour!

O hear the voice of lofty song !—

Obey the Bard !—

Stop—stop MacGaraidh ! check his pride,

And rush resistless on each regal foe !

Thin their proud ranks, and give the smoking tide

Of hostile blood to flow,

Mark where Mac Cormaic pours along !—

Rush on—retard

His haughty progress !—let thy might

Rise in the deathful fight,

O'er thy prime foe supreme,

And let the stream

Of valour flow,

Until thy brandished sword

Shall humble every haughty foe,

And justice be restored.

Son of the King of spotless fame,

Whose actions fill the world !

Like his, thy story and thy name

Shall fire heroic song.

And with the prowess of this day, thy lofty strain prolong !

Shall tell how oft, in Gabhra's plain,

Thy dreadful spear was hurled ;

How high it heaped the field with slain,

How wide its carnage spread,

Till, gorged upon the human feast, the gluttoned ravens fed.

Resistless as the spirit of the night,

In storms and terrors drest,

Withering the force of every hostile breast,

Rush on the ranks of fight !—

Youth of fierce deeds, and noble soul

Rend—scatter wide the foe !—

Swift forward rush—and lay the waving pride

Of yon high ensigns low !

Thine be the battle !—thine the sway !

On—on to Cairbre hew thy conquering way,

And let thy deathful arm dash safety from his side !

As the proud wave on whose broad back
The storm its burthen heaves,
Drives on the scattered wreck,
Its ruins leaves ;
So let thy sweeping progress roll,
Fierce, resistless, rapid, strong,
Pour, like the billow of the flood, o'erwhelming might along !
From king to king, let death thy steps await,
Thou messenger of fate,
Whose awful mandate thou art chosen to bear ;
Take no vain truce, no respite yield,
Till thine be the contested field ;
O thou, of championed fame the royal heir !
Pierce the proud squadrons of the foe,
And o'er their slaughtered heaps triumphant rise !
Oh, in fierce charms, and lovely might arrayed !
Bright, in the front of battle, wave thy blade !
Oh, let thy fury rise upon my voice !
Rush on and, glorying in thy strength, rejoice !
Mark where yon bloody ensign flies !
Rush !—seize it !—lay its haughtiness low !
Wide around thy carnage spread !
Heavy be the heaps of dead !
Roll on thy rapid might,
Thou roaring stream of prowess in the fight !
What, though Fionn be distant far,
Art thou not thyself a war ?
Victory shall be all thy own,
And this day's glory thine and thine alone !
Be thou the foremost of thy race in fame !
So shall the bard exalt thy deathless name !
So shall thy sword supreme o'er numbers rise,
And vanquished Tamor's groans ascend the skies.

Though unequal be the fight,
 Though unnumbered be the foe,
 No thought on fear or on defeat bestow,
 For conquest waits to crown thy cause, and thy successful
 might !

Rush, therefore, on amid the battle's rage,
 Where fierce contending kings engage,
 And powerless lay thy proud opponents low !

O lovely warrior ! Form of grace,
 Be not dismayed !

Friend of the Bards ! think on thy valiant race !

O thou whom none in vain implore ;
 Whose soul by fear was never swayed,

Now let the battle round thy ensigns roar !

Wide the vengeful ruin spread !

Heap the groaning field with dead !

Furious be thy guiding sword,

Death with every stroke descend !

Thou to whose fame earth can no match afford ;

That fame which shall through time as through the world
 extend !

Shower thy might upon the foe !

Lay their pride, in Gabhra, low !

Thine be the sway of this contested field !

To thee for aid the Fianna fly ;

On that brave arm thy country's hopes rely,

From every foe thy native land to shield.

Aspect of beauty ! pride of praise !

Summit of heroic fame !

O theme of Erin ! youth of matchless deeds !

Think on thy wrongs ! now, now let vengeance raise

Thy valiant arm !—and let destruction flame,

Till low beneath thy sword each chief of Ulster lies !

O prince of numerous hosts, and bounding steeds !

Raise thy red shield, with tenfold force endued !

Forsake not the famed path thy fathers have pursued,
 But let, with theirs, thy equal honours rise !

Hark !—Anguish groans !—the battle deeds
Before thy spear !—its flight is death !—
Now, o'er the heath,
The foe recedes !
And wide the hostile crimson flows !—
See how it dyes thy deathful blade !—
See, in dismay, each routed squadron flies !
Now !—now thy havoc thins the ranks of fight,
And scatters o'er the field thy foes !—
O still be thy increasing force displayed !
Slack not the noble ardour of thy might !
Pursue—pursue with death their flight !—
Rise, arm of Erin !—Rise !

—*Reliques of Irish Poetry.*

OUR OLDEN TONGUE.

From dim tradition's far-off opal fountains,
Where clouds and shadows loom
Deep in the silence of the tall, grey mountain's
Primeval gloom,
Thy silvery stream flows down with music bounding—
O ancient tongue !
With love and tears, and laughter softly sounding,
As wild birds' liquid song.
From winds and waters, in their choral mingling,
Thy honeyed words were born ;
From that strong pulse through nature's bosom tingling,
In Earth's first morn—
The quivering boughs, in forests green and olden,
With murmurs low,
Rang out such accents, beautiful and golden,
Beneath the dawn's white glow.

Around, in mighty characters unfolded,
 Thy fame we yet discern ;
 The ivied shrine, in grace and grandeur moulded,
 The cromlech stern,
 The tall, slim tower of aspect weird and hoary,
 With dream and rann,
 Full-crested in its lone and silent glory
 Fronting the naked sun.

Thou bring'st bright visions, bardic strains enchanting,
 Attuned in lordly halls ;
 The clash of spears, the banners gaily flaunting
 On palace walls.
 White-bearded sages, warrior knights victorious—
 A goodly throng—
 In panoramic pomp of ages glorious,
 Before us pass along.

O'er wide blue plains we see the red deer bounding,
 In flickering light and sun ;
 And on his track, with deep-toned bay resounding,
 The wolf hound dun.
 Old mountains dim, dark forest, rock and river,
 Those days are o'er ;
 But shades and echoes people ye for ever,
 And shall, till time is o'er !

O tongue of all our greatness—all our sorrow—
 Shalt thou, then, fail and fade ?
 And leave the full hearts mute that ne'er can borrow
 From stranger aid—
 Fit utterance for those thoughts whose stormy clangour
 Swells deep within
 The memories of our love, and hate, and anger,
 Which nought from us can win.



"EVA" OF "THE NATION."

Not so ! Thou hast not stemmed the floods of ages,
 Nor braved a conqueror's sway,
 Thou hast not writ upon the world's wide pages
 To pass away.
 Deep, deep thy root where never human power
 May reach to spoil,
 And soon in wealth of vernal leaf and flower
 Thou'lt deck the olden soil.

“EVA” OF “THE NATION.”

ḡáilte roim ḡáorais sáirséal.

Bíod ḡáir ḡan ḡruaim i ḡclár na nḡruaḡ
 'N-a ḡláinte ó luadḡ ḡo luad a téadḡ.
 Scáḡ na cuallaḡḡ' ḡeáḡ na tuadḡ,
 Scáḡ ḡad ḡtuairḡe iḡ uaim na n-éadḡ.
 Ráib ḡeal ḡuacac áḡḡḡlaid ḡruagac
 Sáirḡeap ruadḡ ḡo ruaimneac ḡaor
 Sámḡar ḡtuamḡa álunn uaral
 ḡáorais ruairḡe ó éuan na ḡeáḡ.
 Séadḡ roilḡir' aḡur ḡroḡana ḡíona
 A mbḡonnaḡ ḡo caoin ba éuibḡe ḡom' leomán
 Éibḡe élogadac oirḡeapḡe doirbinn
 Le lonnadḡar roilḡreac ḡíona 'r ḡróill.
 Doirbeac líomḡa i ḡcoḡad ná ḡḡríocḡad
 Aḡ corḡairḡ na ḡcomiḡḡeac ḡḡe ḡad ḡleo
 Iḡ ḡormḡac ḡníomac éogairḡac ḡḡoiḡeanḡar
 ḡo éḡearḡairḡ a naímḡe i ḡḡír na ḡḡreón.

Ár ḡḡreón aḡ teadḡ iḡ ḡeal le céadḡaib
 ḡlaid na féile iḡ ḡeairḡac ḡionn
 ḡo lonḡḡar lannac leabair léiḡeanta
 Larḡar léadḡar éadḡac úr;
 ḡlór na ḡḡéimḡe, ḡór na ḡéilḡean
 ḡór na ḡeirḡ an Saereap ḡuḡac
 Scóir na cléirḡe iḡ ceol na héiḡre
 Spórt na mbéir iḡ ḡcléir na ḡḡrúp.

Ír trúpáe taitneamhac meannmhae aepeae
 Seanaamail gléigeal beapae bpeas
 Lonnpae pabairneae cabarthaé caomhae
 Captaunnae deapae paopda páil.
 Plúr na dtreimpeari epú na sraporaet
 Rún na héigre ír péarla páil
 Dún na ndonnaet long na ndéapae
 Cúirt na céille 'r epaob na ndám.

Dám ír dpaigain glie' bapamaim bíocain
 Calmcoim paioite 'r mílte dpeam,
 Páioe'peapaeoim aigainne ír dpaioite
 Ír sapra spioide na dtigeapae dteann.
 Ír dána díonmair bponnamair buioeammair
 Rábae junncae do bío sae am
 Ó páimís apír de deapcaib a nspioe rin
 Áp mbláet coir taoioe i spúic na srapann.

TAÓIS MAC PEADAIR UÍ SHÚILLEADÁIN.

THE MAN WHO TROD ON SLEEPING GRASS.

In a field by Cahirconlish
 I stood on sleeping grass,
 No cry I made to Heaven
 From my dumb lips would pass.

Three days, three nights I slumbered,
 And till I woke again
 Those I have loved have sought me,
 And sorrowed all in vain.

My neighbours still upbraid me,
 And murmur as I pass,
 "There goes a man enchanted,
 He trod on fairy grass."

My little ones around me,
They claim my old caress,
I push them roughly from me
With hands that cannot bless.

My wife upon my shoulder
A bitter tear lets fall,
I turn away in anger
And love her not at all.

For like a man surrounded
In some sun-haunted lane,
By countless wings that follow
A grey and stinging chain.

Around my head for ever
I hear small voices speak
In tongues I cannot follow,
I know not what they seek.

I raise my hands to find them
When autumn winds go by,
And see between my fingers,
A broken summer fly.

I raise my hands to hold them
When winter days are near,
And clasp a falling snowflake
That breaks into a tear.

And ever follows laughter
That echoes through my heart,
From some delights forgotten
Where once I had a part.

What love comes, half-remembered
In half-forgotten bliss ?
Who lay upon my bosom,
And had no human kiss ?

Where, is the land I loved in ?
 What music did I sing
 That left my ears enchanted
 Inside the fairy ring ?
 I see my neighbours shudder,
 And whisper as I pass :
 " Three nights the fairies stole him,
 He trod on sleeping grass."

DORA SIGERSON.
 (Mrs. Clement Shorter.)

A TEMPERANCE ORATION.

(Delivered at one of Fr. Mathew's great Temperance Meetings in Cork City.)

Yer reverence, ladies and gintlemen, de dickens a wan ov me knows how to make a speech at all ; so ye all must excuse me, if ye plaise ; but it would be a mane ting in me to be after denyin' de goodness of God ; and sure 'tis I was de boy dat see de two sides of de shillin'—de bad an' de good. I've nottin' to boasht of in de way of hoight ; an' doe I say it dat shouldn't say it, dere were few boys of my inches dat would bate me in hurley or futball—doe dat isn't neider here nor dere—but, small as I am, I could put a gallon of porter out o' sight wid de best of um ; an' as for whishkey, why, 'twas like mudder's milk to me—I'd lap id up as de cat laps crame. Of coorse, dere aren't people standin' in de middle of de road wid pints of porter in dere hands, sayin' " Good man, will you be plaised to drink a drop diss hot day, or diss cowl'd mornin' ?—for whedder 'tis hot or cowl'd 'tis all de same—one drinks to be cowl'd, an' anoder drinks to be hot—and 'tis moighty cowl'd 'tis in de end. No, yer reverence, an' ladies an' gintlemen, little ye gets for nottin' in diss wurruld—an' fait' 'tis myself had such a drute upon me, dat 'twas jest as if I swallowed a lime-burner's wig. I hadn't aise or pace so long as I wasn't turnin' de bottom of a pint or a naggin to de ceilin'—an' so long as I had a fardin' I melted it in drink Dere are many here dat knows

me, an' knows dat I was a good hand at airnin' money; but if wan tinks of nottin' but drinkin' de dickens a good 'twould be to him if he had de Bank of Ireland to call his own, an' de banker houldin on be de rapin-hook up in de moon, like Daniel O'Roorke. So you see, ladies, de poor wife soon hadn't a fardin' to bless herself wid, an' de childre, de craytures, often wint to bed cowl'd, an' me galavantin' an' gladiatorin' about de town, drinkin here an' drinkin' dere until wan ud tink I'd busht, savin' yer presence; for de dickens a wan of me knows fare I put id all—I was like a punchin on two legs. Yer reverence, I'm puzzled entoirely to understand why wan doesn't take half nor quarter de tay dat wan does ov porter or punch; but, if de tay we had here diss evenin' was punch, an' I in de ould times, 'tisin't de taycup but de big jug dat id be my share diss blessed night. Well, of coorse, diss kind of ting couldn't go on widout bringin' me, an' de poor wife an' childre, to sup sorrow. I first drank my own clothes in de pawn—den I drank my wife's cloak off uv hur back—den I drank hur flannen pettycoat an' hur gound—den I drank de cups an' de saucers out uv de cubbard—den I drank de plates an' dishes off uv de dresser—den I drank de pot an' de kittle off uv de fire—den I drank de bedclothes from de bed, and de bed itself from under myself an' de wife—until, de Lord bless us! dere wasn't a mortal haport dat wasn't turned into gallons uv porter, an' glasses uv whishkey, an' dandies uv punsh! Well, what brought me to my sinses at last was de cowl'd flure, an' de empy stomach, an' de poor childre, cryin', "Daddy, daddy, daddy, we're hungry." I rimimber, de last night of my blaguardin', dere wasn't a bit to ate, or a sup to taisht, for de poor little tings; an' I towld um to go to bed, an' to hould dere whisht, an' not bodder me.

"Daddy, daddy, we are hungry," says de biggisht fellow, "an' our mudder didn't ait a bit all day, an' she gave all she had to Katty and Billy."

"Daddy, daddy," ses de littlest of de boys—dat's Billy—"I can't go to shleep I'm so cowl'd."

"God forgive yer onnatcheral fauder"! ses I, "for 'tis he is de purty boy intoirely! wid his drinkin' an' his variations." "Hould yer whisht," ses I, "an' I'll make ye comfortable; an' wid dat, savin yer presence, ladies, I takes me trousers—'tis no laffin' matter, I tell ye!—an' I goes over to de craytures, an' I sticks wan uv de childre in wan uv de legs, an' anoder of de childre in de oder leg, an' I buttons de waishtband around dere necks, an' I tells dem fur de life uv dem not to dare as much as sneeze for de rest of de night—an' dey didn't, poor childre. But be cockcrow in de mornin', Billy, who was a moighty airly burd, cries out: "Daddy, daddy!"

"What's de matter?" ses I.

"I want to get up, daddy," ses he.

"Well, get up, an' bad scan to you," ses I.

"I can't," ses de young shaver.

"Why can't you, ye cantankerous cur?" ses I.

"Me an' Tommy is in de breeches," ses he.

"Get out uv it," ses I.

"Daddy, we're buttoned up," ses de little fellow as smart as ye plaise.

So I got up an' unbuttoned de craytures; an' I ses to meself dat 'twas a burnin' shame dat de childre of a Christian, lave alone a haydin, should be buttoned up in breeches instead of lyin' in a dacent bed. So I slipped on de breeches on me own shanks, an' off I goes to his reverence, an' I takes de pledge, an' 'twas de crown-piece dat yer reverence, God bless you! slipped into de heel uv my fisht dat set me up agin in de wurruld.

Ladies an' gintlemin, me story is towld, an' all I have to say is diss, dat I've losht de taste for wishkey an' porter, an' fur dandies uv punsh, too. An' dough I don't be standin' trates or takin' trates, still an' all, if a frind comes de way he's as welcome as de flowers of May, an' glory be to de Lord, an' tanks to his reverence, dere's a clane place to receive him, an' a good leg of mutton an' trimmins on de table, an' a céas míte páinte into de bargain. Dat is what I calls de two sides uv de shillin'—de bad side an' de good.

SPEECH AGAINST THE ACT OF UNION
BY LORD PLUNKETT.

Sir, I make no apology for troubling you at this late hour, exhausted though I am, in mind and body, and suffering, though you must be, under a similar pressure. This is a subject which must arouse the slumbering and almost re-animate the dead. It is a question whether Ireland shall cease to be free. It is a question involving our dearest interests, and for ever.

I congratulate the house on the manly temper with which this measure has been discussed: I congratulate them on the victory which I already see they have obtained; a victory which I anticipate from the bold and generous sentiments which have been expressed on this side of the house, and which I see confirmed in the doleful and discomfited visages of the miserable group whom I see before me. Sir, I congratulate you on the candid avowal of the noble lord who has just sat down. He has exposed this project in its naked hideousness and deformity. He has told us that the necessity of sacrificing our independence flows from the nature of our connexion. It is now avowed that this measure does not flow from any temporary cause; that it is not produced in consequence of any late rebellion, or accidental disturbance in the country; that its necessity does not arise from the danger of modern political innovations, or from recent attempts of wicked men to separate this country from Great Britain. No; we are informed by the noble lord that the condition of our slavery is engrafted on the principle of our connexion, and that, by the decrees of fate, Ireland has been doomed a dependent colony from her cradle.

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But, Sir, the noble lord does not seem to repose very implicit confidence in his own arguments, and he amuses you by saying that in adopting this address you do not pledge yourselves to a support of the measure in any future

stage. Beware of this delusion. If you adopt this address you sacrifice your Constitution. You concede the principle, and any future inquiries can only be as to the terms. For them you need entertain no solicitude; on the terms you can never disagree. Give up your independence, and Great Britain will grant you whatever terms you desire. Give her the key, and she will confide everything to its protection. There are no advantages you can ask which she will not grant, exactly for the same reason that the unprincipled spendthrift will subscribe, without reading it, the bond which he has no intention of ever discharging. I say, therefore, that if you ever mean to make a stand for the liberties of Ireland, now, and now only, is the moment for doing it.

The freedom of discussion which has taken place on this side of the house has, it seems, given offence to gentlemen on the treasury bench. They are men of nice and punctillious honour, and they will not endure that anything should be said which implies a reflection on their untainted and virgin integrity. They threatened to take down the words of an honourable gentleman who spoke before me, because they conveyed an insinuation; and I promised them on that occasion that, if the fancy for taking down words continued, I would indulge them in it to the top of their bent. Sir, I am determined to keep my word with them, and I now will not insinuate, but I will directly assert that, base and wicked as is the object proposed, the means used to effect it have been more flagitious and abominable.

Do you choose to take down my words? Do you dare me to the proof?

I had been induced to think that we had at the head of the executive government of this country a plain, honest soldier, unaccustomed to, and disdaining the intrigues of politics, and who, as an additional evidence of the directness and purity of his views, had chosen for his secretary a simple and modest youth, *puer ingenus vultus ingenuique pudoris*, whose inexperience was the voucher of his innocence, and yet I will be bold to say that during the viceroyalty of this

unspotted veteran, and during the administration of this unassuming stripling—within these last six years, a system of black corruption has been carried on within the walls of the Castle which would disgrace the annals of the worst period of the history of either country.

Do you choose to take down my words ?

I need call no witness to your bar to prove them. I see two right honourable gentlemen sitting within your walls, who had long and faithfully served the crown, and who have been dismissed because they dared to express a sentiment in favour of the freedom of their country. I see another honourable gentleman who has been forced to resign his place as Commissioner of the Revenue because he refused to co-operate in this dirty job of a dirty administration.

Do you dare to deny this ?

I say that at this moment the threat of dismissal from office is suspended over the heads of the members who now sit around me, in order to influence their votes on the question of this night, involving everything that can be sacred or dear to man.

Do you desire to take down my words ? Utter the desire, and I will prove the truth of them at your bar.

The example of the Prime Minister of England, inimitable in its vices, may deceive the noble lord. The Minister of England has his faults. He abandoned in his latter years the principle of reform, by professing which he had attained the early confidence of the people of England, and in the whole of his political conduct he has shown himself haughty and intractable ; but it must be admitted he is endowed by nature with a towering and transcendent intellect, and that the vastness of his resources keeps pace with the magnificence and unboundedness of his projects. I thank God that it is much more easy for him to transfer his apostacy and his insolence than his comprehension and his sagacity ; and I feel the safety of my country in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot fear that the Constitution which has been founded by the wisdom of sages, and cemented by the

blood of patriots and of heroes, is to be smitten to its centre by such a green and sapless twig as this.

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Sir, I, in the most express terms, deny the competency of Parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the Constitution. I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this act, it will be a nullity, and no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately—I repeat it, and I call on any man who hears me to take down my words. You have not been elected for this purpose. You are appointed to make laws, and not legislatures. You are appointed to act under the Constitution, not to alter it. You are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, not to transfer them. And if you do so your act is a dissolution of the Government. You resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you.

I state doctrines which are not merely in the immutable laws of justice and truth. I state not merely the opinions of the ablest men who have written on the science of government, but I state the practice of our Constitution as settled at the era of the resolution, and I state the doctrine under which the House of Hanover derives its title to the throne. Has the King a right to transfer his crown? Is he competent to annex it to the crown of Spain or any other country? No—but he may abdicate it, and every man who knows the Constitution knows the consequence; the right reverts to the next in succession—if they all abdicate, it reverts to the people. The man who questions this doctrine must in the same breath arraign the Sovereign on the throne as an usurper. Are you competent to transfer your legislative rights to the French Council of five hundred? Are you competent to transfer them to the British Parliament? I answer, No. When you transfer you abdicate, and the great original trust reverts to the people from whom it issued. Yourselves you may extinguish, but Parliament you cannot extinguish. It is enthroned in the hearts of the people. It is enshrined

in the sanctuary of the Constitution. It is immortal as the island which it protects. As well might the frantic suicide hope that the act which destroys his miserable body should extinguish his eternal soul. Again, I therefore warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the Constitution: it is above your power.

And, Sir, we are told that we should discuss this question with calmness and composure. I am called on to surrender my birthright and my honour, and I am told I should be calm and I should be composed. National pride! Independence of our country! These, we are told by the Minister, are only vulgar topics fitted for the meridian of the mob, but unworthy to be mentioned to such an enlightened assembly as this. They are trinkets and gewgaws fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people like you, Sir, or like your predecessor in that chair, but utterly unworthy the consideration of this house, or of the matured understanding of the noble lord who condescends to instruct it! Gracious God! We see a Pery re-ascending from the tomb, and raising his awful voice to warn us against the surrender of our freedom, and we see that the proud and virtuous feelings which warmed the breast of that aged and venerable man are only calculated to excite the contempt of this young philosopher, who has been transplanted from the nursery to the cabinet to outrage the feelings and understanding of the country.

Yet, Sir, I thank administration for this measure. They are, without intending it, putting an end to our dissensions—through this black cloud they have collected over us I see the light breaking in upon this unfortunate country. They have composed our dissensions—not by fomenting the embers of a lingering and subdued rebellion—not by hallooing the Catholic against the Protestant and the Protestant against the Catholic—not by committing the north against the south—not by inconsistent appeals to local or to party

prejudices ; no—but by the avowal of this atrocious conspiracy against the liberties of Ireland, they have subdued every petty and subordinate distinction. They have united every rank and description of men by the pressure of this grand and momentous subject ; and I tell them that they will see every honest and independent man in Ireland rally round her Constitution, and merge every other consideration in his opposition to this ungenerous and odious measure. For my own part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence and with the last drop of my blood, and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom.

MARŪNA COḠAM RUAIŌ UH NĒILL.

Do éailt Éipe a céile pípe,
 DeapcaŌ ppiéam̃ a haonéam̃n dŌiona,
 Do bpipeaŌ ptiur̃ iuil na cpiíce,
 Ír tá pí dēapac̃ tpiéac̃las claoiŌte.
 Ír ní hé a héagnac̃ ar don éor̃ ḡnīm-re
 Ac̃t, mo épiéac̃tḡoin, mar̃ tpiéis̃ pí paŌirp̃ir,
 An méip̃opeac̃ le'p̃ tpiéigeaŌ m̃ilte,
 Do tpiéigeaŌ Conn Céadéac̃ac̃ tpiíte.

'S nac̃ p̃áiñis̃ i ōteann ear̃p̃ anaŌipe ;
 Ōus̃ pí fuac̃ dā mac̃ ba ōilre,
 Ír ōus̃ pí peapc̃, ōar̃ leac̃, do ōaoiŌiŭ
 Nāp̃ ōual̃ ō neapc̃ ceapc̃ na cpiíce.

Ír ní fuil̃ fear̃ ōār̃ éar̃ do'n m̃naŌi peo,
 Ō'fuil̃ Éiŭir̃, Éipeamuinn, no Írḡil̃,
 Dā ōaoípe éac̃ real̃ dā ōívean
 Nāp̃ tpiéis̃ pípe an méip̃opeac̃ m̃illteaŌ.

Ní hé éagnac̃ na ōtpeán p̃oiñ éaoim̃m,
 Ír ḡan ac̃t pléiŌ ḡan éipeac̃t a maŌiŌeam̃,
 Ír ḡup̃ léir̃ do ḡac̃ éinneac̃ cpiŌonna
 A nōéap̃na p̃Ō Éip̃inn ōe ḡníŌmar̃c̃aiŭ.

Meapa liom féin éas an traoirféir,
 Laoé réitpeacé le'p méadóaó maoine;
 Ruḡ géill ar éigin ó níḡtíḡ,
 Coḡan Ua Néill, rin aen épeacé uaoime.

Uraoán Uóinne eo na Uaoite,
 Maiḡpe Suca ip Spuit na Maoite,
 Oisḡpe amha Teamhaé taoibḡil,
 Le'p mian na Sacpanaisḡ malluigḡte díbirt.

ḡiolla map uan uair ar míne,
 A cúis céadófaó ḡan don céim élaoine,
 A rcéim ḡan don loét map Maoire,]
 A méim náir éasḡraḡail le Maoire.

ḡiolla dáir duai buadóirt do rcaoiteaó
 'S a uoabairt anuar ar éuantaiḡ típe:
 De uoarcaiḡ a éasḡ ip é uó cím-re
 ḡo bfuil na ḡaeóil, mo léan! fá uaoirpe.

Ip ḡo bfuil na Sapanaisḡ neartmair 'ran tír reo,
 Ip naé maipeann neacé de élannaibḡ Míleaó
 Naé fuil ar láir ar rcáé na cpié
 Aét iarḡmair ip Dia dá ḡcoimḡdeacé.

Cpeacé aor téaó ḡo léir an tí rin,—
 Do cúir do báir ḡac ráir-fuil i n-íple:
 A n-eacé a n-ór a rról a ríota
 A ḡcuirm a ḡceol ip a n-ól ríona.

I nliuibḡ fáil do uáilpear caoine,
 ḡoilpíró mná 'ra ueláéfuilte rcaoilte,
 Ip beiró fá léan na céaota laoiépa
 Ip beiró Tonn Rúisḡrí i bpuicín éioróuḡ.

Uuan 'r ḡan rcuir ḡuil na ḡaoite,
 Treaba na ḡeuaé ḡo luacé raoiḡir;
 Laét na mbuar do éuaró i nóirce,
 An ríotó 'r an reor 'n-a uoeiró ḡur cpionnaó

IN MEMORIAM.

(Lines on the tragic death of the Rev. James Kelly, Rector of St. Agnes' Church, Paterson, N.J., who, in a storm on the morning of the 17th December, 1908, was swept overboard from the *Arabie*, in crossing the Atlantic, to spend the Christmas with his friends in Sligo—by a former school companion).

I.

Oh ! cruel, murm'ring, hollow-sounding sea !
How can'st thou dare to lift thy chafing wave,
And sobbing low, in feinted sympathy,
Presume to chant a dirge around his grave,
 Who plucked from out my bleeding breast,
 And stole upon thy stormy crest
 The jewel of my soul.

Couldst thou not vent upon the rocks and shore
That potent power, whose kindled rage can make
The heavens re-echo to its angry roar,
And the solid earth's eternal basis shake,
 And leave to me my cherished friend
 Whom heaven in kindness deigned to send
 As my solace and my guide ?

The thousand lordly ships that reefless roam
Neglected and unmanned along thy lonely plain,
Or that weltering struggle thro' thy splashing foam
May in thy cold, and drenching grasp remain
 —With the cities of a world gone by,
 The scenes and halls of revelry
 Thy waves triumphant hide.

But, why my life of all it prized despoil ?
 Why quench the light that lit my dreary ways ?
 Why wreck the work of years of ardent toil,
 And blight the hopes that cheered my lonely days ?
 By an act of ruthless sport for thee,
 But fraught with life-long grief for me,
 Bereavement and despair.

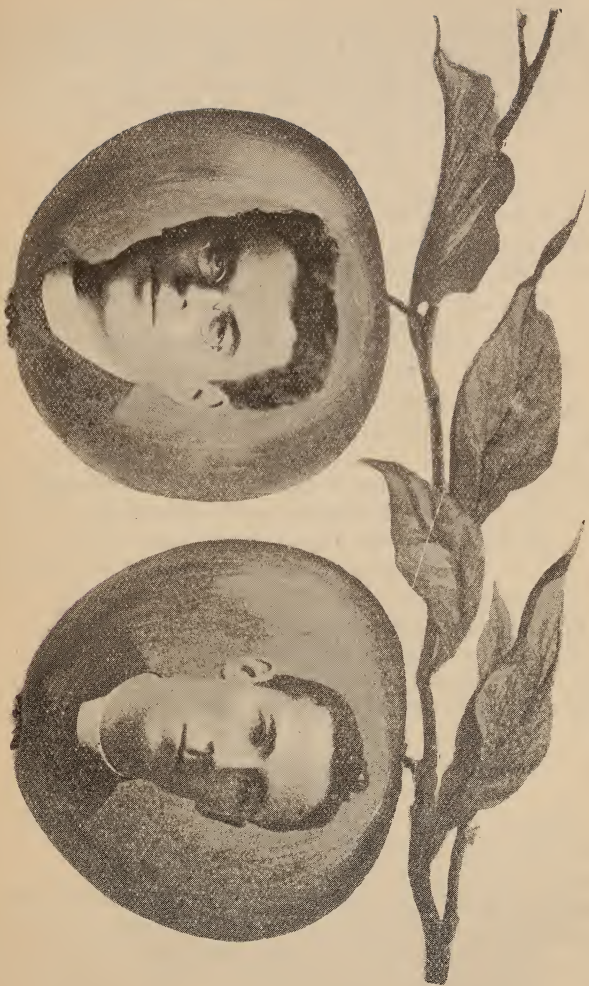
Together were we reared, together grew,
 By similar tastes attracted and allied ;
 And like two apples gilt with rosy hue
 We grew, the one into the other's side ;
 But thy rude hand hath made us part,
 And my riven and forlorn heart
 Droops bleeding from the wound.

As even now, o'er Herod's jealous slaughter,
 Poor Rachel weeps, and will not be consoled.
 So my grieving heart heaves, moaning like thy water
 And will never rest—till thou his shroud unfold,
 And bending o'er his watery bier,
 I pour the soothing tribute of a tear
 On his cold and silent brow.

II.

All day within my aching heart it seems,
 As if the hope, he lives, should conquer in a strife ;
 And at night he wanders thro' my feverish dreams,
 In all the forms I knew him during life—
 Now as a youth, now as a boy
 Redolent of hope and joy,
 Now in his manhood's prime.

Again I see his blithe and jaunty air,
 Swinging his satchel on his way to school ;
 His ruddy face and raven curling hair,
 Bathed in the Autumn breezes fresh and cool,
 As from Fort-Hill's brow his kite he soars,
 Or on Lough Gill he plies his oars,
 Or meets the flying ball.



REV. JAMES KELLY.

REV. DR. HURLEY.

Then by two lowly, far-divided hills,
In Columbia's land, and Erin's sainted isle,
We feed two flocks, 'long lilled meads and rills,
Waiting and watching till pass'd that "little while,"
Our Master Shepherd we should see,
Who from all care should set us free,
And take us to Himself.

Anon, I see him pace the trembling deck,
Washed now and then by thy white seething foam ;
Of thy dread intent how little does he reckon,
As his wingèd thoughts are fixed on those at home,
Who, gazing on their wintry fire,
Count the lonely hours expire,
Till he'll bless them with his sight !

In a moment of Cimmerian darkness, caught
Quite unawares, the noble Arabic is right
On her beam-ends, by thy wanton wildness brought ;
And when she rises, hears with sadness and affright
Thy sportive breakers laugh and shout,
Dandling him in their arms about,
As they bear her Trust away.

Awhile upon thy crested wave he rides,
And stretches forth his helpless arms for aid ;
Then slowly down thy yielding slope he glides
Into a fretting, seething watery glade ;
A moment to and fro is tossed,
And then, alas ! is quickly lost
To my tear bedimmèd eyes.

But soon, afar, methinks I see him rise,
Calmly reclining on thy rolling billow ;
Drowsy death hath quenched the lustre in his eyes
And laid him nerveless on his watery pillow ;
Then softly is he drawn into thy deep,
And rocked into a wakeless sleep
Within thy cold embrace.

III.

Ah ! the day comes aye when the silver chord is broke,
When the golden fillet shrinks upon the brow,
When the pitcher at the fountain's crushed by hazard stroke,
And the dust returns to its mother earth below ;

When the Spirit loosed ascends above,
Borne on the wings of ardent love,
To the God who gave her life.

The hope was mine that when our day was done
We arm in arm should slowly journey home ;
And gazing calmly on the setting sun
Oft wistful speak of the Empyrean Dome,
Whence issues that celestial light
Which ne'er shall be obscured by night
Or setting know no more.

But now before the noontide of our day
Behold thee summoned sudden from my side ;
And I (if Heaven decrees that I should stay
To guard and watch my flock till eventide)
When my evening star's pale glimmering light
Shall warn me of the approach of night,
Must grope alone my way.

TIMOTHY HURLEY, D.D.

HENRY GRATTAN AGAINST THE UNION.

May 26th, 1800.

I ask whether the attempt to pack the Irish Parliament, as was notoriously practised in '89 and '90 by the then minister of the crown in Ireland, might not have sunk the credit of British government ? I ask whether the profligate avowal of that profligate practice by a profligate minister of the crown

might not have sunk the credit of British government? I ask not whether the introduction of the question of Parliamentary Reform could have sunk the credit of British government; but I do ask whether the introduction of the apostasy from that question might not have helped to sink the credit of British government? I ask whether the introduction of the Catholic question in Great Britain in '92; whether the opposition given to the Catholic franchise by the Irish Government in '92; whether the assent given to the petition for that franchise by the English Ministry in '93; whether the abuse and Billingsgate accompanying that assent, and uttered by the Irish Ministry at that time; whether the adoption of the pretensions of the Catholics by the English Ministry at the close of '94; whether the rejection of these pretensions, and the recall of a Lord Lieutenant, because, with the Ministry's knowledge and acquiescence he honoured those pretensions; whether the selection of persons for distinguished trust, who had distinguished themselves by a perpetual abuse of the Irish, and who were notoriously hostile, and who since have acknowledged their hostility by a conspiracy against the Parliamentary constitution of their country; I ask, I say, whether such conduct, so incoherent, so irritating, so violent, so temporising, so corrupt, might not have very much aided the efforts of France in sinking the character of British government? I ask those questions, and I do say, if ever the causes of the late rebellion shall be dispassionately discussed, the great, originating, and fundamental cause will be found in the aversion of His Majesty's ministry to the independency of the Irish Parliament, and their efforts to subvert the same.

We follow the Minister. In defence of his plan of Union, he tells us the number of Irish representatives in the British Parliament is of little consequence. This doctrine is new, namely, that between two nations the comparative influence is of no moment. According to this it would be of no moment what should be the number of the British Parliament. No,

says the Minister ; the alteration is to be limited to the Irish Parliament ; the number and fabric of the British is to remain entire, unaltered, and unalterable. What now becomes of the argument of mutual and reciprocal change ? Or what does the new argument avow, but what we maintained and the court denied, that the Union was, with respect to Ireland, a merger of her Parliament in the legislature of the other, without creating any material alteration therein, save as far as it advanced the influence of the crown, direct or indirect.

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This union of Parliaments, this proscription of people, he follows by a declaration, wherein he misrepresents their sentiments as he had before traduced their reputation. After a calm and mature consideration the people have pronounced their judgment in favour of a Union ; of which assertion not a single syllable has any existence in fact, or in the appearance of fact, and I appeal to the petitions of twenty-one counties, publicly convened, and to the other petitions of the other counties, numerously signed, and to those of the great towns and cities. To affirm that the judgment of a nation is erroneous may mortify, but to affirm that her judgment *against* is *for* ; to assert that she has said *ay* when she has pronounced *no* ; to affect to refer a great question to the people ; finding the sense of the people like that of the Parliament, against the question, to force the question ; to affirm the sense of the people to be *for* the question ; to affirm that the question is persisted in because the sense of the people is for it ; to make the falsification of her sentiments the foundation of her ruin and the ground for the Union ; to affirm that her Parliament, constitution, liberty, honour, property, are taken away by her own authority ; there is, in such artifice, an effrontery, a hardihood, an insensibility, that can best be answered by sensations of astonishment and disgust, excited on this occasion by the British Minister, whether he speaks in gross and total ignorance of the truth, or in shameless and supreme contempt for it.

The Constitution may be *for a time* so lost ; the character of the country cannot be lost. The ministers of the crown will, or may perhaps at length find that it is not so easy to put down for ever an ancient and respectable nation, by abilities, however great, and by power and by corruption, however irresistible ; liberty may repair her golden beams, and with redoubled heat animate the country ; the cry of loyalty will not long continue against the principles of liberty ; loyalty is a noble, a judicious, and a capacious principle ; but in these countries loyalty, distinct from liberty, is corruption, not loyalty.

The cry of the connection will not, in the end, avail against the principles of liberty.— Connection is a wise and a profound policy ; but connection without an Irish Parliament is connection without its own principle, without analogy of condition, without the pride of honour that should attend it ; is innovation, is peril, is subjugation—not connection.

The cry of disaffection will not, in the end, avail against the principles of liberty.

Identification is a solid and imperial maxim, necessary for the preservation of freedom, necessary for that of empire ; but, without union of hearts—with a separate government, and without a separate Parliament, identification is extinction, is dishonour, is conquest—not identification.

Yet I do not give up the country : I see her in a swoon ; but she is not dead : though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty.

“ Thou art not conquered ; beauty’s ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death’s pale flag is not advanced there.”

While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light barque of his faith with every new breath of wind : I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall.

AN GLAISÍN.

Díolfao, dár Eocail mo líon rtaic 'r mo rtorá,
 I r ní élaioífeao le gnoíab náí éatígear,

I r oingfeao im' póca ríor píora éum óla,
 I r líonfaio de rtoríreacé i r d'airtib.

Scaoilfeao im' rcoírnaiš 'n-a líon-puit san teoia
 Píon ašur beoia ašur brianóaiš,

I r, a éioíde, naé é 'n rporé é má bím-re ar bóitrib
 Dom rtraoileao mar gópta ar fuio laéaiše.

Uaii éiríom go tíg an tábairne i r glaoíaim ar éar
 I r éarcaoí bíonn táin díob aš teacé ríor :

I r éigean le d'araé ná réabaim mo éana
 Uaii pléarcaim an clár i r mé aš feaošail.

Bíonn raoíar an báir oíca, " Pray do you call, sir,"
 Ní féaoaim san gáire fá 'n-ealaíaim,

I r tréan tíg an máigirir go réioíreacé im' d'ail-ré,
 I r réim tíg im' lácaia i r beannuigear.

I r fpaocímar le cinnreal do glaoíaim buioéal píona,
 Ní'l réanao go d'oišean rúo i r gloine ;

I r cpaobac 'r i r rcaoilteacé 'r i r fpaobrac do líonaim,
 Gac réibe 'ca díogaim go gjunneall.

Bíonn éanlaic 'n-a líonpuit ar éaol-bearraib rínte,
 Dá ngléar dom éum bío ašur curtaio,

Dá féacain cia díob ran do réioífeao lem' innninn.
 I r cia béarfao dom píora de'n émurta.

Uaii éiríom go tíg ópta bíonn píobairíde gleoíó 'gai
 Aš junnceao 'r aš rógmao aš fapruigim : .

I r cinnreal gac nóimeat dá innrint le mórtar
 Go noíolpáinn dá n-ólpáinn mo énaigín.

Sin cpioé ar mo rceol duit go mbíonn aš mnaoi an ópta
 Mo búrte mo bpoša 'r mo éaipín

'S, a éioíde, naé é 'n rporé é uaii rcaoileann rí an póu mé,
 San tuinnite ar mo díóm acé mé im' glaisín.

SEÁN Ua TUAMÁ.

THE HORSEMAN OF DUNRONE.

“ Rise up ! rise up ! O'Brennan ῤαῶ, as quickly as you may,
Or else you lie in fetters bound before the break of day ;
Rise up ! rise up ! the red coats now are marching from Athy,
And the Captain of the bloody horde has sworn that you must
die.”

He leaped unto the window, but the warning voice was gone ;
His hand upon his carbine laid, his garments hurried on :
He kissed his sleeping mother's brow, and hastened out with
speed,

And soon was riding o'er the plain upon his gallant steed.

“ On, on, brave horse ! your mission now is life or death to me
To-night to bid a long farewell my true love I must see.
To-morrow ! then, ye Saxon dogs ! come seize me if ye dare !
My faith ! but ye shall rue the day ye marched into Kildare ! ”

He rode away, he rode away, o'er grassy bawn and moor,
And ne'er checked rein until he stood before his true love's
door ;

A gentle tap and whisper, and the door was opened wide,
And Brigid Ὕᾰν O'Heffernan was clinging to his side.

Oh ! tremblingly she listened to the tale he had to tell,
And on his brave and manly heart her tears in torrents fell ;
He thought to soothe the heavy grief—but all his words were
vain,

For he felt, himself, the shadow of a coming cloud of pain.

“ They've tracked me now, a couple ! they are thirsting for
my life,

But to-morrow I shall meet them breast to breast in deadly
strife,

And the eagle on the battle-field will pick a dainty fare
In the fat and pampered tyrants of the county of Kildare.

“ And won't your eyes flash brightly when our conq'ring
bands are seen

With their weapons all a-shining, and old Erin's flag of green !

Then hush ! and dry those tears away—'tis time that we
should part"—

He flung his arms around her, and he pressed her to his heart.

There's a tramping and a clanking—'tis the march of the
dragoon—

And a score of helmets gleaming in the full blaze of the moon ;

" They're here ! they're here ! quick, darling, quick ! you're
lost if you are seen ! "

A leap into the saddle, and he sweeps across the green.

He rode away, he rode away, and gallantly his steed
Showed the mettle which is ever found the true man's friend
at need ;

O'er field and ditch and road and stream, o'er bog and sluggish
fen,

Till he gained the guarded trysting of the brave United Men.

What a shout of manly greeting met the weary rider there,

As he leaped into the centre of the heroes of Kildare !

" The chase was hot to-night, my boys—the quarry's still
at bay ;

But the bloodhounds on another track will curse the rising
day."

II.

The morning sun was peeping softly through the dawning
cloud,

And its rays were flowing brightly on a dark and massy crowd ;

It fell upon a forest of bright pikes in warlike sheen,

That were glinting on the hill-top 'neath the flag of gold and
green.

And up the dewy heather bands of men were marching on,
All pouring like a thousand streams to where that banner
shone,

And riding here and riding there, with hanging bridle rein,
Frieze-coated horsemen guarded all the road to the plain.

Anon, a group with laughter hoarse were sharpening their blades

And others tying in their hats the flashing green cockades ;
But one among that multitude stood silently alone :

'Twas Patrick RUAD O'Brennan, the young horseman of Dunrone.

" O'Brennan ! "—'twas his kinsman spoke, O'Ryan, stout and true—

" No time it is for thinking when there's heavy work to do.
'Twas my voice that gave you warning of the wily Saxon foe,
And now I bear you tidings it is well that you should know.

" Last night I lay in ambush, and saw a sight that well
Might raise the deepest envy of the demons down in hell ;
Boy ! listen till your heart's blood boils and blazes with
revenge—

You've a mother and a brother and a sweetheart to avenge.

" Your mother and your brother in the burning thatch were
flung,

And by her glossy yellow hair your Brigid Óg was hung ;
Your name was last upon her lips, when, through her torn vest,
The sword of cursed Captain Gore was sheathed in her breast.

" God ! have *I* not the same sight seen—the same red woes
withstood!—

When I found my hearthstone clotted with my murdered
parents' blood ?

When I found my wife and children swinging naked on a tree,"
But the listener's face was whiter than the snow upon the lea.

And for a moment seemed he just as if the life were fled,
And his eyes glared in their sockets with the cold stare of
the dead ;

The bridle fell down from his grasp—he gave a hearty groan—
Then again his frame grew steady and as silent as a stone.

He flung himself upon the sod, he looked up in the air—
A cross from out his bosom drew, now heaving broad and bare ;
A tear fell on the holy sign—his comrade's hand he took—
“ Sleeps she in holy earth ? ” he cried, with stern, unbending
look.

“ Yes, yes—at dawning of the light I placed her in her grave,
Beside the old brown Abbey wall o'erlooking Barrow's wave.”
“ Thank God !—and now, my murdered kin, my outraged,
butchered love,
I swear to have red blood for blood, by Him who reigns above.

“ I swear to hunt your murderers by night and open day
Until their blood smokes in the air as thick as ocean spray.”
He kissed the cross, then backed his horse, his carbine slinging
free :
“ For vengeance and old Ireland ! true hearts, now follow
me.”

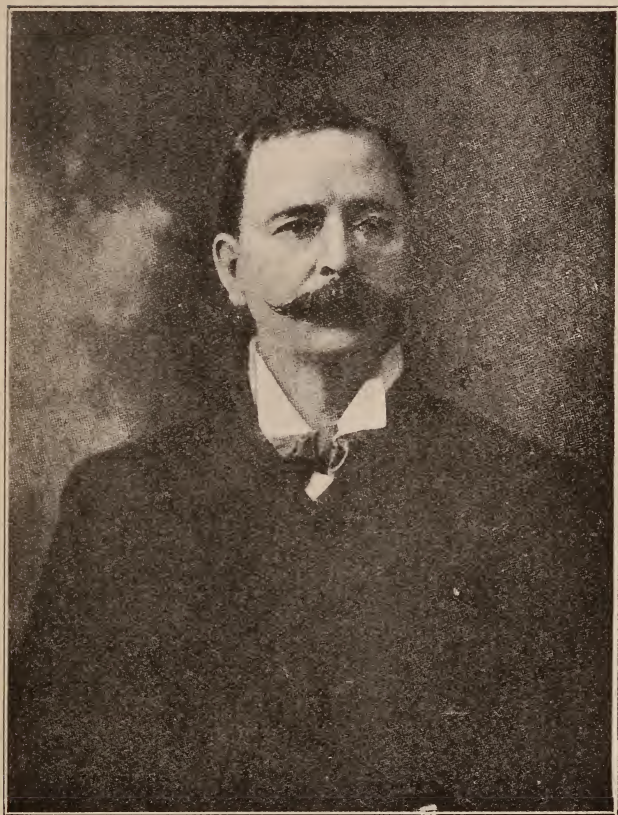
J. KEEGAN CASEY.

THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

I crossed the Thomond Bridge to the Clare side of the river, and located as well as I could the encampment of Sarsfield's cavalry on that memorable Sunday evening in the August of 1690. I laid my bicycle against a wall, and leaning against the doorway of a roofless cabin, I called back the past into the present. It is one of the privileges of rambling. There are 38,000 English, Dutch, and Anglo-Irish besiegers on the southern bank of the river, and they are confident of a speedy victory. Dutch William himself arrived at Caherconlish yesterday and spent the day marking out positions for his siege artillery. There is a leaden war-cloud over Limerick, and it appears to be only a question of hours when the storm will burst upon the beleaguered city and sweep its resistance away. There are scarcely 10,000 men to guard the defences,

and a great part of the war stores, arms and ammunition has been carted off to Galway by those carpet soldiers—Tyrconnell and Lauzun—who left the Irish lines confident that the walls could be battered down “with roasted apples.” But Sarsfield and Berwick and De Boisseleau have decided to remain and defend the city, and the citizens—to their undying glory—have decided to stand by them, come what may. Even now they are out in their numbers—men and women of every rank and age, with their children, helping De Boisseleau’s engineers to strengthen the defences. But there is a siege train coming to the English from Dublin, with guns strong enough to lay the city in ruins, and, worse than all, there is a pontoon bridge coming which, if placed in position, will allow William’s forces to cross the Shannon and take the city in the rere. Guns, caissons, bridges, and stores are all together in the hills to the southward marching steadily to join the besiegers.

It is of this that Sarsfield has been thinking all day and all yesterday, consulting with De Boisseleau, consulting with a few of his officers, consulting also with a certain Rapparee leader who has ridden in from the mountains, keeping his thoughts to himself mostly, this noble Sarsfield, but planning and preparing one of the most effective and splendid cavalry raids recorded in history. He has given certain orders now, and five hundred chosen riders are standing, bridle in hand, awaiting the word to mount. It is dark and late when the Chief swings himself on horseback and sends his commands quietly down the line. There is no bugle call, no roll of drum, no hoarsely shouted order flung from mouth to mouth by the squadron leaders. A half-whispered phrase in Irish—for Sarsfield and his troopers are Irish speakers—a low thunder of hoofs, and then, as silently as may be, they take themselves off into the darkness. They ford the Shannon at Ballvelly, and the dawn of Monday morning finds them on the march through Tipperary. Beside the General rides a guide whose fame is to “go down to posterity.” He is



Yours sincerely
William R. Griffin

the daring Rapparee horseman, known as "Gallop-
ing O'Hogan," who has the secret of every ravine in the Silver-
mines and every glen of the Keepers, who knows every ford
and τόδαρ and βόιτμίν by heart, and who will conduct the
Irish horsemen into the midst of the English convoy before
a hoof-stroke is heard and before a blow is struck.

Silently as possible out of the mountain passes, where a
halt had been made to reconnoitre, silently as possible
over the plains, quietly, steadily, surely, by wood and
stream and hill, through the soft darkness, the dauntless
cavalcade is riding into history. The watchword of the
English was learned hours ago, as the darkness fell. By
a strange coincidence it is Sarsfield. At three o'clock on
Tuesday morning the great deed is done. The drowsy
English sentry challenges and demands the countersign from
the horsemen advancing over the picket line. It comes in
a ringing voice, and accompanied by a sabre cut. "Sarsfield
is the word, and Sarsfield is the man!" Five hundred
chargers leap in amongst the sleepers, and five hundred
thirsty sabres are at work amongst the panic-stricken soldiery
who come hurrying from their tents. Through the camp
and back again, and once more from end to end sweep the
riders of Limerick, and that is enough. The gunners are
cut down, or flying, and the siege-train is at Sarsfield's mercy.
He has the guns filled with powder and their snouts buried
in the ground. The pontoons are heaped upon the over-
turned carriages and caissons, a train is fired, and the earth
and sky for miles around are reddened with the flash with
which the mass goes upward in scrap iron. The thunder of
the explosion bellowed into the English trenches before
Limerick and brought William from his slumbers. Too late.
The sentry reports that just now the sky was ablaze like the
noonday; and William knows that the big guns and bridges,
and his tons of powder and ball have been scooped up and
destroyed. Five hundred men were despatched from
William's camp last night to join the convoy, for some rumour

that Sarsfield was abroad had been brought in. Two more bodies of horse are now sent forth to cut off the Irish cavalry on its return gallop. But the Rapparees are scouting along the hills, and O'Hogan himself is still with the squadron of the victors. There are joyous cheers along the Shannon when evening comes, for all Limerick is out to welcome the heroes. The Irish guns beyond the river fronting the English batteries give tongue in a salute, and the very echo in the staunch old city is roused by the cannonade and the cheering as the troopers from Ballyneety come trotting in.

It was a glorious raid. What would you not have given to take part in it !

WILLIAM BULFIN.

RICHARD LALOR SHIEL ON REPEAL OF THE UNION.

(From his Speech in the Court of Queen's Bench, in Ireland, in the course of the Trial of O'Connell.)

I will not dwell, Mr. Sheriff, on the miseries of my country ; I am disgusted with the wretchedness the Union has produced, and I do not dare to trust myself with the contemplation of the accumulation of sorrow that must overwhelm the land if the Union be not repealed. . . . That Union, Sir, was a violation of our national and inherent rights : a flagrant injustice. The representatives whom we had elected for the short period of eight years had no authority to dispose of their country for ever. It cannot be pretended that any direct or express authority to that effect was given to them, and the nature of their delegation excludes all idea of their having any such by implication. They were the servants of the nation, empowered to consult for its good ; not its masters to traffic and dispose of it at their fantasy or for their profit. I deny that the nation itself had a right to barter its independence, or to commit political suicide ; but when

our servants destroyed our existence as a nation, they added to the baseness of assassination all the guilt of high treason. The reasoning upon which those opinions are founded is sufficiently obvious. They require no sanction from the authority of any name ; neither do I pretend to give them any weight by declaring them to be conscientiously my own ; but if you want authority to induce the conviction that the Union had injustice for its principle, and a crime for its basis, I appeal to that of the present Attorney-General, Mr. Saurin, who in his place in the Irish Parliament pledged his character as a lawyer and a statesman that the Union must be a violation of every moral principle, and that it was a mere question of prudence whether it should not be resisted by force. I also appeal to the opinions of the late Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, Mr. George Ponsonby ; of the present Solicitor-General, Mr. Bushe, and of that splendid lawyer, Mr. Plunkett. The Union was, therefore, a manifest injustice ; and it continues to be unjust even at this day ; it was a crime, and must be still criminal, unless it shall be ludicrously stated that crime, like wine, improves by old age, and that time mollifies injustice into innocence. You may smile at the supposition, but in sober sadness you must be convinced that we daily suffer injustice ; that every succeeding day only adds another sin to the catalogue of British vice ; and that if the Union continues it will only make the crime hereditary and injustice perpetual.

We have been robbed, my countrymen, most foully robbed, of our birthright, of our independence ; may it not be permitted us mournfully to ask how this consummation of evil was perfected. For it was not in any disastrous battle that our liberties were struck down ; no foreign invader had despoiled the land ; we have not forfeited our country by any crimes ; neither did we lose it by any domestic insurrection. No, the rebellion was completely put down before the Union was accomplished ; the Irish militia and the Irish yeomanry had put it down. How, then, have we become enslaved ?

Alas ! England, that ought to have been to us a sister and a friend . . . England, for whom we had fought and bled—England, whom we have protected, and whom we do protect—England, at a period when, out of the 100,000 seamen in her service, 70,000 were Irish, England stole upon us like a thief in the night, and robbed us of the precious gem of our liberty ; she stole from us “ that which in nought enriched her, and left us poor indeed.” Reflect then, my friends, on the means employed to effect this disastrous measure. I do not speak of the meaner instruments of bribery and corruption. We all know that everything was put to sale—nothing profane or sacred was omitted in the Union mart. Offices in the revenue, commands in the army and navy, the sacred ermine of justice, and the holy altars of God were all profaned and polluted as the reward of Union services. By a vote in favour of the Union ignorance, incapacity, and profligacy obtained certain promotion ; and our ill-fated but beloved country was degraded to her utmost limits before she was transfixed in slavery. But I do not intend to detain you in the contemplation of those vulgar means of Parliamentary success—they are within the daily routine of official management ; neither will I direct your attention to the recollection of that avowed fact, which is now part of history, that the rebellion itself was fomented and encouraged in order to facilitate the Union. Even the rebellion was an accidental and a secondary cause—the real cause of the Union lay deeper, but it is quite obvious—it is to be found at once in the religious dissensions which the enemies of Ireland have created, and continued, and seek to perpetuate amongst themselves, by telling us off, and separating us into wretched sections and miserable subdivisions ; they separated the Protestant from the Catholic, and the Presbyterian from both ; they revived every antiquated cause of domestic animosity, and invented new pretexts of rancour ; but, above all, my countrymen, they belied and calumniated us to each other, and they continued

to repeat their assertions until we came to believe them ; they succeeded in creating all the madness of party and religious distinctions, and whilst we were lost in the stupor of insanity they plundered us of our country, and left us to recover at our leisure from the horrid delusion into which we had been so artfully conducted.

Such, then, were the means by which the Union was effectuated. It has stripped us of commerce and wealth—it has degraded us, and deprived us not only of our station as a nation, but even of the name of our country—we are governed by foreigners—foreigners make our laws—for were the hundred members who nominally represent Ireland in what is called the Imperial Parliament—were they really our representatives, what influence could they, although unbought and unanimous, have over the combined English and Scotch members ? . . . No, Mr. Sheriff, we are not represented ; we have no effectual share in the legislation ; the thing is a mere mockery. Neither is the Imperial Parliament competent to legislate for us ; it is too unwieldy a machine to legislate for England alone ; but with respect to Ireland it has all the additional inconveniences that arise from want of interest and total ignorance. . . . It is useless to detain you longer in detailing the miseries that the Union has produced, or in pointing out the necessity that exists for its repeal. I have never yet met any man who did not deplore this fatal measure which has despoiled his country ; nor do I believe there is a single individual in the island who could be found even to pretend approbation of that measure. I would be glad to see the face of the man, or rather of the beast, who could dare to say he thought the Union wise or good—for the being who could say so must be devoid of all the feelings that distinguish humanity.

CAITRÉIM PÁDRAIS SÁIRSÉAL.

[Dáibhí na bhfuair eir, don iarlá liucan .i. an Sáirséalach, an uair
 do éirí pé an muais ar shallais agus do méab pé an éanóim móir do bí
 acá dá tabairt ó baile áta cliaí do shabáil luimniú; i mbaile an
 páoitiú; i gcóir de luimniú do rinneadh an gníomh ro le'ri fóirneadh
 móir an uairleibh saeéal. A.D. 1690.]

A ní na cruinne do rinne ipre ip sae ní uirte atá déanta
 fuairail fóirle a suair an gleo ro ip fuair a fóirne i
 ngrádh a céile
 Ó éirí rípe i n-uachtar oirde ip san luach uirde a háir-
 shéarail
 Creanfar péim pe cantain réad ar shanaisibh raora ríad-
 éirre.

Ní cuir airtir ór liom reasra na bhonn reasra d'fáir-
 réasra
 'S an éirí toisim a éirí d'fóirail ní fíú an obair fáir-
 céarail
 An té cuilleir do-shéad a ionad i ngrádh ríle ip fearr
 réirte
 'S an té nae múirclaim ní hé a iontoc ip méan liom i sae
 d'éirleam.

Fáir bhair n-anbhann d'fáir dár n-anacal mál ip caithile
 cáir-bhair
 Tairleair trírle laomra lonn-shair laocra lúirleir lán-
 tréirle
 Uirle éiríle bhairleir beirle cuirleir deirleir fáirleir
 An t-iarla ó liucan, Dia dá cuirleir, trírle ip ionra lán-
 éirleir.

Lá dár éiríle áirleir nolóir lán dá nglan-ríle bhair-
 réirle
 Ní nae cairleir go mbí ar reasra a scrúinn-cairleir ag
 fáir-éirleir
 Áirleir tuirleir ceirleir an éirleir ar na bhairleir dár-
 réirle
 Do réirleir ionrair áirleir ip ionrair le náirleir luimniú
 d'áir-céirleir.

An tan do tiompais péarra an ríomha neart a trúp ip a
 áirnéire
 Timéioll milt inpe Sionna ip Muimniḡ uile fá méala
 Níor fás búmba ná báo úma ná bán-bonn dá bpráir-
 ḡféitrib
 I mBáile an Faoitḡ ḡan a pcaoilead mar ḡal comnte i nDáil
 rpreire.
 Do fúil nac claoifead clú na pcribe fúisfead fúlte i
 bpráiréarab
 Tuairim aicne ar uair na paille fuair an peabac plám-
 éadac
 Sé céad foḡmar míle ip nocad doir nac onna táit-éirfad
 Uiaona an Coimre o'fíad ran dome pian, ip a inrim
 nac éitir.

NATURE STUDY.

Let me tell you how I met a great deal of the Springtime upon an upland road of Leix the other day. It came heralded by the beating of cans and pans and kettles, and cries of "Get before them! run quicker!" The tumult which smote the drowsy silence through which I was cycling at the time came nearer, and presently several persons of both sexes scrambled over a wall led by a swarm of bees on the wing.

"Stop them!" someone shouted to me, and in a neighbourly spirit I dismounted. I waved my hat and threshed the air with my arms for some moments in vain. It is not an easy matter to bring about a change all at once in the plans of travelling bees. That swarm was drifting westwards towards Connacht or America, or Hy Brasil, and was too intent on its own affairs to notice me.

"Ah, why don't you shout at them?" said the elder member of the pursuers, who was evidently the woman of the house when at home and accustomed to call people to account. "Run on, the whole of you," she continued,

between quickly drawn breaths, as she came to a halt near my bicycle. "Here, Nora, take this kettle from me. I'm done up. Put another stone in it, *a chuisle*, and rattle it well. Run for your life now, and don't let them out of your sight."

With undiminished clangour the hunt rolled onward, keeping to the road for about a hundred yards, after which it swerved over a wall and tailed out diagonally over the fields into the distance.

"Fine swarm, ma'am," I ventured, as I prepared to start again on my interrupted journey.

"Oh, 'deed an' it is!" she said, "an' I'm afraid that sight or light of it I'll never see again."

I agreed with her secretly, but had not the moral courage to say so. I said instead, that, after all, the bees might not fly very far. She was unconsoled, and reverting to my ineffective intervention in the proceedings she remarked:

"Ah, if you only had the sense to give a good shout at them it might have stopped them. But sure I suppose that isn't the right thing to say, and in any case I am thankful to you."

I endeavoured to explain to her that according to scientific newspaper writers and other experts of the present day it is a useless waste of energy to shout, or rattle stones in a kettle, or fire shots, or make any other kind of din for the purpose of bringing down a flight of swarmed bees. I told her that such methods were unscientific. She seated herself on a flag by the road side and held science up to scorn.

"What do those fellows in the papers know about bees anyway?" she demanded.

"They have studied bees, of course," I said.

"Hah!" she exclaimed. "I suppose that's more of what they call nature study!" and she laughed in large contempt.

I began to see that it did not lie with me to bridge over the gulf which yawned between her views regarding bees and the

views of the experts, so I resolved to leave her to her fate. At the same time I thought it right to say a word in a general way in favour of scientific research.

"You see, ma'am," I began suavely, "it is this way: when I spoke of men studying bees, I meant that they watched the bees closely, you understand?"

"Oh, 'deed, an' I do," she said.

"Watched them closely," I continued; "watched all that they did; watched their life habits, their ——"

"Oh, that's the real ding dong," she broke in, laughing.

"I beg your pardon," I remarked politely, but frigidly.

"No, I beg yours," she replied. "No offence meant. But watchin' life habits, as you call them, is nature study all over. Sure they have it up at the school. Didn't you hear about it?"

I shook my head, and prepared to go. There didn't appear to be any good in prolonging the interview.

"Well," she went on, after a hurried look in the direction of the vanished bee hunt, "I'll tell it to you."

"If it is anything about cats, ma'am," I interposed, "don't trouble, please, for I've heard about them." I was alluding to a certain story* that was told to me some two and a half years ago, and has followed me across the world and back, and been haunting me ever since.

"No, then," she said reassuringly, "it isn't about cats. It's about frogs—that's what it is."

She was evidently prejudiced and unsympathetic, but this is what she told me, condensed into as few words as possible. The children of the neighbourhood, her Rosy and Johnny among them, were encouraged to take up nature study, and under the auspices of the mistress at the school they got a shovelful of frog spawn and put it into a jar, a glass jar; and they also acquired some caterpillars and put them to lodge in a tin. The jar in due course became alive with little

* See "Cats at School," page 285.

frogs the size of pincini, and the caterpillars went on eating cabbage leaves and waiting for more. Rosy and Johnny took the jar out into the bawn the other evening to have a session of nature study, and in the middle of it one of the neighbour's children came that way with the tidings that he had found a rabbit's nest, so away the three of them went on new research work, and while they were gone Nansheen kept vigil at the frog jar. Nansheen is a duck, a kind of pet, and wise and mischievous, and a thief. This wise, mischievous and dishonest duck was described as waddling and genuflecting all round the jar for a minute, looking at it sideways and saying things to herself about it. The mother of Rosy and Johnny was wetting the tea at the moment, and could only look on. Or perhaps she could have intervened, but did not choose to do so, not being sympathetic to nature study on general principles. In any case Nansheen went into a course of nature study on her own account, and was textually described to me as standing on her tippy toes and putting her bill into the mouth of the jar. She took out a few of the object lessons and swallowed them, and promptly went back for more. She was excited by this time, and in her pursuit of additional knowledge capsized the jar and spilled the whole frog colony out on the bawn. She did not run away or become frightened. She merely quack-quacked in a greedy, gluttonous tone of voice, and went on studying nature at first hand. When Rosy and Johnny came back there was what was described as *melia murther*. Nansheen was sitting by the overthrown jar scarcely able to move, loaded up with nature study to the neck, gorged with frogs, saving your presence. And the hens had been with the caterpillars, and massacred everyone of them. And that is what they called following the life habits of things, or nature study. And furthermore—it was a queer world.

I shocked the mother of Rosy and Johnny by telling her that her children were on the road to a wisdom older than

her own, and that the schoolmistress was working in the right direction.

"May be you're an inspector?" she queried.

"No, nor even one of the scholars," I said; "but I can tell you this:—Long ago, long before our grandparents were born, long and long before the old castles were built, the people of Ireland had no necessity to go to school to learn about nature, for they lived close to it in very truth—knew all the birds and bird calls, and every living thing on the earth, and in the water and on the wing."

"And what good did it do them?"

"It made them wise and happy—so wise and happy that learned people in every land are now admiring the things they did and said."

After that we spoke of schools and teaching and of the future before boys and girls. It was the old story—the old argument between the civilisation that is based upon greed and the civilisation that was based upon the wisdom of the elder world. She said at length that maybe all I had told her might be true, but that only God could judge; after which she turned to search the distance for tidings of the bee-hunters. I left her unconvinced, but no longer contemptuous. And thinking over it all, as I cycled down the hills, I was glad there had been *melia murther* when Rosy and Johnny found that their jar had met with disaster. It seemed to tell of a kindled enthusiasm about the things near their daily lives.

My hand to every school teacher in Ireland who is trying to interest Irish children in their own country, in its language and story, in its field and river and wood life—in everything which will turn their thoughts towards her and enlist in her service the brightness of their intelligence and the riches of their love.

CHE BUONO.

THE SONG OF ROISIN DUBH.

Oh, raise the song of Roisin Dubh—the song she fain would
hear,
The song for Irish bard to sing, high-swelling, fierce and
clear ;
The song to make her pulses leap and make her sad eyes
blaze,
And kindle on her cheek anew the glow of other days,
And throne upon her lip the smile of pride and joy
serene
To greet the men who break her chains and lead her forth a
queen.

Sing oh ! the song of effort high,
Of valour and of truth,
Of sun-blaze in the morning sky,
Of self-renewing youth.

No tuneful wail of plaintive lute, no pleading note of love,
No shepherd's reed for Roisin now, no voice of cooing dove :
The war-pipe shrieking on the gale from hostings far and
near,
The slogan pealing on the hills were sweeter to her ear.
A strain of rugged, manly might were meeter to her
need,
A strain to foster manly strength in thought and word and
deed.

Sing oh ! the note of ringing strife—
The tocsin of the free.
Sing oh ! to save a nation's life
In battles still to be.

The foe whose mailed hand smote her mouth in rage of baffled
 lust,
 Whose heel has crushed her snowy neck so long against the
 dust,
 Whose sword and scourge have splashed her blood the crawling
 ages o'er,
 Who robbed her of her queenly rights, her gems and golden
 store,
 Would woo her now with honeyed guile and gilded beggar's
 dole,
 And steal the honour from her heart and bargain for her soul.

Sing oh ! the serpent in her path,
 In words to scorch and burn,
 Sing oh ! the song of scornful wrath
 The tempter's bribe to spurn.

Oh ! raise the song of Roisin Dubh in Roisin's ancient
 tongue
 Till all have caught its ringing strains, the aged and the
 young ;
 Till liar sleek and canting fraud are banished from her
 sight,
 Till every traitor knave is robed in shame as black as
 night,
 Till fiery hope has reached her clans o'er all the oceans
 wide
 And brought them thronging to her call and ranged them by
 her side.

Sing oh ! her faith in banded Right,
 And oh ! the die to cast,
 Sing triumph in the future fight,
 Her greatest AND HER LAST.

CÓMHAIRLE MHAÍC DO'N TUINE ÓG.

A leimh atá i dtúir do pháigial,
 Mo tēagaire go cruinn beir leat
 An té dá dtáinig a ciall le haoir
 Cuir-pe gac mō 'n-a cēad.

Nā pannaig mārōte haoir',
 Nā an tpeam n-a mbīo aca,
 Sul a dtiocfaid an iomaō uē u'aoir
 Bīoō aīne ar Ćrīort aḡat.

Nā caic do pháigial dōimāom,
 Ir nā leis an ttriḡe tair ceal
 Ōir an ttriāt an uair ēmaōann rī
 Ir tpeocair a rñiom 'n-a ḡaō.

To' ōige oḡeail do mēadair
 Ir bailiḡ an foḡluim leat,
 Ōir an ḡlōr nāc tuigeann an ceann
 Ir cuma é ann no ar.

Berōir mar a cēadāir ar dtúir
 No mar a berō foḡluim leat,
 Bē ḡlōr do tuigfir go cruinn
 San labair le Rīḡ na bḡeairt.

An ḡlōr nāc pumteair le ḡaoir
 Ir nāc ḡoirē do'n ēporōe nā an cāb
 Nī'l ran aēt aḡ imtēāēt le ḡaoir
 Mar imtēḡear ō'n nḡaōar beaḡ pceam.

Bailiḡ ḡlan-eōlar go cruinn,
 Ir cuimniḡ gac mō 'n-a cēairt:
 An ḡlōr a bōḡann an ēporōe
 Ir é tairtneann le Rīḡ na bḡeairt.

FATHER TOM BURKE
ON THE
GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.

Delivered in Boston, September 22nd, 1872.

Men of Ireland—men of Irish blood—men of Irish race, I, an Irish priest, am come here to speak to you of the genius and the character of the Irish people. I am come to speak to you of the history of our nation and our honourable race. I am not ashamed of the history of my country. I say, taking all for all, that it is the grandest country and the most glorious race to which the genius of history can bear record. There are two elements that constitute the character and the genius of every people. These two elements are the religion of the people and their government. I need not tell you that, of all the influences that can be brought to bear upon any man, or upon any nation, the most powerful is the influence of their religion. If that religion be from God it will make a God-like people. If that religion be from Heaven, it will make a heavenly people. If that religion be noble, it will make a noble people. Side by side with their religion comes the form or system of government under which they live. If that government be just and fair, mild and beneficent, it will make a noble people. If that government be the government of the people—governing themselves as glorious America does to-day—it will make every man in the land a lover of his government, a lover of the country, and a lover of the institutions under which he lives. But if that government be a foreign government—the government of a foreign race—it will make an alienated people. If that government be an unjust and tyrannical government, it will make a rebellious and revolutionary people. . . .

What is the first grand feature of the Irish genius and the Irish character? It is this: that, having once received

the Catholic faith from St. Patrick, Ireland has clung to it with a fidelity surpassing all other peoples. . . . They struggled for that faith during three hundred years against all the power of the North—unconquered and unconquerable—when the Danes endeavoured to wrest from Ireland her Christian faith, and to force her back into the darkness of Pagan infidelity. They have struggled for that faith during three hundred years of English tyranny and English penal law. They have suffered for that faith loss of property, loss of friends, loss of nationality, loss of life. But Ireland, glorious Ireland, has never relinquished the faith which she received—and she is as Catholic to-day as in the day when she bowed her virgin head before St. Patrick to receive from him the regenerating waters of baptism. This, I say, is the first beautiful light in the character and genius of the people of Ireland. . . .

The next great point in the genius and character of the Irish people is the bravery and valour and courage that have been tried upon a thousand fields ; and, glory to you, O Ireland ! Irish courage has never been found wanting ; never ! They fought for a thousand years on their own soil. The cause was a good one ; the fortune of the cause was bad. They were defeated and overpowered upon a hundred, yea, a thousand fields ; but never—from the day on which Ireland's sword sprang from its scabbard to meet the first marauding Dane, down to the day that the last Irish soldier perished on Vinegar Hill—never has Ireland been dishonoured or defeated by the cowardice of her children. Why ? Whence comes this light of our people ? I answer that it comes from this ; that Ireland, as a nation, and Irishmen, as a people, have never yet drawn the sword in a bad, a treacherous, or a dishonourable cause. We have fought on a thousand fields, at home and abroad ; we have been, from time to time, obliged to shed our blood in a cause with which we had no sympathy ; but Irishmen have never freely drawn the sword, except in the sacred cause of God, of the altar

of God, and of sacred liberty—the best inheritance of man. Search the annals of the military history of Ireland. Did we fall back before the Dane, when for three centuries—three hundred years—he poured in army upon army on Irish soil? . . . Did we ever give up the contest, or sheath the sword, or say the cause was lost? Never! England yielded, and admitted the Dane as a conqueror. France yielded, and admitted the Dane as a ruler and a king amongst her people. But Ireland never—never for one instant yielded; and upon that magnificent Good Friday morning at Clontarf, she drew the sword with united hand, swept the Dane into his own sea, and rid her soil of him for ever. Ah, my friends, Irishmen, for three hundred years, were fighting in the cause of their God, of their religion, and of their national liberty.

Then came the invasion of the English. For four hundred years our people fought an unsuccessful fight; and divided as they were, broken into a thousand factions, how could they succeed when success is promised only to union as a preliminary and a necessary condition? They failed in defending and asserting the nationality of Ireland. At the end of four hundred years, England declared that the war was no longer against Ireland's nationality, but against Ireland's Catholic religion. And England declared that the Irish people must consent, not only to be slaves, but to be Protestant slaves. Once more the sword of Ireland came forth from its scabbard; and this time in the hands of the nation. We have fought for three hundred years; and only a few years ago, after the experience of all that long and bitter struggle, the Government and people of England were obliged to acknowledge that the people of Ireland were too strong for them. They were conquerors on the question of religion; and Gladstone declared that the Protestant Church was no longer the Church of Ireland. Whence came this light—this magnificent glory that sheds itself over the character and the genius of my people? I see an Irishman to-day in the streets of an American city; I see him a poor honest

labourer ; I see him, perhaps, clothed in rags ; I see him, perhaps, with a little too much drink in, and forgetful of himself ; but, wherever I see a true Irishman, down upon my very knees I go to him, as the representative of a race that never yet knew how to fly from a foe, or to show their backs to an enemy.

I WALKED THROUGH BALLINDERRY.

I walked through Ballinderry in the Spring-time,
When the bud was on the tree ;
And I said, in every fresh-ploughed field beholding
The sowers striding free,
Scattering broad-cast forth the corn in golden plenty
On the quick seed-clasping soil,
Even such, this day, among the fresh-stirred hearts of Erin,
Thomas Davis, is thy toil !

I sat by Ballyshannon in the Summer,
And saw the salmon leap ;
And I said, as I beheld the gallant creatures
Spring glittering from the deep.
Through the spray, and through the prone heaps striving
onward
To the calm clear streams above,
So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom, Thomas Davis,
In thy brightness of strength and love.

I stood on Derrybawn in the Autumn,
And I heard the eagle call
With a clangorous cry of wrath and lamentation
That filled the wide mountain hall,

O'er the bare deserted place of his plundered eyrie,
And I said, as he screamed and soared :
So callest thou, oh, wrathful-soaring Thomas Davis,
For a nation's rights restored !

And, alas ! to think but now, and thou art lying,
Dear Davis, dead at thy mother's knee ;
And I, no mother near, on my own sick-bed,
That face on earth shall never see ;
I may lie and try to feel that I am not dreaming,
I may lie and try to say, " Thy will be done "—
But a hundred such as I will never comfort Erin
For the loss of the noble son !

Young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seedtime,
In the fresh track of danger's plough !
Who will walk the heavy, toilsome, perilous furrow
Girt with freedom's seed-sheets now ?
Who will banish with the wholesome crop of knowledge
The flaunting weed and the bitter thorn,
Now that thou art thyself but a seed for hopeful planting
Against the resurrection morn ?

Young salmon of the flood-tide of freedom
That swells round Erin's shore !
Thou will leap against their loud oppressive torrent
Of bigotry and hate no more ;
Drawn downward by their prone material instinct,
Let them thunder on their rocks and foam—
Thou hast leapt, aspiring soul, to founts beyond their raging,
Where troubled waters never come !

But I grieve not, eagle of the empty eyrie,
That thy wrathful cry is still ;
And that the songs alone of peaceful mourners
Are heard to-day on Erin's hill ;

Better far, if brothers' war be destined for us,
 (God avert that horrid day, I pray !)
 That ere our hands be stained with slaughter fratricidal,
 Thy warm hand should be cold in clay.

But my trust is strong in God, who made us brothers,
 That He will not suffer those right hands
 Which thou hast joined in holier rites than wedlock,
 To draw opposing brands.
 Oh, many a tuneful tongue that thou mad'st vocal
 Would lie cold and silent then :
 And songless long once more, should often-widowed Erin
 Mourn the loss of her young men.

Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride and promise,
 'Tis on you my hopes are set,
 In manliness, in kindness, in justice
 To make Erin a nation yet.
 Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
 In union or in severance, free and strong—
 And if God grant this, then, under God to Thomas Davis,
 Let the greater praise belong.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

SEANDUINE AG TEAGASC A mhic.

Ar maidin tuic a macaoinn óig
 Iar tteagasc ar an Tríonóir
 Ionraíl go cáir, gab go slán,
 Gan rair ro' láim do leabair.

Féac sác líné so slinn slie,

Dein meabruḡaḡó so minic :

Ceipt beas ip meabair ḡéar ḡlan,

A leanair, féac sác focal.

Beit as féacáin cáic ná cleaét,

Taḡair aipe doḡ' den-éaét ;

Taircior í ó cúil do éinn,

Bí léi dá éruar é an comlaimn.

Dá déime í ná géill ti,

Ná rtao coiróce so sguirip

Sác focair caom le céile

Comfocal dá amhéirde.

Ar muir mhóir an léiginn lán

Bí iḡ' loimḡreoiri mair, a macáin,

Má'r áil leat iḡ' fáir eagna

I noáil éata comḡreagha.

Do'n eagna lán ip dá fíor

An tan ḡeobair tu do'oiréior

Beir sác flait fó éior iḡ' éairt

Beir i nḡac leit do' labairt.

Ibri sác lá lán-deoé de

Éobair na heagna uairle ;

Má buḡ fearb iḡ' beól a blar

Buḡ fearb ól agur doibneair.



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